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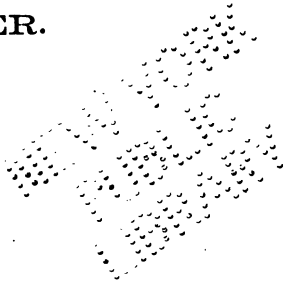
MOSAIC GLEANINGS:

A

Souvenir for 1877.

EDITED BY

MRS. R. FRAZIER.



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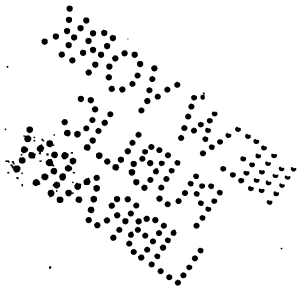


TO

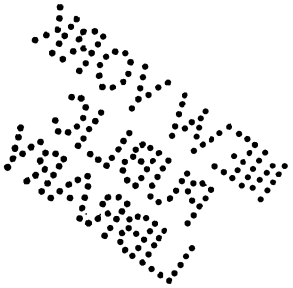
THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

MRS. R. FRAZIER.



PREFACE.

"As tiresome as a preface" is a saying so trite as to have passed into a proverb, yet how unkind a cut, thus to stigmatize what is so difficult to write, and what one is so often at one's wits' end to know how to achieve. Such, at this moment, is our own case.

I had in contemplation writing a history of events in California; but to repeat what has so often been written would be futile. To our contributors we express our thanks for their valuable articles. We feel assured that our readers will be amply repaid by their perusal. Having during the late war offered my services, and been accepted, as nurse in the hospitals, and being familiar with so many incidents that are given by the inimitable writer of "The Life of the Soldier," I could not forbear inserting a few pages, as they recalled those never to be forgotten days during my sojourn among our brave soldiers.

Several years ago, I published in pamphlet form a work entitled "Reminiscences of Travel"; but

although I sold the four thousand, the profit was insufficient to finish what I began—a house for a Boarding and Unsectarian School for Girls. I therefore determined, with the aid of contributors, to publish a larger work, with the view of completing the building, which is herewith presented to a generous public.

With thanks to my former friends, I again solicit your patronage for the work which I have carefully and conscientiously prepared.

R. FRAZIER.

CONTENTS.

Siege and Capture of Port Hudson 9
Lessons of a Journey 41
Milwaukee 50
Marrying a Fortune 56
The Pumpkin Pie 66
Poetry 75
Traveling through Oregon 87
Albany 92
Salem 93
Portland 94
Washington Territory 95
Seattle 96
Vancouver 97
British Columbia 98
The Witch, a New England Tale—Chapter I 105
Chapter II 119
Chapter III 128
Chapter IV 132
Inward Resources 148
The Hazard Table 158
Idleness 173
Dishonesty 188
New England Thanksgiving Dinner Festivals 194
Lines Composed while Ascending the Mississippi 200

Mrs. Winfield's Visit 203
The Life of the Soldier..... 231
In Camp..... 242
Off for the Field..... 250
Into Virginia 257
John Cutts' Secret 283
The Rich Uncle..... 291
Is Republicanism a Failure?..... 314
A Few Remarks on the subject of Wearing Apparel..... 348

Siege and Capture of Port Hudson.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE passage by the Union gun-boats of the tremendous batteries which the rebels had erected at Port Hudson, was one of the most heroic deeds of the war. Port Hudson, or Hickey's Landing, as it used to be called, is situated on a bend on the eastern side of the Mississippi River, about twenty-two miles above Baton Rouge, and one hundred and forty-seven above New Orleans. It was three hundred miles below Vicksburg. The bluff, rising forty feet above the level of the river, was covered with forts for a distance of nearly four miles, constructed upon the most scientific principles of modern military art, and armed with the most approved and heaviest ordnance which England, seeking the ruin of our republic, could furnish the rebels. The river, just at the bend, suddenly narrows, and the current, striking upon the west bank, is thrown across, running with great velocity, and carrying the channel almost directly under the base of the precipitous cliffs. Any vessel attempting the passage would be

compelled to run the gauntlet of a plunging fire from batteries which commanded the range for several miles above and below.

It was proposed, in order that our fleet might be able to co-operate with General Grant in the siege of Vicksburg, to attack Port Hudson, and, under the fire of the bombardment, to attempt to force a passage, by several of our gun-boats, up the river. Rear-Admiral Farragut, who was entrusted with this perilous adventure, was the man for the hour. He had already acquired world-wide renown in the capture of New Orleans, a feat for which no parallel can be found in the annals of naval warfare.

This distinguished officer was born in Tennessee, in 1803. His father was an army officer, much esteemed by General Jackson. When but nine years of age, the boy, David Glasgow Farragut, entered the navy as a midshipman under Commodore Porter. From earliest childhood he has developed alike grandeur and magnanimity of character. Nursed in the midst of hardships and perils, he has ever proved himself adequate to any emergency. A Southerner by birth, he married a Southern lady, established his home in Norfolk, Virginia, and was mainly surrounded by those whose sympathies were with the rebellion. But nobly he proved true to his country and his flag. As the madness of secession seized upon the community, Admiral Farragut, in his own home at Norfolk, expressed, with a sailor's frankness, his decided opposition to the disloyal proceedings.

"You cannot be permitted to remain here," said the traitors, "while you hold such sentiments."

"Very well," replied the Admiral, "I will then go where I can live with such sentiments."

He knew the temper of the rebels, and went home and informed his family that they must take their departure from Norfolk for New York in a few hours. He left the next morning, April 18th, 1861. The next night the navy-yard was burned. When he arrived in Baltimore he found that the rebel mob had possession of the streets, having torn up the railroad track. With difficulty he secured a passage to the North in a canal-boat. Reaching New York, he obtained a safe retreat for his family at Hastings, on the Hudson, and then went forth to battle for that banner beneath which he had proudly sailed for more than half a century. Had he remained in Norfolk a day longer he would have been imprisoned and perhaps hung for his loyalty.

Treason in the Cabinet had scattered all our ships, that there might be no naval force at hand to oppose the rebels. For several months Admiral Farragut had no command, simply because the Government had no vessel to give him. At length, when the naval expedition was fitted out against New Orleans, he was selected as the right man to lead it. With his entire fleet, in an engagement which impartial history has pronounced almost superhuman in its daring and its accomplishment, he ran the batteries, surmounted all the obstructions in the river, and crushed the gun-boats of the enemy—aided, hero-

ically aided, by Commodore Porter with his mortar-boats. On the 25th of April, 1862, he anchored before the city which treason had seized. Under the menace of his guns he compelled every rebel flag to go down into the dust. For this achievement he was elevated to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and probably now, after his achievements at Port Hudson and Mobile, no one will dispute his title to be the foremost naval hero of the war. Such was the man who was entrusted with the command of the fleet which was destined to run the batteries of Port Hudson.

The following anecdote illustrative of his character is worthy of record. The Admiral has always been from boyhood, thoughtful, earnest, studious. While in foreign ports, he was ever busy in acquiring the language of the people. He spoke Italian, Spanish, French, and Arabic with almost as much fluency as his own language. On one occasion, in approaching an island in the Mediterranean, the captain of the ship remarked that he did not know how he should communicate with the people, as he had no interpreter. Just then a boat came alongside filled with natives.

"Captain," said one of the officers, "we have an officer on board who seems to speak all languages. He is doubtless in league with the 'Old Boy.' Suppose you send for him."

Lieutenant Farragut was called for. He looked into the boat and saw an old Arab woman there, with whom he immediately entered into conversation, alike to the surprise and amusement of all.

Eight war vessels comprised the expedition to ascend the Mississippi from New Orleans. The splendid flag-ship *Hartford* led, a first-class steam sloop of war. Her armament consisted of twenty-six 8 and 9 inch Paixhan guns. Then came the *Richmond*, a ship of the same class, armed with twenty-six 8 and 9 inch Columbiads. The first-class steam sloop of war *Mississippi* followed, with twenty-two guns of the same calibre. The *Monongahela*, a second-class steam sloop, carried sixteen heavy guns. The gun-boats *Kineo*, *Albatross*, *Sachem*, and *Genesee* followed, each carrying three Columbiads and two rifled 32-pounders. All these vessels were screw propellers, except the *Mississippi*, which was a side-wheel steamer.

This little fleet ascended the river from New Orleans, and passing the smouldering ruins of Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, anchored, on the morning of the 14th of April, 1863, a few miles below the long series of rebel batteries at Port Hudson. In ascending the river, the starboard sides alone of the ships would be exposed to the fire of the rebels, and the starboard guns alone could be called into action. Every precaution was adopted in preparation for the terrible ordeal. The bulwarks consisted of solid timber, fifteen inches in thickness, impervious to bullets, but offering but little resistance to solid shot or shells. One remarkable feature of the preparation is worthy of especial notice. The passage was to be attempted in the darkness of the night. It would not be safe to have any light upon

the deck, as that would guide the fire of the foe. The simple yet ingenious measure was adopted of whitewashing the deck, the gun-carriages, and nettings, so that the stands of grape and canister were as visible as a black hat would be upon drifted snow. The effect of this contrivance struck all with surprise.

Early in the morning the squadron reached Prophet's Island, from which place the frowning batteries of the rebels could be plainly seen. Six mortar-boats, prepared to take part in the bombardment, but not designed to run the batteries, were here moored along the shore. They threw ponderous missiles, more destructive than the mythological bolts of Jove. At half-past one o'clock these mortars opened fire, at a signal-gun from the *Hartford*, to try their range. The shells rose majestically into the air, through a curve of between three and four miles, and exploded over the rebel guns, without apparently doing much harm. In the mean time, a small land force, which had been sent by back-country roads to distract the attention of the garrison at Port Hudson by an attack in the rear, signified their arrival at their designated position by opening fire.

At half-past nine o'clock at night a red light from the flag-ship signaled the ships and gun-boats to weigh anchor. The *Hartford* led, towing the *Albatross* lashed on her starboard side. The *Richmond*, following, towed the *Genesee*. The *Monongahela* towed the *Kineo*. The *Mississippi* and the

Sachem followed. The mortar-boats were anchored just above Prophet's Island, under shelter of the eastern banks, but from which point they could easily pitch their shells into the works of the foe.

Signal-lights were flashing along the rebel batteries, showing that they were awake to the movements of the Union squadron. Soon the gleam of a fire kindled by the rebels was seen, which blazed higher and more brilliant, till its flashes illumined the whole river opposite the batteries with the light of day. This immense bonfire was directly in front of the most formidable of the fortifications, and every vessel ascending the stream would be compelled to pass in the full blaze of its light, exposed to the concentrated fire of the heaviest ordnance. Still it was hoped, notwithstanding the desperate nature of the enterprise, that a few at least of the vessels of the squadron would be able to effect a passage.

Silently in the darkness the boats steamed along, until a rebel field-piece, buried in the foliage of the shore, opened fire upon the *Hartford*. The challenge thus given was promptly accepted, and a broadside volley was returned upon the unseen foe. The rebel batteries, protected by strong redoubts, extended, as we have mentioned, with small intervening spaces, a distance of nearly four miles, often rising in tier above tier on the ascending bluff. Battery after battery immediately opened its fire; the hillsides seemed peopled with demons hurling their thunder-bolts, while the earth trembled beneath the incessant and terrific explosions. And now the

mortar-boats uttered their awful roar, adding to the inconceivable sublimity of the scene. An eye-witness thus describes the appearance of the mammoth shells rising and descending in their majestic curve:

"Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but corruscating like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly, now visible and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude, the terrible missile, a 13-inch shell, neared its zenith, up and still up, higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becoming counteracted by the earth's attraction, it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around."

The air was breathing gently from the east, and dense volumes of billowy smoke hung over the river, drifting slowly across in clouds which the eye could not penetrate, and adding greatly to the gloom and sublimity of the scene. It strains a ship too much to fire all the guns simultaneously. The broadsides were consequently discharged by commencing with the forward gun, and firing each one in its turn in the most rapid manner possible—as fast as the ticking of a clock. The effect of this bombardment, from ship and shore, as described by all who witnessed

it, was grand and terrific in the extreme. From the innumerable batteries, very skillfully manned, shot and shell fell upon the ships like hail. Piercing the awful roar, which filled the air as with the voice of ten thousand thunders, was heard the demoniac shrieks of the shells, as if all the demons of the pit had broken loose, and were reveling in hideous rage through the darkness and the storm.

In the midst of this scene of terror, conflagration, and death, as the ships were struggling through the fire against the swift current of the Mississippi, there was heard from the deck of the *Richmond*, coming up from the dark, rushing stream, the cry of a drowning man, "Help! oh, help!" The unhappy sufferer had evidently fallen from the *Hartford*, which was in advance. In such an hour there could not be even an attempt made to rescue him. Again and again the agonizing cry pierced the air, the voice growing fainter and fainter as the victim floated away in the distance, until he sank beneath the turbid waves.

The whole arena of action, on the land and on the water, was soon enveloped in a sulphurous canopy of smoke, pierced incessantly by the vivid flashes of the guns. The vessels could no longer discern each other or the hostile batteries on the shore. It became very difficult to know how to steer; and as in the inpenetrable gloom the only object at which they could aim was the flash of the guns, the danger became imminent that they might fire into each other. This gave the rebels great advantage; for with their

stationary guns trained upon the river, though they fired into dense darkness, they could hardly fire amiss. Occasionally a gust of wind would sweep away the smoke, slightly revealing the scene in the light of the great bonfire on the bluff. Again the black, stifling canopy would settle down, and all was Egyptian darkness.

At one time, just as the *Richmond* was prepared to pour a deadly fire into a supposed battery, whose flash the gunners had just perceived, Lieutenant Terry shouted out, "Hold on, you are firing into the *Hartford!*" Another quarter of a minute would have discharged a deadly broadside into the bosoms of our friends. Just then, another flash of the *Hartford's* guns revealed the spars and rigging of the majestic ship just alongside of the *Richmond*. The demons of war were now flapping their wings on the blast, and death and misery held high carnival. The surgeons were busy in their humane yet awful tasks. The decks were becoming slippery with blood. The shrill cry of the wounded often pierced the thunder of the conflict. The gloom, the smoke, the suffocation, the deafening roar, the bewilderment of the ships struggling through the darkness, presented a scene which war's panorama has perhaps never before unrolled.

Still the ships kept up an incessant fire from their starboard guns, and from brass howitzers stationed in the tops, whenever the lifting of the smoke would give them any chance to strike the foe. The ships were now all engaged. Many of them were within

sixty feet of the batteries. The *Monongahela* had two immense rifled Parrott guns, each of which threw shot weighing two hundred pounds. The thunder of these guns and of the mammoth mortars rose sublimely above the general roar of the cannonade. A shell from a rebel battery entered the forward starboard port of the *Richmond*, and burst with a terrific explosion directly under the gun. One fragment splintered the gun-carriage. Another made a deep indentation in the gun itself. Two other fragments struck the unfortunate boatswain's mate, cutting off both legs at the knee and one arm at the elbow. He soon died, with his last breath saying, "Don't give up the ship, lads!" The whole ship reeled under the concussion as if tossed by an earthquake.

The river at Port Hudson, as we have mentioned, makes a majestic curve. Rebel cannon were planted along the concave brow of the crescent-shaped bluffs of the eastern shore, while beneath the bluff, near the water's edge, there was another series of what were called water-batteries lining the bank. As the ships entered this curve, following the channel which swept close to the eastern shore, they were, one after the other, exposed to the most terrible enfilading fire from all the batteries following the line of the curve. This was the most desperate point of the conflict; for here it was almost literally fighting muzzle to muzzle. The rebels discharged an incessant cross-fire of grape and canister, to which the heroic squadron replied with double-shotted guns. Never did ships pass a more fiery ordeal.

Lieutenant-Commander Cummings, the executive officer of the *Richmond*, was standing with his speaking-trumpet in his hand cheering the men, with Captain Alden by his side, when there was a simultaneous flash and roar, and a storm of shot came crashing through the bulwarks from a rebel battery, which they could almost touch with their ramrods. Both of the officers fell as if struck by lightning. The Captain was simply knocked down by the windage, and escaped unharmed. The speaking-trumpet in Commander Cummings' hand was battered flat, and his left leg was torn off just below the knee.

As he fell heavily upon the deck, in his gushing blood, he exclaimed:

"Put a tourniquet on my leg, boys. Send my letters to my wife. Tell her that I fell in doing my duty!"

As they took him below, and into the surgeon's room, already filled with the wounded, he looked upon the unfortunate group and said:

"If there are any here hurt worse than I am, let them be attended to first."

His shattered limb was immediately amputated. Soon after, as he lay upon his couch, exhausted by the operation and faint from the loss of blood, he heard the noise of the escape of steam as a rebel shot penetrated the boiler. Inquiring the cause, and learning that the ship had become disabled, he exclaimed, with fervor,

"I would willingly give my other leg if we could but pass those batteries!"

A few days after, this Christian hero died of his wound. He adds another to the honored list of those martyrs who have laid down their lives to rescue our beloved country from the most wicked rebellion which ever disgraced the history of this world. A reporter of one of the New York papers, describing the scene just before the battle, writes:

"In conversation with Mr. Cummings, I asked him whose post in time of action was on the bridge—a narrow platform even with the tops of the rail across the ship from side to side—where the best view can be had of the whole ship fore and aft. With a quiet smile, he only pointed to his own breast. You may well believe that I often recalled this with great interest. There never was a more enthusiastic, chivalrous, and high-minded corps of officers than those on board the *Richmond*. They had toned up the whole ship's crew to their own valor."

The chaplain, Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Orleans, was aiding with the group around the gun when Lieut. Cummings fell; but he escaped unharmed. Like most of our chaplains during the war, he avoided none of the peril of battle. No officer on board was more heroic than he in facing every danger, as he animated the men to duty. Just above the batteries were several rebel gun-boats. They did not venture into the melee, but anxiously watched the fight, until, apprehensive that some of our ships might pass, they put on all steam and ran up the river as fast as their web-feet would carry them. But now denser and blacker grew the dark billows of smoke. It seemed

impossible, if the steamers moved, to avoid running into each other or upon the shore. An officer of each ship placed himself at the prow, striving to penetrate the gloom. A line of men passed from him to the stern, along whom, even through the thunders of the battle, directions could be transmitted to the helmsman. Should any of the ships touch the ground beneath the fire of such batteries their destruction would be almost sure.

It was a little after eleven o'clock at night when the first shot had been fired. For an hour and a half the unequal conflict had raged. The flag-ship *Hartford* and the *Albatross* succeeded in forcing their way above the batteries, and in thus gaining the all-important object of their enterprise. The *Richmond*, following, had just passed the principal batteries when a shot penetrated her steam-chest, so effectually disabling her for the hour that she dropped, almost helpless, down the stream. The *Genesee*, which was alongside, unable to stem the rapid current of the river, with the massive *Richmond* in tow, bore her back to Prophet's Island. Just as the *Richmond* turned, a torpedo exploded under her stern, throwing up the water mast-head high, and causing the gallant ship to quiver in every timber.

The *Monongahela* and *Kineo* came next in line of battle. The commander of the *Monongahela*, Captain M'Kinstry, was struck down early in the conflict. The command then developed on a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Thomas. He manfully endeavored through all the storm of battle to follow the flag-ship.

But in the dense smoke the pilot lost the channel. The ship grounded directly under the fire of one of the principal rebel batteries. For twenty-five minutes she remained in this perilous position, swept by shot and shell. Finally, through the efforts of her consort, the *Kineo*, she was floated, and again heroically commenced steaming up the river. But her enginery soon became so disabled under the relentless fire, that the *Monongahela* was also compelled to drop down with the *Kineo* to the position of the mortar-fleet. Her loss was six killed and twenty wounded.

In obedience to the order of Admiral Farragut, the magnificent ship *Mississippi* brought up the rear, with the gun-boat *Sachem* as her ally, bound to her larboard side. She had reached the point directly opposite the town, and her officers were congratulating themselves that they had surmounted the greatest dangers, and that they would soon be above the batteries, when the ship, which had just then been put under rapid headway, grounded on the west bank of the river. It was an awful moment; for the guns of countless batteries were immediately concentrated upon her. Captain Smith, while with his efficient engineer Rutherford he made the most strenuous exertions to get the ship afloat, ordered his gunners to keep up their fire with the utmost possible rapidity. In the short space of thirty-five minutes they fired two hundred and fifty shots. The principal battery of the foe was within five hundred yards of the crippled ship, and the majestic fabric was soon riddled through and through by the storm with which she was

so pitilessly pelted. The dead and the wounded strewed the decks, and it was soon evident that the ship could not be saved.

Captain Smith prepared to destroy the ship, that it might not fall into the hands of the rebels, and to save the crew. Captain Caldwell, of the iron-clad *Essex*, hastened to his rescue. Under as murderous a fire as mortals were ever exposed to, the sick and wounded were conveyed on board the ram. Combustibles were placed in the fore and after part of the ship, to which the torch was to be applied so soon as the crew had all escaped to the western shore. By some misunderstanding, she was fired forward before the order was given. This caused a panic, as there were but three small boats by which they could escape. Some plunged into the river and were drowned. It is related, in evidence of the coolness of Captain Smith, that in the midst of this awful scene, while lighting his cigar with steel and flint, he remarked to Lieutenant Dewy:

"It is not likely that we shall escape, and we must make every preparation to secure the destruction of the ship."

After spiking nearly every gun with his own hands, and seeing that the survivors of his crew were fairly clear of the wreck, Captain Smith, accompanied by Lieutenant Dewy, Ensign Backelder, and Engineer Tower, sadly took their leave, abandoning the proud fabric to the flames. Scarcely had they left, when two shells came crashing through the sides of the *Mississippi*, overturning, scattering, and enkind-

ling into flames some casks of turpentine. The ship was almost instantly enveloped in billows of fire. A yell of exultation rose from the rebels as they beheld the bursting forth of the flames. The ship, lightened by the removal of three hundred men, and by the consuming power of the fire, floated from the sand-bar and commenced floating, bow on, down the river.

The scene presented was indeed magnificent. The whole fabric was enveloped in flame. Wreathing serpents of fire twined around the masts and ran up the shrouds. Drifting rapidly downward on the rapid current, the meteor, like a volcanic mountain in eruption, descended as regularly along the western banks of the stream as if steered by the most accomplished helmsman. As the ship turned round in floating off, the guns of her port battery, which had not been discharged, faced the foe. As the fire reached them, the noble frigate, with the stars and stripes still floating at her peak, opened a new bombardment of the rebel batteries. The shells began to explode, scattering through the air in all directions. The flaming vision arrested every eye on the land and on the ships, until the floating mountain of fire drifted down and disappeared behind Prophet's Island. And now came the explosion of the magazine. There was a vivid flash, shooting upward to the sky in the form of an inverted cone. For a moment the whole horizon seemed ablaze with fiery missiles. Then came booming over the waves a peal of heaviest thunder. The very hills shook be-

neath the awful explosion. This was the dying cry of the *Mississippi*, as she sank to her burial beneath the waves of the river from which she received her name.

Captain Caldwell of the *Essex*, who, as soon as he saw the *Mississippi* to be on fire, gallantly steamed to her aid, directly under the concentrated fire of the batteries, succeeded in picking up many who were struggling in the waves, and in rescuing others who had escaped to the shore. There were about three hundred men on board the *Mississippi*. Of these, sixty-five officers and men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Seventy, who escaped to the shore, wandered for many miles down the western bank of the stream, in constant danger of being taken captive, wading the bayous, and encountering fearful hardships, until they finally reached the ships below. Two ships, the *Hartford* and the *Albatross*, succeeded in running the gauntlet. We have not space here to recount their subsequent exploits.

Two months now passed away, during which vigorous preparations were made in New Orleans to attack and capture Port Hudson, so that efficient aid might be contributed to General Grant, who was at that time besieging Vicksburg. In the mean time, the rebels had been very busy, and the batteries at Port Hudson were surrounded, on the land side, by as powerful a series of ramparts and redoubts as modern science could construct. A large patriot fleet and army were assembled at Baton Rouge. The rebel works were soon invested. The lines of

the Union army extended in a semicircle from Thompson's Bayou, five miles above Port Hudson, to Springfield's Landing, about the same distance below. While this movement of the land forces was taking place, the fleet was attracting the attention of the rebels by an incessant bombardment. The *Hartford* and *Albatross*, which had run the blockade, attacked the upper batteries; while the *Richmond*, *Monongahela*, *Genesee*, and *Essex* opened their hottest fire upon the batteries below.

General Banks was in command of the land force. The extreme right was commanded by General Weitzel, the center by Generals Emory and Grover, the left by General T. W. Sherman. The artillery brigade was under the command of General Arnold. On the morning of Wednesday, the 27th of May, 1863, the great battle began. Our troops were to march up with bare bosoms against one of the strongest positions in the world. An almost impenetrable abatis of felled trees covered the ground before them. Sharp-shooters occupied every available point to pick off the officers. The ramparts bristled with artillery, double-shotted with grape and canister. Dense lines of rebels of desperate valor crouched behind the earth-works, with muskets loaded and capped, prepared, while almost safe from danger themselves, to hurtle such a storm of lead into the faces of the advancing patriots as mortal bravery has rarely encountered.

The patriots who were to face this fiery ordeal were men who detested war. With great reluctance

they had but recently left their homes of peaceful industry. They loved their wives and their children, and scenes of destruction and carnage were abhorrent to all their feelings. But the free institutions, so priceless, which their fathers had bequeathed to them, were endangered, and for the integrity of their country they were nobly willing to lay down their lives.

The line of battle was formed at daybreak. Weitzel, Grover, Augur, Sherman—men already renowned in this great strife for popular rights—marshaled their enthusiastic men in the dim twilight for the day of blood. The signal for the onset was given, and the whole majestic line moved forward. At the same signal, every gun in the fleet which could be brought to bear upon the foe opened its thunders. Every rebel battery and musket responded, and for a circuit of leagues the deafening roar of battle filled the air. Hour after hour there was no intermission. Both parties fought with the utmost possible determination. Through mutilation and death, and over every obstacle, the patriots pressed resolutely forward. The rebels contested every inch. Guns were clubbed. Bayonets crossed each other. Hand clenched hand and breast pressed breast in deadly strife. The patriots drove the rebels from several portions of their works, seized their guns, and turned them upon the retiring foe. These young men, fresh from their homes and from all the ennobling pursuits of industry, moved steadily forward against and clambered over these bristling ramparts, under the

most murderous fire of shot, shell, grape, canister, and musketry, with all the firmness of veterans.

The Second Regiment of Louisiana Native Guards, under Colonel Nelson, made one of the most heroic charges of the day. They went in nine hundred strong. When they came out, but six hundred answered to the roll-call. They poured one charge of bullets in upon the foe, and then, through a concentric fire of musketry and batteries, rushed forward with fixed bayonets. The Sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York were in the same charge. General Sherman led in person, and was carried from the field severely wounded. General Neal Dow, of Maine, was also wounded. Each of these two regiments lost nearly one half of its effective men. The patriots, in this heroic attack upon the right, gained the ground they fought for. But they could not hold it, for it was commanded by other and more formidable batteries in their rear.

In the center, the onset by Augur and Grover was no less impetuous. The rebels were driven foot by foot from their rifle-pits and outer intrenchments into their main works, from which they never emerged again until they marched out prisoners of war. The rebels had placed every obstacle in the way of the Union advance which art could suggest, and all the most terrible engines of war exhausted their energies in the work of slaughter. And yet these young patriots, all inexperienced in war's horrible science, who had enlisted but for nine months, carried line after line of intrenchments, with precision of move-

ment not surpassed by the veteran soldiers of Waterloo or Sebastopol.

Our loss amounted to about a thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. But we gained very important advantages. Several guns were captured, the rebels were driven back, and positions of great military importance were secured for future operations. The efforts of the fleet were equally successful. The accuracy of the firing was very remarkable. Five of the heaviest guns of the rebels were dismounted.

The First Regiment of Louisiana engineers rendered efficient service in this action. It was composed exclusively of colored men. General Banks, speaking of them in his report, says:

"In many respects their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line. Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in condition to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders."

A fortnight now passed away of cannonading, of skirmishing, of incessant action of sharp-shooters, of throwing up intrenchments, and digging parallels. On the 14th of June all things were ready for

another grand assault. The point of attack now chosen was the extreme northeasterly corner of the rebel works. Weitzel and Kimball and Morgan and Paine and Grover had massed their forces here for another great struggle. For several days a heavy fire of artillery had been kept up at this point upon the hostile batteries, and several of their most important guns had been dismounted. We had been steadily drawing nearer to their works, picking off their gunners with our sharp-shooters wherever we could get sight of a head or a hand, and now our batteries were in many places within three hundred yards of those of the foe.

At ten o'clock at night of Saturday, June 13th, General Augur, who had just returned from the headquarters of General Banks, gave orders that all were to be in readiness for the grand assault at three o'clock the next morning, Sunday. Eager as all the soldiers were for the movement, and sanguine as they were of success, there probably was not a Christian man in the army who did not regret that the assault was to be made on the Sabbath day. Rarely during the war had a party making an offensive movement on Sunday been successful. The fact had attracted the attention even of the most thoughtless men.

The day had not dawned when the brigades were moving by routes which had been carefully marked out to them for the impetuous assault. During several previous days the engineers had been employed constructing a covered way, through which the assaulting column could advance to within about three

hundred yards of the enemy's position. Through this they marched in single file to the point where they spread out in the line of battle. The advance was then over an old cotton-field. But the rebels had filled it with lines of ditches, which were covered and concealed by an abatis of fallen trees and vines. The rifle-pits of the foe commanded every inch. It was impossible for horses to move across this plain, and infantry could by no possibility keep in regular order of battle. The entire line of rebel works extended eight miles by land and three or four by water. Along this whole circuit the assault was to be made simultaneously by the army and navy, and with the utmost determination, that there might be no concentration of rebel troops to repel the main assault, which was to be made upon the northeast angle of the rebel lines. Elsewhere the attack was merely to distract attention, and to keep the foe engaged.

Before the dawn the most terrific cannonading commenced along the whole line, afloat and ashore. Every gun within the rebel intrenchments and from the patriot opposing batteries was fired with the utmost rapidity. Not a man on those grounds had ever before heard thunders of war so awful. The air was filled with shrieking, bursting shells. The hills shook beneath the tremendous explosions. Dense clouds of smoke, which hung heavily over the whole expanse, gave the place the appearance of a vast volcano in violent eruption.

The grand assaulting column was under the immediate command of General Paine. It was led by the

Eighth New Hampshire and the Fourth Wisconsin regiments. Then came the Fourth Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Tenth New York. Then came the Third Brigade, under Colonel Gooding, consisting of the Thirty-first, Thirty-eighth, and Fifty-third Massachusetts, and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One hundred and Seventy-fifth New York. The Second Brigade followed, under Colonel A. Fearing. Its serried ranks were composed of the One Hundred and Thirty-third and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York. The remainder of this brigade were detailed as skirmishers. Then came the First Brigade, under Colonel Ferris. It was composed of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, the Fourth Massachusetts, and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York. The necessary number of pioneers and Nims' Massachusetts Battery were added.

Such was the immense battering-ram which military science had devised and constructed to break through the rebel intrenchments. While the storm of war was beating with the utmost fierceness along a circuit twelve miles in extent, this ponderous force was to be hurled headlong, with all conceivable impetuosity, upon a single point. Success seemed certain. The battle cannot be described. It was a delirious scene of terror, tumult, and blood. The following words from one who was a participant in the scene, may give a faint idea of its horrors:

"The moment we turned into the road, shot, shell, grape, and canister fell like hail around us.

On we went. A little higher, a new gun opened upon us. Still farther, they had a cross-fire—oh, such a terrible one! But on we went, bending, as with sickening shrieks, the grape and canister swept over us. I had no thought, after a short prayer, but for my flag. The color-bearer fell, but the flag did not. Half the guard fell, but the flag was there. When about three hundred yards from the works I was struck. The pain was so intense that I could not go on. I turned to my second-lieutenant and said, 'Never mind me, Jack; for God's sake, jump to the colors.' I don't recollect anything more until I heard Colonel Benedict say, 'Up, men, and forward!" I looked and saw the rear regiments lying flat to escape the fire, and Colonel Benedict standing there, the shot striking all about him, and he never flinching. It was grand to see.

"When I heard him speak I forgot all else, and running forward, did not stop till at the very front and near the colors again. There, as did all the rest, I lay down, and soon learned the trouble. Within two hundred yards of the works was a ravine parallel with them, completely impassable from the fallen timber in it. Of course we could not move on. To stand up was certain death. So was retreat. Naught was left but to lie down, with such scanty cover as we could get. We did lie down in that hot, scorching sun. I fortunately got behind two small logs, which protected me on two sides, and lay there, scarcely daring to turn, for four hours, till my brain reeled and surged, and I

thought that I should go mad. Death would have been preferable to a continuance of such torture. Lots of poor fellows were shot as they were lying down, and to lie there and hear them groan and cry was awful. Just on the other side of the log lay the gallant Colonel Bryan, with both legs broken by shot. He talked of home, but bore it like a patriot. Near him was one of my own brave boys, with five balls in him. The Colonel got out of pain sooner than some, for he died after two hours of intense agony. Bullets just grazed me as they passed over. One entered the ground within an inch of my right eye. I have been in many battles, but I never saw, and never wish to see, such a fire as that poured on us on June 14th. It was not merely terrible. It was HORRIBLE."

After eight hours of as desperate fighting as was ever witnessed on earth, our charging columns were repulsed with great slaughter. About eleven o'clock A. M. the fighting ceased. The ground in front of the rebel redoubts was covered with the patriot dead and wounded. But till night darkened the scene, the rebels inhumanly fired upon the wounded writhing in their blood; and no one could carry to them a cup of cold water without being struck by the bullet of a sharp-shooter. General Paine was severely wounded by a ball which broke both bones of his leg just below the knee. He could not be brought from the field until after dark. Before he was struck down he had got five regiments within four rods of the rebel works, and some of his skirmishers

had actually clambered over the ramparts. Not being promptly supported, they were speedily cut down. As General Paine lay upon his back, hour after hour, in the blistering sun, slightly protected between two rows of the cotton field, he dared not attempt to cover his face with his cap, for if the rebels saw the slightest movement a shower of balls was instantly poured upon him. Our whole loss during the day amounted to about seven hundred and fifty. It was a sad Sabbath day's work. We had lost much and gained nothing. The next day, under a flag of truce, the dead and wounded were removed.

Port Hudson was in reality but an outpost of Vicksburg, where General Grant was day by day cutting off the resources of the rebels, capturing their outlying batteries, and driving them within narrower limits. The fall of either of these great fortresses rendered the other no longer tenable. On the 4th of July, 1863, the garrison of Vicksburg, more than thirty thousand strong, were compelled to an unconditional surrender to General Grant. The joyful tidings were speedily conveyed down the river to the patriot army surrounding Port Hudson. Salvos of artillery and shouts from thirty thousand patriot throats conveyed the news to the rebels within their strong intrenchments. General Banks was just preparing for another assault, when he received a communication from General Gardner, who was in command of the rebel works, offering to surrender. General Frank Gardner at Port Hudson, and General Pemberton at Vicksburg, were both Northern

men. They had both gone from their free homes in the North to fight against that banner beneath whose folds they were born, and for the destruction of that Constitution to which our country was indebted for all its prosperity and power.

As we have mentioned, Port Hudson was three hundred miles below Vicksburg. It was not until the morning of the 7th that General Banks received the news of the surrender. General Gardner sent to him that afternoon a communication containing the following words:

"Having received information from your troops that Vicksburg has been surrendered, I make this communication to ask you to give me the official assurance whether this is true or not; and if true, I ask for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to the consideration of terms for surrendering this position."

In General Banks' brief response, dated July 8th, he stated: "I have the honor to inform you that I received yesterday morning, July 7th, at forty-five minutes past ten o'clock, by the gun-boat *General Price*, an official dispatch from Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, United States Army, whereof the following is a true extract:

"'The garrison of Vicksburg surrendered this morning. The number of prisoners, as given by the officers, is twenty-seven thousand, field artillery one hundred and twenty-eight pieces, and a large number of siege-guns, probably not less than eighty.'

"I regret to say that, under present circumstances, I cannot consistently with duty consent to a cessation of hostilities for the purpose you indicate."

Preparations had already been made for an immediate assault. Our troops were flushed with the joyful news which they had heard, and which rendered the downfall of Port Hudson certain. They were anxious to be led instantly against the foe, that they might storm and take his batteries before the fleet and the army should have time to descend from Vicksburg and deprive them of a portion of the honor. The rebels knew that their doom was sealed. They could not escape, and they could not resist the forces now to be arrayed against them. Nothing whatever could be gained by prolonging the contest. General Gardner accordingly sent back a reply couched in the following terms:

"Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself, at nine o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender, and for that purpose I ask for a cessation of hostilities."

The commissioners immediately met, and the articles of capitulation were signed, by which the fortress, with all its garrison, its stores, and its armament, was surrendered to the National Government. At the earliest dawn of the next morning, Thursday, July 9th, the whole patriot camp was alive with joyful animation to witness the glorious spec-

tacle the day was to usher in. It was a splendid morning. The air was filled with the flutterings of the Star-Spangled Banner, and from scores of martial bands our national airs were pealed forth over the water and the land.

General Andrews, chief of staff of General Banks, at seven o'clock, with a strong column of the victors, made the grand entrance into the rebel fortifications. The rebel army were drawn up in an immense line upon the bluff, with their backs toward the river. Their officers, in great dejection, were grouped together on one side. The patriot army advanced with gleaming weapons, and were spread out in a double line in face of the conquered garrison. The patriot officers each took his position in front of his men. General Gardner then advanced toward General Andrews and offered him his sword. General Andrews declined receiving it, courteously saying:

"In appreciation of your bravery, however misdirected, you are at liberty to retain your sword."

General Gardner then said, "General, I will now formally surrender my command to you, and for that purpose will give the order to ground arms."

The order was given. Five thousand men bowed their heads, deposited their arms upon the ground, and rose prisoners of war. Armed guards were then placed over the captives, and the glorious old flag of the Union rose and floated forth like a meteor from the flag-staff. It was unfurled to the breeze from one of the highest

bluffs by the men of the steamship *Richmond.* The flag was saluted by the thunders of a battery whose reverberations rolled majestically along the broad surface of the Mississippi. And thus this great national river, upon whose banks uncounted millions are yet to dwell, and which treason had insanely attempted to wrest from the nation, was restored to its rightful owners. Treason has done its utmost to rob the nation of the Mississippi, and has failed. The banner of rebellion will never again go up upon those shores. The Stars and Stripes will never again go down.

As the immediate fruit of this capture there fell into our hands 5500 prisoners, 20 pieces of heavy artillery, 5 complete batteries numbering 31 pieces of field artillery, a large supply of balls and shells, 44,800 pounds of cannon powder, 5000 stand of arms, 150,000 rounds of ammunition, 2 steamers, and a considerable amount of commissary stores.

The rebel General Gardner admitted that even if Vicksburg had not fallen, he could not have held out three days longer. He had made up his mind that he could not repel another assault. He was therefore anxiously watching every movement, intending, so soon as there should be decisive indications of an assault, that he would surrender. The capture of Port Hudson consequently redounds to the glory of the heroic army which surrounded it. It was the result of the Herculean exertions and the military ability of the fleet and the army, under Commodore Farragut and General Banks. To them belong the undivided honor.

Lessons of a Journey.

BY A. D. MAYO.

I THINK it a *duty* to enjoy the natural creations of God. This sentence may read strangely to those who have always regarded duty and pleasure as terms of opposite meaning. But I hold that it is a positive duty to admire and love the world which our Father has made. Yet how can I do this? says one who has lost the taste for such enjoyments. I reply, such loss of taste is a sin. The love of nature is implanted originally in every soul. It is as natural to turn to her grandeur and beauty, as to love man or God, to work, or to live at all. The obligation to cultivate this sentiment is imperative, and the penalty of neglecting it is as fatal as the penalty for any other neglect. And as nature is always before us, and no position in life, excepting hopeless bodily or mental infirmity, or extraordinary tyranny of man, can shut us away from it, we are inexcusable if we forfeit this common privilege of humanity. The excuses by which men apologize for their neglect of such opportunities are inconclusive and insignificant. Business is no excuse to the man

who walks to and from his place of toil every day, through scenes of natural beauty which claim only a passing glance for a partial appreciation. And what right have we to give up this soul of ours so entirely to matters of toil and trade, that we forget the grander things all around us? We must feed our bodies, but must we therefore starve our minds? We must clothe ourselves in comfortable raiment, but should we therefore fail to see how God arrays the grass of the field? We must build a house to shelter us from the fury of the elements, but is that house of more importance than those elements which hold it at their mercy? And if any position of earthly distinction is worth the trouble of effort, shall we not occasionally renew the sense of our position as dwellers in a universe that is the natural image of its Creator? We must not lose our hold on nature. We degrade and enfeeble ourselves by giving up our delight in its enjoyments. The paltry vanity with which we often put off her claims is not to our credit; it proves us not wise, but foolish; it is, to a competent observer, the testimony of a great loss, not a great gain. Therefore, we must guard the love of nature in our souls, just as a man should guard any good impulse against the assaults of wordliness. So must we never permit any success or sorrow, any idleness or industry, any circumstance or state of mind, to shut the door that opens out of our spirits into the wide spaces of our Father's glorious creations. Every man and woman should have special seasons for intercourse with nature; should be will-

ing to sacrifice something in the mere outside of life to purchase opportunities for occasional travel; should improve the means already at hand; should regard the satisfying the imagination and awakening the affections by images of natural sublimity and grace, as a positive duty, without which no other duty can be done well—without which, manhood and womanhood will lose what nothing can supply.

This is one of the lessons I brought home from a journey of a month through some of the most attractive portions of the Middle States. And yet another was more powerfully impressed on my mind, so that if I were asked what are the true essential conditions of gaining the best results of travel, I would say: A habit of close and accurate observation of nature, and a Christian deportment towards the people we meet in our journeyings.

To observe nature accurately is one of the rarest accomplishments. Most of the people in the world never receive entirely correct reports from their senses concerning the universe they live in. And this, because of no deficiency in the original faculty of observation, but from carelessness in the use of that faculty. Our Creator has given us eyes and ears; but we can use these gifts in such a way that we shall see or hear nothing just as it is. We may behold the grandest spectacles of natural beauty in such a listless, hazy, or sentimental state, that we see them enveloped in our own distorting atmosphere. We may be stunned and crazed by the mingled sounds of nature, heard with no discrimination; and

the more subtle influences in the material creation may be wasted on our stupidity or haste. We must not expect to unlock the secret chambers of the beauty all around us with false keys. Only healthy and well trained senses can get the true meaning out of these things. A man who has never held his faculties to entire veracity in this respect, lives in a different world from him who sees everything correctly. Whether the objects of a journey shall be one confused mass of half perceived images, or a succession of charming, well defined groups, linked with undying associations, depends chiefly on ourselves. Therefore we should cultivate truth in our faculties of observation; accustom ourselves to see, hear, taste, feel, and smell accurately; accustom our minds to receive those sensous impressions correctly; accustom ourselves to talk with precision of what has thus come to us, and as far as possible discriminate between nature and what we make it by means of our own fancies, and in every way try to read the world around us as it is. I urge this, not so much as a matter of good taste as a religious duty. Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. We have senses and imagination, and God's whole creation spreads around us; and it is a sin to make these senses and that imagination liars, by our carelessness, haste, or sickly affectation, and thus shut ourselves out of the knowledge of the creation as it is. Besides, we cannot be untrue in one respect without being injured in all. Carelessness in the use of our faculties of observation converts all the inter-

preters between ourselves and the outward world into false witnesses. We then live in a false conceit with every object without us; we reason falsely on these objects, and feel in a morbid way concerning them, and connect them to each other and ourselves by false and painful ties of relationship; we act falsely as the inevitable result of false observation, and thus our whole character gets warped from the truth. God only knows how much superstition, weak and extravagant sentiment, and downright wrong-doing, spring from this infidelity of observation—an infirmity that can be cured, like any other, by patience and long discipline. One of the greatest men of our country told me that he had been accustomed all his life to demand strict accuracy of all his senses, and to be true to his actual impressions; and in that habit, I doubt not, was laid the foundation for his peculiar superiority; for one of the most radical distinctions between the wise and foolish man is, that while the former sees things as they are, and deals with realities, the other sees them as they are presented by his own foolish mind, and all his life lives among objects that exist in his own distempered fancy. Thus the virtue of accurate observation is not only a useful condition of profitable traveling, but also an indispensable quality in the Christian character. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. Take heed how ye hear," says the great Teacher. Use the faculties by which you learn all things so faithfully, that they shall never betray you into error and sin.

The second condition of profitable traveling is Christian politeness towards the people we meet. The difference between a clown and a gentleman is nowhere so visible as upon a journey. There are persons who act as if the payment of a railroad, or boat, or hotel fare conferred upon them the privilege of unlimited selfishness. To occupy the best seat or the best room, to the inconvenience of the weak or the crowd of less forward travelers; to feast at a public table at the expense of a dozen half-fed people around you; to always prefer yourself, and act everywhere as if *you* were the only passenger on the road, is a very common way of proving one's self a semi-barbarian. Of course, a proper sense of self-respect and self-protection is as essential to a good man in his journeyings as elsewhere, and the numberless attempts at fraud and extortion he everywhere encounters should be met with decision. But it is one thing to repel such indignities, and another to engross all the comforts of a journey to yourself. A Christian gentleman is willing to accept his own share of the inconveniences of travel. He remembers that other people are as capable of fatigue as himself, and will not sit in obstinate selfishness through a long journey, while his neighbor is losing all the pleasure of his tour by an uncomfortable position. He will despise the meanness of bribing officials and servants to treat him carefully and luxuriously, to the loss of his fellows. I have seen men and women, who called themselves gentlemen and ladies, quietly appropriate to themselves, in this way, luxuries and comforts that

should be divided among several persons; and though custom may be some excuse for such conduct, I cannot help thinking that it always betrays an innate vulgarity. There is a peculiar obligation due from us to those we meet on a journey. Most of these persons we shall never see again; it is our only opportunity to move them by our personal influence. And we can produce an impression on a crowd of eager travelers by a quiet and Christian politeness which will never be forgotten. Some of the pleasantest recollections of my youth are of people I never saw but once, and then engaged in some act of courtesy to their traveling companions. It is not well that the only opportunity given us to impress a brother or sister with our manhood or womanhood, should be abused by an act of selfish disregard of their convenience and happiness.

We make our own mark at such times; and are we willing to be remembered for years by anybody as the man or woman who scolded in the cars, or pushed on to the first place at table, or procured the inconvenience of a neighbor in any of the numerous ways of offense possible in travel? Such a notoriety is not to be sought by a good man, but may be left to those who esteem self gratification above the love of our neighbor.

A distinguished orthodox clergyman says a minister should never travel without making his professional character everywhere apparent. I think every man should be a Christian gentleman, abroad as at home; not by talking about repentance, cat-

echising his neighbors, and parading the externals of religion, so much as by a deportment in every situation that shall be an unfailing test of his worth as a man.

With these qualifications—an earnest desire to see the works of God, and study the character and customs of men; accurate habits of observation, and a Christian deportment—we may learn much in a little time. There is no country so rich in the natural materials for improvement in this respect as our own. We have not those historical associations which glorify the old world to the cultivated imagination; but in natural scenery and variety we are unsurpassed. Our rapid means of communication lay open to almost every man the grandest spectacles in nature. There are few people who cannot, by economy, save enough to see the Sierras and the lakes, and so much grandeur; to behold our mountains and valleys, or the sea-shore. There are hundreds of interesting places in the country or city, which can be enjoyed by a little self denial in less elevating pleasures. How much more rational for a young man or woman to use spare time and means in such an excursion, than to waste both in some trifling pleasure, or frippery of dress, or equally unimportant mode of enjoyment. And a family that is willing to live a little below the extreme of fashion, and use their money for a domestic trip to such a place, is wise. Surely, we need not complain of lack of opportunity to keep ourselves free from the trammels of a low worldliness in such a land as ours.

True, our temptations are great, but so are our privileges. If the spirit of trade is here peculiarly engrossing, there is some compensation in a business tour which carries a man up one of our noble rivers, in sight of any of our vast chains of mountains, or across one of our inland seas. If we will only open our eyes and other senses, and let American scenery and human life talk to our souls, we can resist the contagion of our national toil, and haste, and want of refinement. God is speaking to our people through this magnificent country and this sublime spectacle of life, pouring through all its avenues and swarming out to its farthest boundaries; and we can only be true to our destiny as Americans by living as grandly as men ought, to whom is reserved such wonderful opportunities for growth in all things, from the possession of worldly comforts to a participation in the most honorable rights of humanity.

Milwaukee.

BY C. F. LEFEVRE.

DEEP in a bay, with bold and jutting lands
And sandy beach, Milwaukee proudly stands.
A city on a hill; whose summit high,
With steeples crowned, aspires to the sky.
While down its sides and on its ample breast
Ten thousand households find their peaceful rest.
Its level base the flashing waters lave—
Milwaukee's stream and Michigan's blue wave.

Ye bards and poets, who in ancient days
Invoked Apollo to inspire your lays—
Or, borne on Pegasus in upward flight,
Successful scaled Parnassus' lofty height—
Such happy age no modern muse can know,
Phœbus is mute and Pegasus no go;
Olympus' gods have faded into air,
And moldering temples only say they were.

Is there, then, none to help the muse along?
Say, in his breast must die th' unuttered song?
Not so; lo, Progress, on the car of time,
Applies the steam to help him in his rhyme,

Allows no stops or lagging in his verse,
Drives no "slow coach," except it be a hearse,
But urges onward in the road to fame,
Towards the goal, "Excelsior" its aim.

Sing, then, how in the woods a city sprung,
Where two score years ago no axe had rung,
Whose sounding stroke was never known to daunt
The nymphs, or drive them from their hallowed
haunt.

Ill nymphs! beneath your leafy shade
Remorseless Progress iron tracks has laid,
Your forest felled, and desecrated groves
Where Hamadryads told their sylvan loves;
And kindled with the sacred trees the fire
Wrapped in whose lurid flames your fanes expire.
Thus the royal bird of cloud-compelling Jove
T'extract the barbéd arrow vainly strove,
Yet saw, ere ebbing life had left his heart,
That his own plume had winged the fatal dart.

In sleeping solitude the forest lay,
No keel as yet had plowed the placid bay;
Alone the red man's humble wigwam stood,
His light canoe alone had skimmed the flood.
The white man came, and modest was his claim—
To purchase peltries his only aim,
Bracelets, and beads and baubles gave in pay,
For which he bore the hard-earned furs away.
But greater objects soon his thoughts aspire,

And, Christian-like, to want is to acquire.
Visions of wealth in quick succession rise,
And avarice urges to possess the prize.
Majestic trees like lofty columns stood,
With which to build his palaces of wood;
Cascades there were to yield the needed power
To shape the timber or prepare his flour.

Still further on he saw the boundless plain,
Already waving with the golden grain,
And only stopped, by fancy led along,
At cities peopled with the busy throng.
Behind him lay the lake. His active mind
In its blue depths could countless treasures find;
Not for its finny tribes—though even there
An interest lay which well deserved his care.
But commerce there could spread her whitened sail,
Transport the freight, and court the favoring gale;
Or conquering steam resistless force impart,
To bear the produce to the distant mart.

The die is cast, the vision is fulfilled;
Might has prevailed, and weaker right must yield.
Of home, of graves, of lands now dispossessed,
Lo, the poor Indian seeks a farther west:
A hunting ground to which he may retire,
Far from the white man's guile and liquid fire;
A life, a blanket, wrested from his toils,
All else abandoned as the victor's spoils.

It needs no prophet's pen the fate to trace,
The last sad future of that waning race;
Haters of work, save what the hunter knows,
The ardent chase, then indolent repose.
Where shall they find the needed hunting lands
When East and West are linked with iron bands;
When iron steeds shall pass o'er swelling floods,
And the shrill whistle wake the echoing woods;
When startled beasts shall find no secret lair,
Their dens discovered and their haunts laid bare?
Then, where the sun shall kiss Pacific's wave,
They 'll find at last a resting place—their grave.

To happier scenes my willing muse invites,
To make amends for violated rights,
Though in strict truth the justice is but small
That takes from Peter what it pays to Paul,
That banishes the red man from his home,
And then invites the foreigner to come;
That boasts of liberty and equal laws,
And gains the meed at least of—self-applause.

Say, who are they of fresh and ruddy cheek,
Whence come they, and what language do they speak?
These are the dwellers from old Father Rhine,
The land of castles, libraries, and wine;
They come in hopes to own the right of soil,
And bravely yield their sinews to the toil;
Patient and frugal, hopeful still the while,
Ere many years a home for them may smile,

And find, 'midst kindred and affections warm,
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm.
Men in short jerkins, with th' unfailing pipe;
Women, short waists, and kirtles with a stripe;
Trilling some native air they pass along,
Alike contented, resolute, and strong.
Huge chests they bring, with clamps securely bound,
Beneath whose lid their chattels all are found;
Clothes, bibles, bottles, here together band,
With fond memorials from their "fatherland."
Success attend them! and success they'll find,
But on these terms—the bottle leave behind.

Norway and Sweden, and the Alpine hills,
Whose snow dissolving forms cascading rills,
Where the bold Swiss pursues the chamois light,
Scales the steep crag and dares the giddy height;
Their sons, oppressed with poverty, send forth
The hardy tenants of the sterile north.
These too shall triumph if their arms they wield,
Not in the battle, but the harvest field.

Ye sons of Erin, a promiscuous throng,
The muse shall not neglect you in her song;
To you the honest dues she willing pays,
Whose pick and shovel smooth the rugged ways;
Whose brawny shoulders heavy burdens bear,
To build the mansion or the temple rear.
Yourselves contented with the humble shed,
With wife, with children, and with daily bread—
A higher destiny your sons shall find,

Where public schools instruct the public mind;
By nature formed of quick, impulsive parts,
A ready wit, with warm and generous hearts,
'T is theirs in future days to take their stand
Amidst the first and noblest of the land.
And some already on the page of fame,
In glowing characters, have stamped their name.

England! my native, venerated land,
Few are thy sons that seek this distant strand;
E'en among those, where lust of gold prevails,
Who leave thy fertile fields and flowery vales,
A hope still lingers, when their toils are o'er,
To spend life's remnant on thy sea-girt shore;
To lay their heads upon thy constant breast,
Like patriots blessing, and like patriots blest.
Yes, to whatever clime thy children roam,
Where'er their dwelling, England is their home.
That name shall dwell unrivaled on their tongue,
That land where Hampden bled and Shakspeare sung.

Farewell, Milwaukee! may some worthier lays
In coming years rehearse thy well-earned praise;
May other towns from thee a pattern take,
And own thee Model City of the Lake.
WISCONSIN, glory in thy honest fame,
And hand to history thy deathless name.

Marrying a Fortune.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"I HAD two proposals last night, mamma, one of which I accepted"; and the beautiful belle of the season leaned out of the window with a flushed cheek and trembling lips. The worldly mother looked up anxiously: "You accepted—"

"Gilbert!"

It was enough—she did not care to know more; the expensive jaunt had accomplished all she wished. Florence was to marry a millionaire! No more struggles and strivings with a small income, to keep up the appearances of a larger one. The future road was smoothly paved with gold. How she could look down upon that purse-proud Mrs. Laughton and her troop of over-dressed, showy girls! She did not see her daughter's troubled face nor remark her moody silence; it mattered not to her if she stood at the altar vowing to love and honor the man by her side, when another occupied her heart.

Mr. Gilbert was a Virginian of high family, drove fast horses, played billiards and cards scientifically, drank the best wines, smoked the best cigars, wore

the finest broadcloth, sported the most elegant moustache, and danced divinely, for which list of accomplishments the fashionable world dubbed him gentleman. Congratulations, therefore, showered down upon the future Mrs. Gilbert, and Florence herself was as bright and beaming as a bird; only sometimes, when threading the intricacies of a dance, she feels the gaze of a pair of eyes from a distant doorway, which checks the coming smile and the gay repartee. She hears again a few low-breathed words, tremulous with emotion and freighted with love, offering for her rejection a warm, true, manly heart. A thrill of agony convulses her as she remembers the words: "God help you, Florence, in all darkened hours." It seems like a prophecy; but she has put her hand to the plow, and she will not turn back, though it crush her life out.

Poor Florence! the dark days are coming—are even now here.

A fine elegant mansion in Richmond, filled with books, pictures, statues, and silken drapery, a luxuriant carriage drawn by dapple-greys, a fleet-footed Arabian for her own riding, and servants to do the bidding of her slightest wish. Enviable Florence!

"What a superb woman Gilbert has got for a wife, Morton! I've just been dancing with her."

"Yes, that's just the adjective for *her*, according to my idea, though she was lovelier before her marriage; there was more animation to her face—more heart, in short."

"Oh, well, she can dispense with *that;* it isn't necessary for Mrs. James Gilbert. Didn't Lennox fancy her at one time? seems to me I remember something of that kind."

"Yes, he was vastly pleased, but he was poor, you know—a captain in the army; that would n't do, anyway. He was the best fellow in the world, though not to be mentioned with Gilbert—as true as steel."

"Well, he's got his six feet of earth, I suppose, by this time!"

"How! what do you mean?"

"Why, have n't you seen the report of the last engagement? He was mentioned as amongst the slain."

The heavy window curtains before which they stood swayed and shook, and a half-suppressed moan went out upon the night air.

"Come, Morton, let's go and take an ice." They moved away, while a white figure stole out upon the piazza with faltering steps, and within hearing of the brilliant music and light laughter, passed wearily up and down.

"And I have been reveling in luxury, while he was dying in a foreign land. Oh, Walter! Walter! my life is *all* darkened hours. What a gilded lie I have lived! The poverty I was warned against from my childhood would have been far better than this." A few moments more of heart-breaking agony, and then, with tearless eyelids and a colorless face, she entered the ball room. An hour afterwards she was handed to her carriage, with many regrets and courtly compliments.

Towards morning a staggering step came reeling into the dressing-room, where she lay, half asleep, upon the sofa. To a remonstrance from her, a coarse oath was the reply, and then—Oh, shame and misery!—a blow that left a darkening mark upon her white shoulder for many a long day afterwards. The dark days had come; she had her ray of sunshine, though. "Dear little Charley, love mamma, always love mamma, won't you, darling?" and the baby would cling to her neck, as if he longed to tell her of his love and sympathy. He was not like his father—she felt glad of that—but the image of an only brother, who died in boyhood. One day, with the livid mark yet fresh upon her shoulder, but shrouded with an Indian crape mantle, the gift of the hand that dealt it, she sat in her slowly moving carriage with Charley's soft, small fingers clasped in hers. It was the fashionable hour of driving—gay groups rolled along, and gentlemen on horseback subdued their mettlesome horses to pace beside the window of some fair lady. Admiring eyes dwelt upon the mother and child, and hats were lifted till she passed. There were merry parties of bright smiling faces, families of parents and children, yet only she and Charley in that spacious carriage.

A sudden bustle, a loud, insolent laugh, and they were stopped amid a crowd of vehicles, while the driver of an open barouche was striving to force a passage through the line of horses.

"Papa, papa! See!" cried little Charley. Florence looked up; there sat her husband, flushed

with wine, talking in a noisy manner with a flashy, painted thing known as Madame K——, the actress. The eyes of husband and wife met as they passed, but to his bow of recognition she only gave a stately stare, while slowly from her shoulders slid the Indian mantle. Why do his red lips blanch as that purple stain meets his view?

Poor Florence! it was the last drop in her bitter cup.

"Florence, I want you to go with me, and call on Madam K—— to-night."

She put the cup down from her lips, dismissed the servant, and met his sullen look.

"Well, what now? Why don't you speak?"

"I can't go to Madam K——'s to-night, or any other time."

"You shall!" And uttering a terrible oath, he rose from the table.

She rose at the same time, and confronted him.

"James Gilbert, it is time we understood each other—aye, strike me if you will," glancing at the bruised shoulder, now turning a dull green, which showed drearily through the thin muslin.

It was but a few words she said, yet he went out with an altered mien. A divorce would never do. She was too much admired for that. He liked the buzz of admiration that always greeted them, and the words, "Gilbert 's a lucky fellow."

That night Florence slept uneasily. Two o'clock, and her husband not yet returned. It was no unu-

sual thing to be sure, yet now an undefined fear crept over her. "Hark! what is that?" She starts from the couch, throws on a dressing-gown, and goes out upon the landing of the stairs.

"This way; my missus is asleep. Somebody must be sent to tell her."

"What is it, Cato?"

"Massa's got a fall from the new horse, missus."

They bring him in on a shutter, covered over with a cloth. It is all stained with blood, and the outlines of his form look rigid and motionless.

Everything is done that human aid can do, but it is useless. He only awakes to consciousness for a few moments, and then he draws the pale, sad face down to his, and asks her to forgive him. She whispers comforting words, and, listening to them, he falls asleep, never to awake on earth.

There was a clause in his will that left her penniless if she married again, but Florence scarcely thought of it; the only man she would have bestowed her hand upon was dead. What a chill the very word sent to her heart!

Daily up and down the beach walks a beautiful woman, with a little boy of three or four years. Men regard her with admiration and reverently lift their hats to her stately greeting, and ladies court the society of the high-bred Mrs. Gilbert. She heeds it not; a little child's prattle is sweeter to her than the world's homage.

"Mamma, may Charley go and play on the lawn with Eddie Clay?"

She ties on his hat, and with many kisses and injunctions not to stray beyond the green, she lets him go. While within hearing of their flute-like voices, her attention is soon absorbed in Mr. Kingsley's book, "Yeast." She comes to the line

"Oh, is it fish, or flesh, or floating hair?"

when a shrill, piercing shriek, which makes her mother's heart stand still, rings out upon the air.

"Merciful Heaven! What can it mean?"

She sees two or three gentlemen throw down their cigars and rush towards the beach. Without shawl or bonnet, she flies wildly down the stairs, across the lawn, and meets them coming towards her. There is quite a crowd of people, and in their midst a man, dripping wet, bears a little child, its blue-veined eyelids closed, and the golden curls reeking with water.

"Charley! Charley!"

Oh, the heart-breaking agony of those tones! But Charley neither speaks nor stirs. They carry him in, and for hours he lies cold and pale on his bed, while anxious faces cluster round, and busy hands are active with remedies. Yet her "little sunbeam" will not depart—the rosy blood flushes the delicate cheek again, and life comes back to the loving eyes.

"But where is my boy's rescuer? You must bring him to me, that I may thank him, Mr. Trevor."

She stands beside the drawing-room window, looking out with vague interest upon the gay groups, when Mr. Trevor touches her arm and says,

"Colonel Lennox, Mrs. Gilbert."

Breathlessly to the careworn, sunburned face, she lifts her eyes; she forgets to speak; she forgets the wondering gaze of Mr. Trevor; only those slightly-changed features, so dear to her heart, meet her vision.

He sees her agitation, and that many eyes will soon be upon them; and offering his arm, with a few common words of courtesy, which recall her to herself, more than anything, he moves away with her.

"It was quite a shock to see one whom we thought dead, Colonel Lennox. We heard of you as among the slain, in the last engagement at Mexico."

"I recovered from wounds which were thought mortal," was the brief reply.

"I can find no words to thank you for yesterday's act of kindness towards my Charley," she says, calmly, after a pause.

"Do not try, Mrs. Gilbert, it needs no thanks; 't was a mere act of humanity."

So cold and calm! Had he forgotten the past, and the words "God bless you, Florence, in all darkened hours"?

Up and down, up and down, the long room he led her, till her head swam, and her footsteps grew unsteady.

"You are faint, Mrs. Gilbert—let me lead you to the air."

"No, no, to my room."

They are alone in the quiet parlor; alone, and yet they stand side by side like strangers—they whose hearts once thrilled at a glance.

"Walter, Walter, have you nothing to say to me? Have these six years withered the heart that once bade 'God bless me in all darkened hours'?"

"Have the dark hours come to *you*, Florence—bright, beaming Florence? You had wealth, and luxury, and love—how could it touch you?"

"Do not mock me, Walter Lennox! Such misery has been mine—such a dreary, darkened life, with not one ray of love but my baby's to lighten it"; and sinking down upon the lounge beside her, she buried her face in her hands. He was by her side, his soothing words in her ear.

"My poor Florence, has it come to this? I thought you were beloved and happy; the world told me so."

"Happy! Oh, Walter, the curse of an unloving marriage was mine. You know not what scorn and insult I have endured to expiate that sin." She went over the bitter past briefly, softening as much as possible all that was painful; yet the loving heart beside her read in the blenching cheek and faltering voice what the lips failed to utter; and when she concluded, fond arms were around her, and fond tones, breathing the same unchanging devotion of other years, were murmuring in her ear, and bringing warmth and life to her chilled and weary heart.

"But remember, Walter, by my husband's will I have nothing to bring you."

"Nothing to bring me, when you give yourself to my keeping? It is all I want, Florence. I would not touch his gold—it has brought us nothing but misery."

Before the autumn frost crisped the leaves, Charley had a new papa. Years after, when a younger Florence, with faltering tones, confessed her love for one poor in everything save the priceless wealth of a noble heart and blameless life, the mother, still beautiful and admired, warmly gave her blessing and consent. The young daughter looked wonderingly upon her parent's agitated face as she said:

"Ah, my Florence! you cannot tell my happiness at your choice. I have watched the suitors that have hovered round my rose-bud with fear and trembling—fear lest the gay life we lead here might turn your little head, and beguile your good sense into the false belief that flattery and splendor are equivalent to love."

The good, but somewhat gay and coquettish girl, took these words of counsel and approval from that reverently admired mother to her inmost heart, and lived to prove their truth in after years of happiness.

The Pumpkin Pie.

ORIGINAL.

IT is the opinion of many, at least we should judge so from their actions, that provided a thing is accomplished, it is of little consequence how it has been done. This is a sad mistake, and I would caution every one, especially such as are entering on the stage of active life, from indulging such an opinion. When the great Athenian orator was asked what was the first requisite in a public speaker, he replied, action; when asked what was the second, he still answered, action; and the same question being proposed a third time, the answer was the same—action. The Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters are authority on rules of politeness, placed as much stress on *manner* as Demosthenes did on action. "If," says he, "I were asked what would most promote the interests of a young man, entering the world, I should say manner; if the next thing necessary for this purpose, I should say manner; and if the third, still manner."

I am not prepared to go all lengths with Lord Chesterfield on this particular point; but as he was educating his son for a courtier, it was necessary to insist on his paying strict attention to his manner

and address. I am, however, persuaded that if the Earl was too strenuous on this subject, the generality of mankind too much neglect it. In our intercourse with the world, we cannot have failed to remark the comparative ease with which those get along who have made it their study to do things in a proper manner. If we listen to the speaker in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, we shall be forcibly reminded that his success mainly depends on the manner in which he delivers himself. A production which in print would afford very little entertainment or instruction, will be listened to with great delight, and even edification, if delivered in an easy, forcible, and graceful manner. On the other hand, a discourse replete with instruction, classical taste, and beautiful imagery, often falls listless on the ear, and excites no pleasurable emotions, from the dull, inelegant, or awkward address of the speaker.

When we step aside from these more prominent examples into the ordinary intercourse of life, the rule still holds good. We are naturally led to esteem and countenance those whose manners and actions are distinguished by suavity and courtesy. So emphatically true is it that there is a right way in doing things, that you may make a man your enemy in granting him a favor, and make a friend of him, even when you deny his request. You may bestow a kindness in so blunt and ungracious a manner that he who receives it will lose sight of the obligation for the favor conferred, and scarcely thank you; and on the other hand, you may deny with so good a

grace, and such manifest regret, that you will win the esteem of the person whose petition you reject. Manner is to matter what cookery is to meat. Two dishes may contain precisely the same ingredients, and yet while the one will be delicious, the other will scarcely be palatable.

This brings to my mind a circumstance in my own experience, which not inaptly illustrates the importance of attending to minutiæ. In the days of my boyhood, my father's family was frequently visited by a gentleman who for several years had resided in the United States. His conversation was much relished by our family, and more especially by the younger branches. He was a kind of Peter Parley in the social circle, and we always hailed his approach as affording a promise of an interesting and instructive visit. I can see, in my mind's eye, myself and my brother sitting in our little chairs at his feet, and drinking in with delight his graphic description of matters and things which had come under his notice while in foreign lands. I am not sure but that this gentleman first fired my young bosom with the spirit of adventure, and led me at an early age to roam the world. Be this as it may, I was completely captivated with his conversation, nor was it less relished by the elder branches of the family; for he was well-informed, happy in description, and could embellish the most barren subject by a pleasing method of narration. In the course of one of his visits he had mentioned with approbation having eaten pumpkin pies in America. This annunciation

produced among the female portion of his audience the most evident marks of surprise. What! make a pie out of a pumpkin? They would as soon have thought of making one from a turnip. The conclusion was hastily adopted in their minds that he must be in jest. On the assurance, however, that it was a sober fact, the next conclusion was not less hasty: that those who could relish such a dish must possess a barbarous taste. Our friend left us, but not before he had appointed a time when he would spend a day at our house. As he resided some miles from my father's, he was in the habit of setting the time for his visits.

The story of the pumpkin pie seemed to make a strong impression on my good mother, and weighed heavily on her spirits. It was such an anomaly in the history of pies, such a startling exception to the best established rules of pastry economy, that she could scarcely credit the story, much less acquiesce in the judgment and taste of the narrator in pronouncing it excellent. The result of her meditations was a resolution to test the truth by actual experiment; and that the advocate of pumpkin pies might be triumphant or confounded, she determined that the pie should make its appearance on the table, on the very day when he next visited us. I have never seen the pumpkin cultivated in England as an article of food, either for men or cattle. In France, I have seen it frequently in the market; and it is used by the poorer inhabitants in their vegetable soups. There was, however, a gardener in the vicinity of

my father's who raised a few, but I know not what use he made of them. To him application was made, and for a shilling, a fine and rich *pompion* (for so the word is spelt and pronounced in England) was procured. The pumpkin was brought home and deposited in the pantry, to await the day of trial, no doubt greatly to the astonishment of the cook, who was at a loss to imagine to what culinary purpose it could be put. As my brother and myself were in the secret, we awaited with no small degree of impatience the appointed day, big with the fate of pumpkin pies. I cannot suppose that the wheels of time moved more slowly than usual in bringing the desired hour, but they appeared to do so, and that to us was the same thing. The tardiness of time is in this respect like a fit of hypochondria; imagination becomes a reality to the sufferer, and fills him with all the pains and inconvenience that the actual disease would produce.

There was no small stir in the kitchen department on the day when the expected guest was to make his appearance. The pumpkin was brought out and placed, like a subject for dissection, on the table. A deep dish was brought, a rich crust of paste lined it, and the knife was raised to slay the pumpkin. I have no doubt that my mother trembled, and that the servants, who were spectators of the unheard-of deed, were filled with dismay at the awful experiment. The unhappy pumpkin was, however, soon divided, and subdivided, cut up in its *natural* state, in pieces about as large as it is customary to cut the

fruit in making an apple pie; next, it was placed in the dish appointed for its reception, being well sugared and spiced; next, it was surmounted with a coverlid of paste, and finally consigned to the oven.

At the usual hour our old friend made his appearance, and one or two more were invited to partake of the feast. The dinner passed off much in the usual manner, except a gentle hint, which my good mother could not repress, that there was a favorite and delicate dish in store, and that it would be well to "keep a corner" for that. On clearing away the meat, sure as fate, the pie made its appearance, large, deep, and smoking hot. It was suggested that the dish was of foreign parentage, and a hope was expressed that due honor might be done to the stranger. My good mother dealt it out to the expectant guests in no stinted measure, and requested them, if not sufficiently sweet, "to sugar for themselves." Alas, the want of sweetness was its least failing! My brother and myself narrowly watched the countenances of the guests, with that unerring knowledge of physiognomy which even children possess. Our observations were anything but favorable, and the promise they afforded of pleasure in partaking of the delicacy, far from flattering. A wry face and a crash between the teeth proclaimed the presence of the pumpkin, but it did not argue that it was a dainty morsel by any means. An unwillingness to discredit the cookery, and a feeling of courtesy, obtained for the raw subject a reception which he would not have otherwise enjoyed. My parents,

who, of course, by the established laws of etiquette were the last to partake, felt unquestionably somewhat mortified at the feeble encomiums which were passed on the occasion. One, wishing to disguise his abhorrence of the raw material he was champing, modestly remarked that "he thought the fruit a little too crisp." Another had no question of its goodness, but he never was partial to *fruit pie*. A third more bluntly and honestly said that it was not quite baked enough. But now the time had arrived for my mother herself to test her own experiment, and I shall not soon forget the look of utter dismay she gave on tasting the pie. On the very first mouthful, the very first crack at the vegetable, the whole concern exploded. It was pronounced horrible, detestable, unfit for any one but a savage or barbarian. All eyes were now turned to our "traveled friend," on the strength of whose description the pie had been made. His face was red, tears starting in his eyes, his hands on his sides, and he was choking, not with pumpkin, but laughter. I do not know but that my mother gave him a worse look than she did the pie when she first stuck her teeth in its uncooked contents. But the joke was too good to yield to a dozen such looks, and it was not till his laughter had found a vent that an explanation took place. My mother accused him of having trifled, in his declaration that the Americans ate pumpkin pies, and that they were good. He as stoutly maintained that such was the sober fact. This led to the inquiry how they were made, and

the mystery was at once revealed. My good mother had got everything that was good of its kind into the pie, but unfortunately she had forgotten—*to stew the pumpkin!*

Benjamin Franklin tells us that the first bargain which he ever made was a very bad one. He gave all his pocket-money for a penny whistle. In after life, when he saw men sacrificing substantial good for useless trifles, he used to moralize and say "they pay dear for their whistle."

The story which I have related above carries with it a suitable moral, and as I write for instruction as well as amusement, I beg to press it on the attention of the reader. It is true, as a general remark, that the materials which life furnishes are the same to all, but the happy disposition of the parts is our own individual care. And here the reader will perceive that he is brought to the very point from which we set out, namely, the importance of manner as well as matter. A slovenly, careless, or indifferent method, will very much detract from the best performance. It is unimportant whether such a disposition refers to the body or the mind. It is the sentiment of Horace, that there exist certain limits within and beyond which moral rectitude cannot exist. I am of the same opinion, and I would carry the sentiment into all the details of life. There is a certain fitness and propriety, the neglect of which, if not positively a vice, is at least negatively a want of correct principles of action. Whenever a good sermon or oration of any kind is spoiled for the want of a little

study to give it proper effect—whenever any virtue is exhibited so coarsely as to deprive it of its loveliness — whenever any action, in short, however meritorious, is ungraciously performed—we feel constrained to express our regret, and say of the agent in the case, "What a pity that he did not stew his pumpkin." C. F.

POETRY.

THE only correct definition of poetry appears to be: the delineation of the beautiful and the true as existing above, in, and around us. The materials, therefore, may be considered ample; the only difficulty lies in not finding or appreciating practical objects, and the want of skill in arranging the emotions which such objects call up in the mind. Numbers and melody are not at the command of every one who may enter deeply into the poetic inspirations created by an object of nature or art; and, consequently, while much that is written is not poetry, much that is actually so remains unwritten.

If poetry embraces the wide range that we have assigned it, of the beautiful and the true, it is evident that nature must be the most fruitful source of inspiration. Art generally ceases to be either beautiful or true, when it deviates to any considerable extent from nature. This must be felt by any one conversant with painting or sculpture, in which the greatest effects are always produced by approximation to nature; and the more faithful the delineation, or in other words, the closer the adherence to nature, the more complete the triumph of the artist.

No man or woman ever looked upon the celebrated statues in the Medicean Gallery at Florence, without feelings assimilated to poetical ones. They may not, as in the case of Byron and thousands of others, have taken the shape of verse, but in the speechless admiration was embodied the soul of poetry, though they themselves were not perhaps conscious of the fact. Why this deep feeling in a work of art? Because they see in the work nature herself; the glorious inspiration of genius; the embodying of the beautiful and the true, that with them may have been hitherto only ideal.

The man who stands for the first time and gazes on the beautiful and majestic columns of the Parthenon at the temple of Jupiter, feels a mingled emotion of admiration and sublimity, for the existence of which he is scarcely able to account. Place him in the midst of one of our primeval forests, when the o'erarching, magnificent trees tell of countless ages gone by, and in the massive trunks and interlaced canopy he traces the rich and unequaled original, and finds that in his admiration of art he has only bowed to the copyist of the mighty Master. Nature then, is full of poetry, because all the elements of the beautiful and the true are there combined. Art furnishes the materials only as an imitator. No one can look abroad on the beautiful earth, with its mantle of rich green and smiling flowers, without feeling that flowers are indeed "the poetry of the earth." How much that is delightful do these little mementoes call up: recollections savoring deeply of

the poetry and the freshness of youth. Flowers tell of rambles in the meadow—chases after the golden-winged butterflies—tokens of affection and love; alas, that they, like the flowers should so often and so early fade!—the mystic language of passion and love, read with blushes and remembered with tears, sometimes of joy, but oftener, we think, of sadness; and not infrequently they speak a deep-toned morality to which all would do well to take heed.

The lessons they inculcate are of the purest kind; the truths they teach, such as no one should forget. In their rich buds we see the opening promises of childhood's spring; in the withered and scattered petals is found a no less lively emblem of the close of man's fevered career. The shortest-lived flower has scarcely to wait for the fading of the child that with it commenced its bright and sunny career.

Look at that beautiful little girl. Wild, playful, confiding, affectionate, fearless, and full of love, the very picture of sinless innocence and heavenly hope. Now her arms are around your neck, now her child kiss is on your cheek, and now her curling hair is floating in the summer wind as she bounds over the green turf, frolicsome as the kitten or the spaniel, her companions. There is health on her cheek, there is freedom in her movements, there are lightness and joy in her heart. Thoughts of conquests, and equipages, and settlements, have never yet found a place in her dreams—deep and passionate emotions have not yet left their traces on her heart, nor disturbed the quietness of her summer's sea—

soul, which constitutes the hell or heaven of woman, is in its ordinary—shall we say degraded?—sense to her unknown, and the thousand causes that will yet go to make up the sum total of her weal or woe, have not yet commenced their exciting operations. The hateful passions that "mixing with the world" is so apt to engender and foster, and from which the young can hardly hope to escape, have not found a place or left their dark stains in her pure bosom. She is now poetry itself; living, moving poetry; an incarnation of the beautiful and the true. Would that she could always remain so.

Stars are the "Poetry of Heaven"—traced by the Almighty's own hand, and not the less worthy of being read, because we do not, like the astrologers of old, find revealed in their glittering lines the mysteries of fate and the destiny of man. How exquisitely delightful to stand and see—as the twilight deepens into darkness, as objects on earth, one after another, fade and go out—the dust of the sapphire court of heaven changing to gems of fire beneath His feet who upholds creation. We pity from our soul the man who can look on the glorious garniture of the skies, the golden west, with its piled up masses of purple clouds, the planets wheeling their wide rounds to their own eternal music, the stars glittering in their own sea of light, at inconceivable and illimitable distances, and not feel that he who can comprehend the smallest part of the magnificent plan, and weigh and measure the smallest of those celestial bodies, must be more noble than

the dust he treads, more durable than planets, or stars, or systems. He must, indeed, be but imperfectly organized, who can spend a single eve of mild, sweet summer, beneath the blue, o'erspreading sky, and not feel that the beautiful and the true are before him, nor experience the least moving of the Divine afflatus. Such a man was not Derzhavan, when, with the works of the Creator before him, and fully imbued with feelings of His majesty and power, he chose for a theme that great name whose power upholds, supports, and circles all.

GOD.

O, Thou eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight—
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill 'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands, or the sun's rays; but God, for thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels infinite and dark;

And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments, in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation. All
Sprung from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shall be, glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath,
Thou, the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Unwearied wander through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, and eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea
All this magnificence in Thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an item in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity. What am I then? Naught.

Naught: but the effulgence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too.
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught: but I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art; directing, guiding all: Thou art;
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand
Close on the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit. Deity,
I can command the lightning, and am dust;
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god.
Whence came I here, and how? So marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For from himself alone it could not be.

Creator? Yes. Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good,
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord,
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garment of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere
Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.

God! Thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence. Being wise and good
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

There are few objects in nature more poetical, or calculated to make a deeper impression on the mind, than the "deep, deep sea," with its immensity of waters, booming its sullen roar upon a thousand shores, and with its tone majestic melting into harmony the rich melody of "nature's anthem." There is no more tangible representation of immensity and power than the ocean, and he who looks upon it for the first time experiences emotions he cannot willingly forget. Mountains are another object of earth, sublime and poetical in the highest degree. There is something so majestic, something which speaks of eternity, in their "thunder-smitten pinnacles," that we partake of feelings which can find expression only in the language of poetry. Coleridge's Hymn, written in the vale of Chamouni, in the presence of Mont Blanc, is a splendid proof of such influence on the philosopher and the poet. Large rivers, deep, full, drawing their waters from a thousand sources, but lost at last in the abysses of the ocean, a type of time swallowed up in eternity, form a part of that transcendent poetry which forms part of His works who creates objects and harmonizes all His designs. Mortals, when listening to the music of nature, sometimes catch a few of its tones, and repeat, though at an immeasurable distance, some of the faintest of its harmonies; then they give us poetry, unwritten to them; poetry from the true source of inspiration, the beautiful and the true.

What man or woman is there, who has not felt

poetic imaginings crowding upon them when in the still beauty of a summer's evening they have gone forth and seen the fire-fly flashing in the forest gloom, while on the masses of foliage that swell and heave upward in the margin, the silver moonlight lies piled like drifted snow. There is but a shade of difference between poetry and love; is it strange, then, at such a moment, when the heart is most susceptible of impressions belonging to the beautiful and the true, the two should spring up together, or that one should sometimes be mistaken for the other. The religion of the Catholic is the religion of poetry. The dim-lighted cathedral, the solemn music, the rich paintings, images that banish ideality, and the service of the incense, all speak of the passions, all belong to poetry rather than to the understanding. Love, too, is mingled; but who cannot see that in the cathedral as well as in the conventicle, it is a love tinctured with earth, insensibly, perhaps, but not the less deeply. The male devotee offers his prayers to the Virgin, and the woman Mary is present with him rather than the Mother of God. The nun, young and beautiful, disappointed in her affections perhaps, and secluded from the world, kneels before the crucifix, pure in heart, though still with affections belonging to human love, worships the man, Christ Jesus. Love is from the Deity, and in its aspiration it naturally flows thitherward again; and though all that is human has some stains of earth, the more its wings are cleansed from these, the higher will be its flight, and the nearer its approach

to the unspotted love of heaven. Is there no danger that with the gifted and mind-illumined, poetry may take the place of religion, as earthly feeling sometimes usurps the throne of Uranian love? We fear this.

By some, the high moral lessons and life-giving doctrines of the new dispensation have been deemed unsuitable to poetry, as wanting the high grandeur and mystical sublimity of the old. Even this, in the hands of Byron and Moore, proved sadly wanting in poetic inspiration, if the Sacred Melodies of one, and the Hebrew Melodies of the other, are to be considered as the natural results of the study of the Scriptures. Fortunately, the proof is abundant that the fault in these cases was in the men, not in the theme. Their wings were so clogged with the night dews of earth, the mephitic exhalations of sensuality, that they were unable to rise to the high argument before them. Not so with Milton and Milman, who found the harp of Isaiah, even though touched by uninspired fingers, still gave out tones of unequaled harmony.

We think our examples will establish our notion of poetry, and prove our definition, that it is a delineation of the beautiful and the true. Still, there are some who cannot feel poetry, and who do not love it. It is but a short time since we heard a young gentleman of tolerable education, and considerable pretensions to *ton*, declare that poetry was his abhorrence, and that he never read it. Such want of sympathy with nature would make us afraid of

any man, as furnishing incontestible proof of aberration in the organization. To be not able to write poetry is no disgrace; to not properly appreciate it is wholly another affair, as closing to us the volume in which is written, more than in any other, the most splendid efforts of genius, and exhibited with unrivaled clearness the highest glories of creation.

A. S. D.

Traveling through Oregon.

BY MRS. R. FRAZER.

LEAVING Sacramento about a year since, for the purpose of traveling through Oregon to sell a little book which I had written, to raise means to finish a house which I proposed to use as a seminary, I traveled by railway as far as Red Bluff. It was nine o'clock at night when the stage agent passed through the car, calling out: "Any one going to Yreka, price twenty dollars." Our stage passengers consisted of a little Scandinavian, his big wife and five small children. This family were from Minnesota. The climate being too cold to remain there any longer, they thought of settling somewhere in Oregon.

The driver, who, by the way, was an affable fellow, looked in the stage coach and asked me (we were then quite near Soda Springs) if I would like to ride outside. I willingly accepted the offer, and quickly ascended to the driver's seat. The scene here was enchanting, on both sides of the road. Just before sunset, the roaring and tumbling of the waters of the springs, the reflection of the setting sun on the spray sparkling like thousands of sapphires, the coolness of the atmosphere, all blending, as it were,

together—the scene was most lovely. It was now June, and all nature in that region had put on her brightest green.

After riding thirty hours, we arrived at the town of Yreka. Stopped at the hotel kept by three parties, two of them Germans, the other a Canadian, Mr. Lebeaux. I will here mention, the Yrekans feel much indebted to our San Franciscans for the aid rendered to them during the time of the burning of the business portion of their town.

A line of stages runs from Yreka to Fort Jones, a few miles distant. The fort is abandoned by the troops; it was now occupied by an aged Baptist minister and his family, to prevent any one from cutting the timber on the reservation; but the old man, I was told, raises some fine crops there. Returning from the fort to Yreka, the stage stopped at a public house, to hitch to the stage some wild mustangs, for the purpose of breaking them on the road, in order that they may be used for staging. An invalid from Callahan's Ranch and myself were about to enter the coach, when a man said to us, "You had better remain until to-morrow, for I must assist the driver in cudgeling those wild horses." "I have no objection to your business, if it is to whip mustangs, that is none of my affair, but I shall go," and I entered the stage with fifteen Chinamen outside, and the remainder inside. Just as I was seated, the young man alluded to gave me a glance, remarking: "I know you, I met you some years since, when you resided at Fort Tejon. Well," said he, "I have

been employed at this business so long a time, I feel I am quite a wild horse myself."

The next morning the stage coach left for Oregon. Our passengers were three gentlemen and a little boy, en route for Portland. "Well," said the stout gentleman, who was seated beside me on the back seat, "only one lady passenger, I am informed at the hotel."

"You are traveling for the purpose of selling your books?" "Yes." (I happened to have a copy in my lunch basket.) He looked at it, asked me the price. I replied "One dollar." Said he: "It certainly will be to your interest to sell me one for half price, as my home is in Portland; when I get there, I will praise the book." He paid me fifty cents, and then, looking through its pages, he happened to notice a line written thus "Pray deliver me from women politicians." "Here," said he, "I am for women's rights, I will return you the book, if you will give me back twenty-five cents," and he screamed at the highest pitch of his voice: "How can this be? Can it be true, that a woman who has written a book does not believe in women's rights?" He still kept screaming, "Hurrah for women's rights!"

"Now, sir," said I, "the birds, you have so frightened by your pleading in such vigorous language, they have ceased their warbling; but there is something certainly behind the scenes, why you are so much for women's franchise? it must be you are an office seeker, and if the truth is known, you have been to Washington for that very purpose." "Ah,"

said he, "I am puzzled to know that a lady, like you, disapproves of your sex wearing the breeches," and looking up I saw a smile on his face, and he was casting side glances to a passenger who sat opposite.

We had arrived at the station, where we changed horses, and my friend, the stout gentleman got out. I asked the young gentleman who sat opposite, if he was acquainted with our strong patron of woman's suffrage, "Strange to say," said he "his name is Smith, so is mine. We are not related, but you have guessed the truth; he is a politician, and on his return to Portland from Washington, and the representative of the republican party. He has been to France to learn French, and for the two years past, studying law in Washington, D. C."

"All aboard!" said the driver, and quickly the passengers were seated. We were very soon at the pretty village of Ashland. I left the coach—bade my traveling friends good-by, wishing them a safe journey to Portland, they wishing me much success.

The hotel was owned and kept by Mr. Hough, a German, and the price of board moderate. Ashland is situated some miles beyond the line which divides California and Oregon. I remained a few days, succeeded in selling my books, and found some ready to help me more than I had bargained for. The good landlord said to a gentleman one morning, "As you are a carpenter, do mend the corner of this lady's box; you see it is light redwood, and she makes so many changes on the road, the road is so rough." "All right," said the stranger. Returning

to the hotel, lo and behold, the box was not mended, but another of strong white wood, planed and sand-papered inside and out, brass hinges on the lid, screws and screw driver. "Why!" said I to the landlord, "He is no better than a Christian."

The next morning I left for Roseburg. This is a charming and thriving town in the Umpqua Valley, of about five hundred inhabitants; it is on the banks of the Umpqua river, and the county seat of Douglas County, one hundred and fifty miles south of Salem, and on the overland road from Portland to Sacramento. It has two newspapers, four churches, good public and private schools, etc.

Douglas is an agricultural and stock-raising county. There is an abundance of good timber land, the water is excellent, the climate pleasant, and the scenery varied and beautiful. I tarried here ten days, sold some books, and left at one o'clock in the morning's stage for Jacksonville, the county seat of Jackson County, a flourishing town in southern Oregon. It is located on the western side of the celebrated Rogue River Valley, on the Portland and Sacramento stage road, distant two hundred and ninety-five miles from Portland, and three hundred and forty miles from Sacramento.

Jacksonville contains between six and seven hundred inhabitants. It possesses some handsome buildings within its corporate limits, and is justly celebrated for the salubrity of its climate, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

I remained in Jacksonville three weeks, did well

at canvassing, and left for the pleasant town of Eugene City, the county seat of Lane County, which was named after its founder, Eugene Skinner. It is situated on the west bank of the Willamette River, and is distant one hundred and twenty-four miles south of Portland. This point is considered to be the head of steamboat navigation on the Willamette River, and steamboats from Portland connect with it regularly during the greater part of the year; also a daily line of cars on the Oregon and California Railroad connects Eugene with Portland and all the intermediate points along the line. This village now contains a population of nearly 1,200, and has two public schools well attended, an excellent academy for teaching the higher branches of education, six churches, four Sunday schools, one Court House, one Masonic and one Odd Fellows Lodge, two newspapers, numerous stores, shops, etc., etc.

I must here allude to the ladies of Eugene City. I found them always ready to aid me without asking the second time. I really believe I called on each one there. There are some three or four good hotels. I boarded at the one kept by a lady, her name I do not remember.

My canvassing done in Eugene City, I took the cars for

ALBANY,

The county seat of Linn County, is built on the east bank of the Willamette River, thirty-five miles

above Salem, and about eighty miles south of Portland. It contains a population of over 2,000, and has the reputation of being one of the neatest, healthiest, and one of the most prosperous towns in Oregon. The expenses of living are moderate. Its pleasant location, and unlimited water power, combine to make it one of the most promising settlements in the State. Its schools are of a high character. There are several houses of worship, and each succeeding year adds to its population, importance, and wealth.

Among the industries in successful operation are two of the finest grist mills in the State (of which Abany is the granary) one running by water, the other by steam; and many factories, stores, hotels. Two weekly newspapers are published in the city. I stayed a fortnight in Albany. Success here as elswhere. The hotels are well supplied with good eatables, prices are not extravagant. The coach at the door to convey passengers to the cars, so I am away for

SALEM,

The county seat of Marion County, and the capital of Oregon, is advantageously situated on a gentle slope on the east bank of the Willamette River, at a point navigable for steamers at all times of the the year, and distant fifty miles southwest from Portland, and sixty-two miles from the Columbia River. It is also on the line of the Oregon and Cal-

ifornia Railroad. Salem is a city of large blocks and broad streets, contains 5,000 inhabitants, and has more churches, in proportion to the population, than any other city on the Pacific Coast. There are five public schools, partly supported by State and direct taxation, and several private educational establishments. The Willamette University, located at Salem, is an elegant brick structure, erected a cost of $30,000, and ranks among the best educational institutions on the coast. The Roman Catholics also have a Sisters' school, and an academy of some standing. Every kind of manufactures flourish, and asylums, which are too numerous to mention. I was here ten days, sold some books, and left for the city of Portland.

PORTLAND

Is a port of entry, and the county seat of Multnomah County, which, although the smallest in area, is the wealthiest county in the State. The city is beautifully located on the west bank of the Willamette River, twelve miles above its confluence with the Columbia, and is built upon a plateau which gradually increases in hight as it recedes from the river, thus affording a magnificent view from the hills which skirt the western limits of the city, from whence may be discerned the majestic peaks of Mount Hood, St. Helens, and Rainier, together with the entire snow-capped region of the Cascade Range of mountains, which divide Eastern from Western Oregon.

Looking directly down from Robinson's Hill, the city is seen to best advantage—its numerous churches, school houses, and public buildings, whose domes and spires rise far above the surroumding dwellings. Further eastward stands the prosperous town of East Portland, whose streets resound with the shrill whistle of the locomotive; whilst the placid waters of the Willamette give a silvery charm to the landscape, that must be seen in order to be appreciated. I would advise strangers visiting Portland to be cautious of the water; I give this advice simply because I know by experience, to drink the water is unsafe to any one, after traveling on the mountains of Oregon, where the water is so pure. *Take ice;* so my physician prescribed. Unfortunately for the City of Portland, the water is unfit to drink; more particularly by strangers visiting there after crossing the mountains of Oregon, who are frequently troubled with this terrible disease, chills and fever. Therefore I advise all travelers to Portland, if they suffer from chills and fever, to take steamer for Astoria, one of the oldest ports on the Northern Coast, and certainly one of the most healthy. I can say with truth, one of the best hotels on that coast is the Arizona, which has one of the most gentlemanly landlords.

Adieu, Portland, and friends who will ever be remembered.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Olympia, the county seat of Thurston County, and the capital of Washington Territory, is the largest

town on Puget Sound. It is beautifully situated at the head of that great inland sea, and is about one hundred miles east of the sea coast, and two hundred southeast from the entrance to the Straits of Fuca. There are five weekly, and two daily newspapers.

The families of many of the business men of Olympia reside in a suburb called Swanton, situated across an arm of the bay. Tumwater, another suburb of the town, nearly two miles south of Olympia, is a manufacturing settlement, containing a saw mill, flour mill, tannery, chair factory, pail factory, sash and door factory, etc., and has about two hundred inhabitants. I left this pleasant village, and the agreeable people of Olympia, disposing of many books among them, after a sojourn of two weeks, and embarked at nine o'clock at night, on the steamer *North Pacific*, touching at all the way ports on the sound, which are named Steilacoom, Tacoma, and Seattle.

SEATTLE,

The county seat of King County, is situated on the eastern shore of Puget Sound, sixty miles northwest of Olympia. The population is now over 1,000. Every dwelling house, and every available place of business is occupied. There are in the town about twenty-five general stores, some of them doing business on an extensive scale; a large steam saw mill, and two printing offices publishing weekly papers.

The farming country bordering the shores of the

Sound is nearly all settled, for a distance of thirty miles, but there is a large extent of the finest agricultural lands still unoccupied. The object of the early settlers, was to secure farms having water communication with Seattle, and thus it happens, that some of the most valuable agricultural land still remains open for settlement. I bade adieu to friends at Seattle, where I found a people ready and willing to patronize one who had wandered so far away.

VANCOUVER,

The county seat of Clarke County, stands on a gentle rise, beautifully situated on the left bank of the Columbia River, one hundred miles from its mouth, and one hundred and twenty miles south of Olympia. It is at the junction of the beautiful valleys of the Columbia and Willamette, on the route of the North Pacific Railroad, and in full view of the coast and Cascade Mountains. The river at this point is more than a mile wide. It was on account of its eligible position, that the site of Vancouver was selected in 1824, by the Hudson Bay Company, for their entrepot and chief factory west of the Rocky Mountains, and it continued to be their leading trading port until 1860, when their term of occupation expired. It became a military post in 1849, and General Grant was at one time stationed there as Quartermaster. The town contains several churches, some excellent schools, a United States

garrison, a branch of the ordnance department, a land office, and printing office publishing a weekly newspaper. Vancouver has a population of about nine hundred, and is connected by regular daily steamer with Portland. The winters are mild, and flowers bloom in the open air all the year round. I returned to Olympia to take the steamer for Victoria.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, incorporated by Royal Charter, is a well-laid-out town, containing 3,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, opposite the mouth of Puget Sound. To vessels drawing fifteen feet of water, the harbor of Victoria is easy of access at all times, but larger vessels resort to the adjacent harbor of Esquimalt, the British naval station three miles distant, which can be entered by the largest ships at all seasons of the year. The climate is very genial, and the suburbs afford delightful drives on fine roads with beautiful scenery in every direction.

The city contains the Government buildings, the residence of the Governor, numerous fine edifices, substantial wharves, etc. It has three Episcopal, two Catholic, one Presbyterian, and one Methodist church. There are two daily papers. A considerable business is carried on with Portland, Oregon, by sailing vessels and steamers; and also with

Washington Territory, a steam line trading regularly between the principal ports on Puget Sound and Victoria. I was anxious to visit the coal mine of Nanaimo; the steamer left her wharf at seven in the morning. Accordingly, I arose earlier than usual to go on board, but had I known the steward had prepared a berth, expecting me on board that night, I surely should have accepted the privilege. The air at seven in the winter season here is extremely cold, with not the least appearance of sunrise. The passage was delightful. On both sides of the river rose tall fir trees, which seen in the distance, and their reflection in that most beautiful silent river, formed a kaleidoscope of rare beauty. The mines are owned by parties in England. I was told their best market for shipment is San Francisco. There are farms beyond and around Nanaimo; but as I had taken my passage on the steamer *Idaho*, for home, I concluded two days would suffice; therefore, I went on board the night previous to the sailing of steamer. Our passengers consisted of the Judge of the Supreme Court, and a member of Parliament of Her Majesty's dominions, several colored gentlemen, and Indians. The English, I am *compelled* to write, are the blackest Republicans I have ever traveled in company with; the meal was announced by the kind mulatto steward. Said he, Ladies and gentlemen, please take your seats at the table. I was the only white woman; the other was a colored one; but what was singular for my eyes to witness, there was the Judge at the head; next to him sat three In-

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dians, two black men, the member of Parliament, the colored woman, and myself. At first I thought of waiting to dine at the second table, but as I am considered a law-abiding citizen at home, why should I act contrary to the law established in our mother country. "Well," thought I, "*here is law carried out*, and *no mistake*."

Our little steamer arrived at Victoria at six o'clock in the evening, and when the morrow came, I entered the hack, and left the Colonial, (the most elegant, and best kept hotel in Victoria) and drove to the steamer's wharf; her anchor drawn, her gun is fired, and we are soon on the ocean for home. The second night the wind blew a gale, we were driven by fierce winds eight miles toward Victoria. The engine, however, was still working. I was terribly frightened; the steamer rolled so, and she would make such plunges, it seemed to me all would then and there find a tomb in the wild waters. But the next morning the sea was becalmed, so we could walk her deck. However, we had a quick passage, two and a quarter days, all happy to arrive in San Francisco.

Among the medical fraternity in this State, I cannot but tender my sincere acknowledgments to Doctor Toland.

His acts of friendliness have not been conferred on myself alone, who stood in great need of them; but upon many others, who perhaps will never in this

public manner be able to attest their gratitude. He has won a deservedly high reputation in his profession, but not escaped the shafts of envy and misrepresentation, which too often follow in the wake of genuine merit.

That he has been a public, as well as a private benefactor, is sufficiently attested by his magnificent gift to the State University, of the Toland Medical College.

That institution, under his supervision, has earned a world-wide reputation—and has been considered the best school in the State for obtaining a thorough medical education. Now that it has through his generosity become a part and parcel of the State University, it will continue to prove of no inconsiderable advantage to the Alumni of the latter institution, who desire to secure a thorough medical education. Doctor Toland is one of the early pioneers, and his success has been due as much to energy and attention to his business, as to the possession of talent and medical accomplishments. Some of the cures which he has effected have been worthy of the most accomplished physicians of Europe.

I know that he will take exception to this manner of referring to him, and that he would prefer that his good deeds and merits should be appreciated in silence, without any public manifestation of them whatever; but I cannot let this opportunity pass, however much it may prove distasteful to him, without adding this public tribute to his worth.

There is an *esprit du corps* in the medical profes-

sion which holds it steadfastly to a certain line of conduct, and especially to a quiet, unobstrusive conduct, when it relates to their merits or their abilities; and they are indeed so sensitive in this respect, that they will resent the commendation of friends if publicly made, lest others might imagine that it was a prearranged programme to earn undeserved praise. The Doctor, I trust, will pardon me for this allusion, remembering that, considering his great kindness, I could do or say nothing less. He has achieved a proud and independent position, and is above the need of anything like adulation, and these remarks certainly can call for no adverse criticism.

Another gentleman, occupying a high and responsible position in this State, and to whom I am under some obligations, will give me an opportunity of making a few remarks, not so much, perhaps, with reference to himself, as to the institution over which he presides. I refer to Dr. Shurtleff and the State Insane Asylum.

I have had occasion, very frequently, to make visits to the home of the Insane, and to scrutinize its various departments, and to consider the means of discipline there employed in the cure and restoration of patients to their normal condition of health; and I must be permitted to say, that having had some degree of experience with respects to the means and manner best adapted to the treatment of the insane, that the Asylum now conducted in Stockton, under the supervision of Dr. Shurtleff, may favorably compare with any like institution in America.

Perhaps no other community in the world, its population being taken in consideration, presents so many different phases, as respects its passions, vicissitudes, and life mutations, as that found in this State. It follows, as a consequence, that insanity itself, so far as it exists here, presents aspects and conditions hardly to be found elsewhere, and that a larger scope is offered for talent in its treatment.

That Doctor Shurtleff has proved equal to all the exigencies of his position, is a fact fully attested by the Press, by the medical faculty, and more especially by those who, through his instrumentality, enjoy the society of friends restored to reason, who at one time gave every indication of being snatched forever from communion with them.

Having occupied so responsible a position for many years, despite the mutations of political parties, it has afforded him experience, and is an evidence that he will continue to discharge its duties for many years to come, both to his own satisfaction, and to that of the people of the State.

While upon this topic, I can hardly refrain from referring to the exhaustive report made by Dr. Wilkins, with reference to the Insane; a report founded upon an examination made by him of the various prominent institutions established in Europe, for the government of this unfortunate class of people. I hardly believe, that in any other work extant upon this subject can be found more useful information, and more practical hints, calculated to prove of lasting benefit, than in the report in question. Those

who give this subject their attention, although it may not bring them fame and the applause of the multitude, will nevertheless enjoy the pleasing satisfaction, in their own minds, of having proved genuine benefactors of the human race.

The Witch: a New England Tale.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

CHAPTER I.

MORE than seventy years ago, there stood on a gentle slope of one of the rugged hills of New England, a massive stone building, curiously rambling in its construction, spacious in size, and bearing the date 1668 deeply cut into the heavy block surmounting the doorway. Old as as it was, however, it was externally in a state of good preservation. Its high peaked gables and broad porches were, though moss-grown, entire; and its long narrow windows, just two panes in width, still boasted a moderate complement of panes, albeit they were gray and thick with long gathered dust. It was a deserted house; no footsteps resounded upon its silent floors, and no smoke now ascended from its huge chimneys.

Yet, though the very air around it spoke of desolation, it would be impossible to imagine a more picturesque scene than that which surrounded this noble old dwelling. Rich dark hemlocks and mountain

pines lifted their tall heads high up the hill-side in its rear; an interminable virgin forest stretched far away to the blue horizon in its front, its right was flanked by a large irregular field, or garden, where, on a little knoll hard by the dwelling, its gray roof just peering above the tangled weeds and briars, stood an old crumbling family tomb, the last long home of the generations who once tenanted the now silent dwelling.

On the left, a tolerably clean lawn sloped suddenly downward to a deep dell, through whose narrow bottom rushed a brawling stream, of sufficient capacity to carry a mill—as was attested by the crumbling ruins still overhanging its banks, and whose ponderous wheel, from whose dilapidated floats depended a drapery of long, green, slimy moss, added not a little to the beauty of the dell. It added to its loneliness, too, for its desertion and inactivity constrasted strangely with the ever-restless hurry of the waters.

Yet ruined as they were, the solitude of the whole premises seemed unnatural and strange: like that of a place resting under a curse. And perhaps it was so. Why else did even the stranger, around whom the twilight settled suddenly down, involuntarily quicken his steps, and glance furtively behind him as he passed it? Be all this as it may, it was a marked spot; for it was believed to have been the theater of unholy deeds, and for leagues around bore the name of the "Haunted House."

About a mile from this place, and on the same beautifully winding thoroughfare, stood a small log

cabin, of the simplest and neatest character. Unlike most dwellings of so rude a construction, its exterior was picturesque, and even elegant; for it was almost completely embowered in a luxuriant drapery of woodbine and bitter-sweet, their scarlet and purple berries contrasting gaily with the rich green of their heavy foliage. A little sign swinging at the door, and which gave humble notice of rest and refreshment to be found within, sufficiently indicated the calling of its occupants.

It was occupied by a disabled revolutionary soldier, of the name of Boyle. He had gone forth a prosperous and hale young man, and after faithfully serving his country through more than three quarters of the war, maimed and broken down by long suffering and wounds, had received an honorable discharge, and the full amount of his wages in Continental currency—one hundred dollars of which hardly sufficed for the purchase of a single bushel of corn.

Few friends had he to welcome him back to a home that, during his absence, had passed into the hands of strangers. Yet, although his case was too common a one in those hard days of trial to win from most persons more than a passing expression of pity, there were still some who contended that his country was ungrateful, and that though herself poor, she was still able to do something for those who had given all but their bare lives for her. Boyle, however, was of a different opinion, and in spite of premature old age, and the frowns of fortune, resolutely maintained a cheerful front, and a good humor

perfectly unexampled. He possessed a few acres of land, and on this he determined to begin life anew. By the aid of the few widely scattered inhabitants of the region, a neat cabin was in a short time piled together, and furnished with the few rustic articles then considered necessary. A little sign-post hung at the door, and a nice young girl, hardy, loving, and good-humored, to whom he was in earlier days engaged, offered to become his wife, and, after many objections on his part, was gratefully accepted.

Let no one in this deem the simple-hearted girl unmaidenly. Had her lover been as he was ere war so sadly mutilated him, the world would not have tempted her to the step; but poor wreck as he had become, she well knew he would never seek to persuade her to unite her fate with his, and she therefore nobly took the matter into her own hands; and it is a sufficient proof of the happiness they shared, that after six years' union, at the period of which we now write, she had never yet wearied of his tales of the war, but heard them for the hundredth time as kindly as at first, loving him all the better for his misfortunes.

His days thus flowed on in a peaceful serenity seldom accompanying the closing years of men whose trade has been war. Eminently social in his disposition, his contentment as well as his purse was eked out by the chance visitors, generally of the humblest order, who shared the hospitalities of his cabin.

One evening, as Boyle sat smoking his pipe in his doorway, watching the gorgeous sunset, whose gold-

en sheen lay over all the forest, and waiting for his wife, who early in the morning had gone to Marlwood—the nearest village, some six miles off—to make some little purchases for the household, an old man with a long gray beard, a knotted staff in his hand, and a knapsack at his back, came slowly toiling up the road. He was apparently a stranger, for he several times stood still to gaze around him, as if seeing the neighborhood for the the first time. At length, walking directly to the door of the little inn, he inquired if he could have entertainment for the night.

"My house is open to all honest people," replied the old soldier, making room for the stranger to enter, "and if you can content yourself with such food as sinners live on, you are welcome to stay." The traveler made no reply, but silently taking off his hat, and laying aside his knapsack, sat down, and asked for a drink of water.

"Had n't you better have a mug of cider?" suggested Boyle, by way of opening a conversation. But the traveler silently shook his head, looking withal so pale and reserved as quite to dishearten the worthy host in his design of drawing him out.

"Are you all alone in this neighborhood?" he at length inquired.

"Except the beasts and birds of the woods, I have no nearer neighbors than the ghosts of the haunted house," replied Boyle, quite enlivened by even this dubious subject.

The stranger stared him in the face—"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing! only they say the old stone house, above here a little way, is haunted."

"What reason have they for thinking so?" inquired the stranger, with some interest.

"Well, they do say that strange noises are heard in the empty old chambers, and I can affirm that strange sights are seen there, for I have seen them myself three times within the week, while I have been hunting for my old cow, who has taken a strange fancy to straying off in that direction; and yet no one has lived there since the old 'Squire died, which is seventeen years come next Christmas. Nobody could stay there after that, I can tell you."

"Why not."

"Well, I'll tell you; though it is a story people don't think it best to talk much about. You see old 'Squire Beaumont had only one child, a daughter named Alice, and she was beautiful and good, only a bit spoiled by indulgence, and a little wilful sometimes, as was natural with all the petting she got. Her mother had died when she was just a babe, or, you see, she might have been better governed. Howbeit, that is neither here nor there; but of course, with all his wealth and her beauty, her father felt that he had a right to look pretty high for her. And so he had—but bless you, where was he to look? There was ne'er a young man in all the region that he would have thought good enough for her.

"It happened one summer that a foreign painter, that they called an artist, came wandering up

into these parts to make pictures of the neighborhood. His name was Hubert Delisle. He was a man of middle age, but handsome to look at, and dressed like a bird. The old 'Squire soon got acquainted with him, for he had a winning way, and invited him to his house. It was not long, you may be sure, before a great love sprung up between the artist and his daughter, and they made it up between them that they would be married. But, Lord! you should have seen what a rage the old 'Squire was in when they broached the subject to him. He ordered the artist out of the house, and shut his daughter up in her chamber. But you see Alice had a bit of her father's spirit, and so, in spite of imprisonment, she never would give the promise he required, to have no more to say to him. After a few days, however, the artist disappeared from the neighborhood, and then the old man let his daughter out. Weeks went by, and he did not appear again, and her father thought, to be sure, he had left the country; but as sure as I live, I saw him myself late one moonlight evening going into that house with another man, dressed in a long black gown. Pretty soon, I saw a light in Alice's window, and different shadows passing before it. I was puzzled, you may depend, for I never saw him again, though I have no doubt she did; but I always thought they were married that night."

"What made you think so?" inquired the stranger, with a startling kind of earnestness.

"Because by and by a change came over Alice—

she grew ill, and shut herself up, and whispers went abroad against her good name.

"Her father, who before was a tyrant, became a savage, and God only knows all that poor girl suffered. He dismissed all his servants except one old crone, as bad as himself, and there the poor thing was.

"I was sometimes hired to work in the garden, for you see I was a stout young man then, and I often heard stifled screams in the house, and it was my belief the old tyrant horsewhipped her. At length all came out.

"One day, after more dreadful screams than common, and just as I was throwing down my hoe determined to face the lion in the den, and find out what the matter was, the old man came out, looking savage and frightened, and told me to go for the doctor. I jumped on the old horse, and went as fast as I could; but it was ten miles to where he lived, and the roads none of the best, and before the doctor could get there a baby was born before its time, and the mother was dead."

"But why," inquired the stranger, pale and agitated, "did not somebody interfere?"

"The only house within seven or eight miles was 'Squire Ellicott's, and that was about half way to Marlwood. I had a little hut in the woods near this, for you see I used to do chopping when I didn't get work at either 'Squire Beamont's or 'Squire Ellicott's. But Lord, if there had been, I should like to see the man who would have dared to interfere.

"I believe he repented sorely of his cruelty when it was too late, for he was greatly changed, and spent nearly all his time walking about his garden, pulling the weeds from the old tomb where his daughter lay; and it was not long before he was quite gray and old, and had the look of a man who was struck with some terror. And he was, as I will tell you.

"For some time after the birth of that child, it wailed and moaned incessantly, night and day—nobody could quiet it, do what they would. At length one night it suddenly stopped its wailing, and the old woman, who lay in bed near the cradle, saw the dead mother looking just as she did when she was alive, only pale, bending over the cradle, tucking the little creature warmly in, and rocking and singing to it in a sweet low voice, until it fell into a soft quiet sleep, and did not awake until morning; and so every night after that, at just the same hour, she always came and tucked the baby in and soothed it to sleep. The old 'Squire would not believe anything of it at first, but he watched for the apparition, and it struck him with terror that turned him gray, and he never was himself again. But the child throve under the dead mother's care until a year elapsed, when she ceased her visits—perhaps not allowed to take care of her baby any longer.

"But then more dreadful visitations took place. Footsteps were heard all over the house, and screams just like those I used to hear before Alice died; till by and by the old man gave way before them, and died, I do believe of terror and remorse. Then the

house was shut up, given over to the devil, and no one has lived in it since."

"But what became of the child?" inquired the stranger, who had listened with an interest so intense as to call great drops of sweat to his brow.

"Why, the old Squire left her with the property, in the care of a friend—but here comes my wife."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the hostess, a pretty, fair-faced little woman, who greeted her husband with a broad, affectionate smile, and the guests with a modest courtesy. Placing her basket on the table, she drew a chair by her husband, and sat down.

"I hear great news at Marlwood!" said she, taking off her bonnet, and gravely smoothing back her soft brown hair.

"What is it?"

"Well, they say messengers were all day coming and going yesterday, from Ellicott House, inquiring after Alice, who, it seems, had been missing three days, before any of the servants knew it. People think she is lost in the woods, because she was fond of walking there to gather wild flowers. Everybody is out scouring the woods in all directions, blowing horns, and doing their best; and Ellicott, who only got home yesterday, is raving like a distracted man, and asking why they did not send in search of her earlier; and it comes out that he was engaged to Alice, while Madam Ellicott meant, and everybody thought, he was going to marry her daughter, Clara Linmore."

The old soldier sat with his hands on his knees, and was for some time silent. At length he looked up in his wife's face.

"And so they are scouring the woods for her, are they? It is my opinion they will not find her there. It is my opinion that Madam Ellicott is an awful woman; she and that cousin of hers are a pair to cook any devil's broth. And so Madam Ellicott meant he should marry her daughter, did she? Yes, and I have no doubt she means so still."

All further remarks of the angry and surprised old soldier were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a new and singular looking guest. It was a tall, haggard old woman, erect as an arrow, but of a swart, lifeless complexion, that was strangely and startlingly contrasted, as well by the long white locks that trailed over her face, as by the two small jet-black, glitttering eyes, that, like two snakes from their lair, peered out from their deep, hollow sockets. Her dress was as peculiar as her face. It consisted of a long, black serge dress, scanty and coarse, and secured at the waist by a thick, woolen girdle, while enclosed in a leathern sheath and fancifully wrought at the handle, was thrust a long, heavy knife. A short, but full gipsy-hooded cloak, of a rich scarlet color, enveloped her head and shoulders; and a basket, half filled with roots and herbs, hanging at her arm, completed her costume.

All, even the traveler, drew shrinkingly back as she entered, and the hostess, turning pale, gathered her garments closely to her person, to avoid the possibility of contact.

The movement was not unobserved by the woman, and it seemed to intensify the unholy and malignant expression of her countenance, for it covered it with a sneer.

"Give me a mug of cider," said she, in a hollow, husky voice, at the same time darting around the little circle a keen, snaky glance, which rested long on the face of the stranger.

"I have been gathering herbs to make a draught for a sick dog," she continued, with a leer that was absolutely frightful, "and am both weary and thirsty."

The trembling hostess soon appeared with a small, brown earthen jug of cider, which the old woman emptied at a draught, when laying a small bit of silver on the table, she turned to go away.

"Take your money again," said Boyle anxiously, "I charge nothing for cider."

"I take nothing for nothing," she replied, in a surly voice, and left the house, turning, as she did so, another piercing look at the face of the traveler.

"Wife, take the pitcher and the money, and throw them both out of the window."

"Not I," exclaimed the little woman, shrinking back, "you'll not catch me touching anything that old woman has handled."

Without another word Boyle arose, stumped along to the hearth, and taking the tongs, with them deliberately picked up the bit of silver, dropped it into the pitcher, and then threw both into the door yard.

"Wife, where is the horse-shoe?" he anxiously inquired, as he stepped back into the cottage.

"Why, nailed up there, is it not?"

"No: Oh, here 't is, fallen down on the ground. The cow will give bloody milk to-night, if she never did before."

"Do nail it up again," said the wife, running to him with the hammer and a nail. This was immediately done, and the old soldier sat down and wiped his forehead with his shirt sleeve.

"It was unlucky that that should be off the house when she came."

"Why, who is she?" inquired the traveler, who had been curiously watching the operations of the good soldier.

"A witch," murmured the host, looking uneasily around; "but we must speak low; they say she can hear through stone walls."

"Pshaw! you old dunce," interrupted the little hostess, whose courage, under the spell of the horse-shoe, was fast expanding.

"She can," persisted the old soldier, "and it is well known that she has dealings with bad spirits. Do you hear that wailing sound away off in the woods? It is the noise they make when they meet her."

"She may be an evil spirit herself. What is her name?"

"Her name is Moll Pitcher, but people hereabouts generally call her The Witch."

"And does she live hereabouts?"

"A few miles away, in the woods, in a little cottage built by her own hands," said the hostess, taking up the tale. "She has lived there many years,

and although she is looked upon with terror by most persons, there are others who have great confidence in her skill as a doctress, for she has done some wonderful cures. They have employed her in the Ellicott family for some time; but I think no better of her for that, for Madame Ellicott and a cousin who lives there are neither of them much better themselves. She can tell fortunes, find anything that is lost, make love-philters, and people whisper, distill a poison that is instant death."

"But does any one know anything of her origin and history?"

"The story is, she is a French Canadian; that when young she was very beautiful, and that a rich young man, falling desperately in love with her, persuaded her to leave her parents and come with him to our Colonies, and in the end left her to her fate. The whole matter that any one really knows is, that she is a witch. It is a great pity that the Governor suffers her to go at large. They did things better in Salem. There they burned and drowned them."

"But you never would have Moll Pitcher, wicked as she may be, suffer in that way, would you?" pleaded the little wife. "I think some others are to blame for many things she does. Madame Ellicott got her to prepare a love philter, and they say—"

At this moment the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and two young men spurred up to the door of the inn.

"We are in search of Alice Beaumont," they hurriedly said. "Have you heard or seen anything

of her yet?" The grave shrug of the hostess' shoulders was a sufficient reply, and without waiting for anything further they galloped away.

CHAPTER II.

In Ellicott House great changes had taken place since the death of its former mistress, the first lovely and good wife of the old squire. A second marriage had followed the severance of the first, after a not very long time. The lady that was chosen to supply the place of the first wife was in every respect her opposite. Much younger, gay, haughty, and ambitious, she had the art of appearing soft and lovely—the very embodiment of amiability. Many who knew her well wondered why she should marry an old man, and, leaving all the gaieties of city life, settle down in the wild and secluded fastnesses of a mountain State, with a man nearly twice her own age. But those who knew her ambition and his wealth had no difficulty in solving the problem.

The family of Mr. Ellicott at the time of his second marriage consisted of his only son and child, Alfred, a boy of about fifteen years; the little orphan girl, Alice Beaumont, confided to him at the death of her grandfather, and now ten years old; and a few old servants. To these Madame Ellicott had added another, a little girl by her first marriage, of the same age of Alice; and a cousin of her own, named Robert Grayton.

Soon after the marriage, Alfred was sent away to acquire, in the preparatory schools and University of Cambridge, that thorough education which his own State had as yet no means of bestowing.

Meanwhile, the naturally stern old man, in the hands of his artful wife, gradually yielded up his authority and will, until he was a mere child, whom she governed and moulded with a skill and tact more honorable to her head than her heart. In the execution of her various plans she was aided by Grayton, whose moral qualities were not of an order to throw any barrier in the way, whatever might be the services he was required to perform.

A prominent plan, and one to which every other ultimately tended, was to secure to herself the bulk of the Ellicott estate, which, for that day and country, was very large. To this end all her blandishments and arts, and they were neither few nor ineffective, were called into requisition. Smiles and caresses, soft and enthralling as those of Delilah, charmed and bewildered the old man, and the influence of his wife grew every day more unbounded. But after years of undiminished effort, there was one thing she could not understand—her absolute inability, notwithstanding all her apparent influence, to effect her one great purpose. The matter was enveloped in all the mist possible, to so adroit a manager, and yet he seemed to see through it.

"Alfred is a good son," he ever replied to all her attacks, open and covert, "why should I cut him off?"

It was in vain that between herself and her cousin a will was concocted, and absolutely written; but parental affection still kept the mental vision clear to that one thing—the rights of his child—when it was dimmed to nearly everything else. He would not sign it; and for the first time in her life Madame Ellicott doubted her own infallibility.

Her failures thus far, together with the completion of Alfred's studies at Cambridge, and his final return home, at length induced the step-mother to a change of tactics. A noble and commanding, but gentle-hearted young man—his handsome, earnest counte nance perfectly mirroring all that dwelt within—she regarded him at first with a strange mixture of hatred and admiration—a natural enemy, whom she must either conquer or win. Nothing doubting her own powers of fascination, she soon determined on the latter, and her daughter was the medium through whom she designed to effect her new purpose; rightly judging that as the husband of Clara, his wealth and honors could be made to reflect on herself.

It would be perhaps doing Madam Ellicott injustice, to deny that in this final plan she was in some sort actuated by a regard for the happiness of her child, whom, next to wealth and power, and as much as her cold, calculating heart would allow, she really loved. But that love was of a selfish and iron character, little harmonizing with the timid and gentle nature of her child, who was a creature apparently almost too tender and fragile for this world.

Fair as the fairest lily, her delicate young face

lighted by eyes of the softest, loveliest blue, and draped by long, wavy, golden curls, her graceful floating little person seemed that of some exquisite sylph, whom a rude breath would extinguish.

With a heart as loving as ever beat in a maiden's bosom, she had only one friend, and she was of that peculiar nature that could not understand how one could have more. This friend was Alice Beaumont. Her she loved with her whole heart, and during the nearly eight years in which they had been inseparable companions, the strong intellect and brave heart of Alice were ever as a shield before the weakness and timidity and somewhat feeble intellect of Clara, protecting and sustaining her in many a domestic trial, when she would otherwise have given way. It was well for Alice that her nature was thus brave. In the time of the former Mrs. Ellicott, her days had been all sunshine, for in that estimable lady she had found a protectress, tender and loving as a mother. In Alfred, also, she found a companion, gentle and devoted, and so attached to his young playmate that no one like her could perform the little services of love, which a petted boy requires of the household. These services he was ever ready to requite; and so she became the light and joy of the household—good and loving and beautiful.

But before many years, Alice learned that life has cloud as well as sunshine. Her protectors died, and long ere the deep sorrow of her young heart was soothed, another took her place, who with the unerring tact of childhood, she at once perceived was not

worthy to fill it, and she involuntarily shut up her little heart against her.

So shrewd a woman as the new wife could not fail to detect this incipient dislike in the little girl, whose large black eyes turned away with a sort of a shrinking look whenever she met them; and she at once made up her mind that she would be troublesome, and must, in some way, be disposed of.

Until Alfred went away to school, however, Alice knew not how great were the changes and trials in store for her. He was a tall, commanding boy, and was a check and protection, where both were needed. But he left her, and then, no one could tell how, a strange sense of oppression began gradually to be felt through all the household. A certain insincerity in Madame Ellicott, an under-current of constant deception, running through her daily life, and operating in a thousand unseen ways, silently gathered a cloud over the happiness of the whole family, and particularly over that of Alice. Why it was, she could not tell; but she felt, rather than saw, that behind all the smiles of her new protectress there was evil at work, which would, by and by, fall upon her.

Her first realization of this dread, she found in the changed manner of her guardian. He grew cold and reserved, and sometimes even harsh and bitter towards her, until she felt like an alien in the house. Nothing could have touched her like this, and her sorrow was often increased, and her heart clouded, by the smiling sneer or covert insult of his wife.

It was long before the unobserving Clara perceived that anything was amiss, in the manner of her mother to Alice; but strong affection quickened her perceptions, and she gradually opened her eyes to the fact. She was deeply grieved.

"Do not mind it, Alice," she would say, "I will love you, let what will be, and nobody but you." This strong love of the childlike girl comforted, and by degrees became sufficient for her happiness. She grew less sensitive to the coldness and insults of others, while she clung, protectingly, and with an ever increasing love, to her disinterested friend.

The two girls had just attained their eighteenth year, at the time when Alfred, having completed his studies, and won the highest honors of his class, returned, happy beyond measure, to be once more at home. Matters there were at once the better of his presence. He shed a new life over the household, and the troubled waters semed for a time at rest. He was charmed with the grace and beauty of the two girls, though often puzzled at the childlike Clara.

He could not understand how a mind should never grow, and often gazed at the little figure floating about him with an amused, bewildered air, as he would upon some ethereal sprite, that might at any moment vanish. He was not long, however, in feeling that her deficiency in intellect found a more than compensation in the unvarying goodness of her heart, and he strove, by every means in his power, to promote her happiness. The keen and watchful eye of Madame Ellicott was not slow to perceive her daugh-

ter had not made the kind of impression on Alfred which she had hoped her peculiar beauty might enable her to do. On the contrary, it soon became evident to her, that it was on Alice Beaumont that his eye, with the most interest, dwelt; that it was her wishes and tastes that he most frequently consulted. Here was an obstacle which, strangely enough, she had not anticipated, but which threatened to overturn her last plan. Her husband's health was rapidly failing; she felt that little time was now to be lost; and in her despair, she resolved upon one more experiment, that of endeavoring to induce him to make it a condition of his will, that Alfred should marry her daughter. She accordingly redoubled her attentions to the doting old man, and by wearing and unceasing importunities, at length wrung from him a promise to that effect.

It was only two days after this promise had been given, that a nurse suddenly entered the breakfast room, exclaiming Mr. Ellicott was dying. They hastened to his chamber, and found it indeed true; his last moments were evidently nigh.

"Alfred," said the dying man, turning to his son, who stood gazing, pale with sorrow, on his father's changing features, "you have been a dutiful and good son; and now, as a last proof of your filial love, let me take with me to my grave your solemn promise to obey my last injunction."

"I promise, father."

The old man rose suddenly in his bed, and reaching out his hand, took that of Clara, who stood near.

"I command you, then, to marry—" A rattle in his throat choked his further utterance, a sharp spasm contracted his features, and he fell back, a corpse.

The name had not been spoken, and nothing could equal the chagrin of Madame Ellicott at the fatal omission. Alfred, however, at the last moment, well understood the matter, and deep was his anger and contempt for the mother who would have thus fettered him against his will. Too generous, however, to make his sentiments known, he treated her with the kindness of a son, sparing her every painful office, while he himself quietly and reverently performed all the sad duties which yet remained to be rendered to the father who had ever been kind to him.

After the last sad scene was over, and the remains had been consigned to their final resting place, the will was opened, when it was found that the whole estate had been left to Alfred, with a strict injunction that he should take such care of his step-mother and her daughter as his love and reverence for his father should dictate. The guardianship of Alice was also solemnly bequeathed to him as a more than orphan. No words could paint the chagrin and mortification of Madame Ellicott at this unexpected disposition of her husband's property. Scarcely listening to the assurances of Alfred that everything should be done for her comfort and pleasure, she abruptly left the room, and shut herself in her chamber, there to brood over her disappointed hopes, and

to nurse her aversion, now become hatred, towards Alice. A light knock at the door aroused her, and ere she could say come in, Grayton stood before her. "Well!" said he, after standing and gazing at her for the space of a minute, "What now?"

"What now?" she angrily repeated; "and have you nothing better to say to me in my beggary and despair?"

"Beggary and despair! What folly to give up in this way, when Clara may yet marry Alfred, and you remain mistress of Ellicott House. He promised—"

"Promised what? No name was spoken. It seems as if fate, determined to thwart all my plans, cut the thread of the old dotard's life just at the one only moment of my life when I was about to realize my highest hopes, and the years of living death I have endured were to be rewarded by position and wealth."

"Why did you marry him, then, when you loved me, and knew well that I would sacrifice everything to win you?"

"Because I loved wealth better than all things else, and he was rich and you were poor"; and the tone in which she replied had in it the concentration of all bitterness. "But why all this now? Robert, you were wont to find means to any end. What shall I do now?"

"Alice Beaumont must be removed at once."

Madame Ellicott started. "Where? She has not a friend in the world, and the infatuated Alfred

would not allow her out of his sight if she had a hundred."

"Alfred must go, in a few days, to attend to legal business connected with the will. He cannot return in less than four or five days. That will be time enough to dispose of her."

"Robert, you shall not harm her."

"I understand you, my conscientious cousin," he replied with a sneer, "but it is too late for you to affect tenderness now."

"Robert, you are a knave."

"Knave or not, Ellen, I shall do you one service, and then, as I am not likely to get the share of the estate you promised me, I think I shall shake off the dust from my feet, and seek my fortune elsewhere."

"Robert!"

But he left the chamber without any other reply than a sneering grin. Mrs. Ellicott followed him with a terrified look for one moment; then, sinking back into her chair, compressed her lips, clenched her two hands, and muttered, "Well!"

CHAPTER III.

The young girls were together in their chamber. Clara, who had been for some days ill, was lying on her little snow-white couch, and Alice sitting by her side holding her hand. Alice looked flushed and uneasy, and silent tears were on the cheeks of her friend.

They had been opening their hearts to each other, and their conversation had been tender and confidential. Both had been for some days aware of the unwomanly means by which Mrs. Ellicott had attempted to compel a union between Alfred and her daughter, but for opposite reasons each had been silent. But to-day some stirring of the heart had unsealed their lips, and the pent-up stream had gushed forth. Clara's tears flowed faster than her words, and the kind and soothing caresses of Alice were for a time in vain.

"How could she do so?" she sobbed; "I would not have him think me knowing it for the world."

"He will not, Clara. He knows how pure you are. He will love you just as well."

"I do not want him to love me, Alice; what do you mean?"

"Why, do you not love him?"

"No, only as I would love a brother. And you too love in that way. Alice, don't you?"

A vivid flush overspread the face of Alice, as she looked shyly in Clara's face, and answered "No."

Clara turned her eyes wonderingly on her friend, and a new light seemed suddenly to break upon her. Starting to her elbow—

"Why, Alice," she exclaimed, "why did I not see it before! You certainly are in love with Alfred, and all this time you never told me of it."

"I did not, my darling, because I knew all along that your mother desired that you should be his wife. I saw that you loved him, but could not tell

exactly how, and I would say nothing until I was satisfied on that score."

"And loving him, you would have sacrificed yourself for me? Poor little thing that I am!"

"Yes, Clara; not because you are a poor little thing, but because the true love in your large heart has for years been my comfort, when others would have made me miserable."

"And very wicked they have been, too, Alice. But does Alfred love you?"

"He told me so the day before he left us."

"Oh, I am so glad; and so you will by and by be mistress of Ellicott House, and I shall occupy this pretty chamber still, for we will always live together."

A warm embrace ratified the treaty between the two young girls, and an hour went by in the most interesting conversation.

The hour of sunset drew near, and its clear, yellow light streamed in through the honeysuckles which draped the open window, dotting the floor with a thousand little flecks, and flinging soft, waving shadows quite across the room, to the easy chair in which Clara now sat. Both had been for some time absorbed in thought.

"It is so lovely this afternoon," Clara at length murmured, holding out her little pale hand to intercept the light and shadow, which lay like soft, trembling mosaic on its white surface. "How I wish I could go out and walk; do, Alice, go for me, and gather me some of those wild honeysuckles and ger-

aniums, which grow just in the edge of the wood; I do so love the sweet flowers."

"And you shall have some in ten minutes," exclaimed Alice, springing to her feet. And taking her little white sun-bonnet from the closet, she threw it carelessly on her head, kissed her friend, and tripped lightly down stairs.

Clara sat quietly listening to her quick footsteps on the gravel walk, and then to the creaking of the little garden gate, which she did not quite close behind her; and when those sounds ceased, resorted again to the amusement of watching the lights and shadows on her little hand; all the while going over again her conversation with Alice, and never once thinking that the ten minutes had long since elapsed, and that she had not returned. At length the drowsy hum of a large green fly, that had long been trying to make his exit through a window-pane, together with the faint carol of birds on a neighboring cherry tree, lulled her senses to a profound quiet, and she dropped into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, it was dark, and for a moment she could not recall where she was, until the slamming of the garden gate, and a heavy, grinding tread on the gravel restored her recollection, and she wondered where Alice could be. She waited and waited, and still she did not come; and the evening mists stole in at her window, and chilled her limbs, but no gleam of light under her door, or well-known footstep on the stairs indicated her approach. She began to grow alarmed, and after listening to the beating of

her own heart till she could hear it no longer, she was about to open her chamber-door and call, when a sense of her folly at being frightened arrested her, and she sat down again.

"What a foolish little thing I am!" she thought. "Alice is doing something for mother, or somebody else, and will soon be here. But I am chilly, and will not wait for her to help me undress. The moon is beginning to shine into my window, and I do not need a light."

She quietly undressed, and lying down on the soft pillow, soon dropped asleep, thinking that Alice was coming.

But Alice did not come.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the third morning after the disappearance of Alice, when the stranger whom we left in the wayside inn very early took his leave of his kind hosts, and left them.

He walked out into the highway, but seemed uncertain which way to proceed, while every moment a deeper gloom settled in his eyes. Finally, choosing the direction leading towards the haunted house, he turned into the forest through which it ran, and walked slowly on. It was a glorious morning—sky and earth were alike beautiful; but, busied in his own deep thoughts, the outer world was a blank to him. A thousand dewdrops trembled on all the leaves and

sprays, and glittered like diamonds in the truant sunbeams, but they arrested not his eyes. Multitudes of birds on every side sent up their morning songs, but he heard them not. A little frisky squirrel, that ran skipping along on the huge logs that bounded the roadside, now and then stopped to peer curiously into the stranger's face, but provoked no returning glance. At length, he began to murmur aloud to himself, like one who speaks in a dream.

"Why did I seek this place again, where only remembrances of a miserable past, and anticipations of a more wretched future, could meet me? Better far had I died in slavery, among the Algerians, for then I should have been at rest."

"Perhaps not!" said a harsh voice at his side.

He started, and saw what he would have seen some minutes before, had his eyes not been looking inward. The old woman he had seen the evening before at the inn was sitting quietly on a mossy log, shaking the earth from various roots and plants, which she had apparently but just gathered.

"You might just wish an old acquaintance good day, I should think!" she continued, but without interrupting her employment.

"Do you know me?" he inquired, in great surprise.

"If you are the remains of Hubert Delisle, I do."

"I am; but surely, I never saw you before yesterday!"

"Ah, suppose you take the trouble to look a little into your memory; perhaps, in some odd corner, you may find a girl you once called Maud."

"Maud!" repeated the stranger, an expression of pain and doubt, and almost horror, crossing his face—"Maud Decroy?"

"The same, at your service. Our roses have pretty much withered since the days when—fond fools that we were—we toyed our youth away, and said we loved; but I think we both of us find the thorns remaining. The handsome young artist has become, apparently, a gray-haired vagabond, and beautiful Maud is transformed into the hateful witch, Moll Pitcher."

"And you can sit there and remember what we once were to each other, and what wreck and misery your vanity brought upon us both, and not hide your face in shame and wretchedness?"

The hand of the old woman, now for the first time pausing in her labor, dropped heavily on her lap, and a fierce convulsive motion, passing over her face, made her features more hideous than ever. But a strange softness almost immediately succeeded it, and two large tears trembled on her eyelids.

"You are right, Hubert; in my utter misery for years, I have almost forgotten to be human. Ah, it is long, 't is long, since the day your rival bore me away from my father's home, leaving me soon to want and contempt. Ah, it is long, for my punishment commenced then, and has endured to this day. But he, too, deserved punishment."

"Yes, and had my dagger reached him, he would have suffered for the deed."

"I know it, Hubert! and I owe you more thanks

than a long life could repay. You, the one I had most betrayed, and who should have hated me; you, you alone were kind to me. When others would have trodden me under foot, you gave me the means to return to my parents, and urged me to do so."

"You promised me that you would."

"True," replied Maud, with a strong burst of emotion, "but I dared not, Hubert. My guilt had separated me forever from the good, and I dared not suffer my shadow to fall like a blight upon the household where my innocent sister yet lived. No! I never trod the soil of Canada again."

"And where have you lived, these more than fifty years?"

"I changed my name, and wandered about, a vagabond on the earth, studying the virtues of the plants that grew wherever I went; often healing the sick, and doing what good I could. But the curse of the vagabond was upon me, and I took, at last, to telling fortunes, and pretending to power I did not possess, until I won my present title of Witch; and, verily, I look like one."

"And what unholy business are you engaged in now?"

All its unwonted softness vanished from the face of Maud, at this question.

"Can you not guess," she inquired with a disagreeable grin, and tossing him a pale, ghostly looking plant.

"This is deadly nightshade. What are you going to do with it? Are these all poisonous?"

"Not all. You see, in my vagabond life, I have found occasion for all sorts of mixtures, and have learned how to help people out of their trouble in all sorts of ways. Perhaps you have some friend you would like to have me administer to? or would maybe like a draught yourself."

"Poison mixer!" exclaimed Delisle, a strange wild glow blazing suddenly up in cheek and eyes. "Would to heaven you had never mingled a more deadly draught for me than these would make. That would bring peace."

All the look of malice and wickedness instantly vanished from the old woman's face, as she listened to this sudden burst of passionate reproach. A strange feeling of pain and surprise was evident in her voice as she said:

"And did you really love me then?"

"I did, and after fifty years, the wound is not yet healed. But it is the innocent Maud of my youth, that I remember thus, not you. Detestable woman!"

"I know it," she humbly answered. "But tell me how, after so many long years, you could come into this secluded spot, and love and betray Alice Beaumont."

"Woman, what know you of it? I did not betray her because she loved me, and because I could trace the beauty of your young years in her child-like features, and I, mad fool that I was, married her in secret, and when I knew I must soon leave her. Yet I expected to return, and return with wealth; for I left her to go to France to receive an

inheritance that had been bequeathed me. But the ship in which I sailed was taken by an Algerine pirate, and most of the crew put to the sword. I, with a few others that still lived, was carried to Algiers, where under its burning sky I toiled on in a slavery that has bleached my hair, and broken my health. I was at length so fortunate as to save the life of my master's child, and he, in return, when I no longer cared for liberty, gave it me, and here I am —returned to know that my former brief abiding here was but a curse and death to the fair young girl that I so rashly wedded."

"Did you know that she left a daughter?"

"I heard it last night for the first time. But whether she is still living, I did not learn; as the exciting tale of a young girl's being lost within a few days interrupted the sad story I so much wished to hear, and I could not renew the conversation without exciting some suspicion."

"You did not know then—"

The conversation was interrupted by a young boy, on the unsaddled back of a horse, who came slowly pacing along the way, whistling as he rode, but stopped when he saw Moll Pitcher, or Maud as we will still call her.

"I was just going into the woods, granny, to find you in your hut, and am glad to be saved the trouble. Mr. Grayton sent me to give you this"—and he handed her a sprig of hemlock—"and he told me to tell you his dog is no better, and he shall expect you to-night, at six o'clock, at the old mill."

"Well, I'll see, but you had better not have found me," and the boy hastened rapidly away, more than once looking uneasily behind him.

Maud held up the bit of hemlock. "That means that a dose of rapid and sure poison is wanted; but they will be disappointed."

"Woman, who is it for?" demanded Delisle, a strange chill running through all his veins.

"Grayton says it is for a dog."

"But is it?"

Maud did not at once reply, but sat gazing fixedly on the face of her companion, while an earnest, grateful, and almost joyful expression gradually overspread her face. At length, reaching out her hand, she took his, and drew him down by her side.

"Sit here by me, Hubert, without shrinking, and bless God that all good has not yet died out of me. I hate those who employ me, and would sometimes find it in my heart to curse them and die. But to you, Hubert, the playmate of my youth, the lover of later years, the compassionate friend when I was lost and all others reviled me, I am truly, deeply grateful, and now I can repay it all. Hubert, listen: the poison for which the villain Grayton has sent, is, I feel convinced, not for a dog, but for one who should be most dear to you."

"Woman, what mean you?" he gasped out.

"The girl who is missing, and supposed to be lost in these endless forests, is your own daughter. Stop and hear on. I do not believe she is lost. On the contrary, I feel all but certain that she is not a half

a mile from here, but in the power of human fiends. She is in the way of Madame Ellicott's ambitious schemes, and she is one to sacrifice her without mercy."

"Woman!" again ejaculated Delisle, "you give me a fearful light; I see, now, why God has led me hither. It is that I may meet the reward of the sins of my life, and lay my head on my daughter's grave and die."

"Compose yourself, Hubert, it is not so bad. Think of me, not as I am in the eyes of the world, the Witch, Moll Pitcher; but as the innocent Maud Decroy you loved in girlhood; and rest assured, I will die myself, rather than a hair of your daughter's head shall be harmed."

"Tell me, then, where she is, that I may go and save her!"

"Do not be too hasty. I know your terror and anxiety; but remember it is not quite certain that Madame Ellicott intends your daughter's death. If she does, rely on it, her minion Grayton is the tool selected for the deed. He has sent me this token that he desires poison, and I am to carry it to him near the Haunted House. He says the poison is for a dog; but I saw three days since, just after dark, a young girl carried into that house, and have seen lights every night since. Others have seen them also; but they—poor weak hearts—think them the lights borne by the ghost of her poor mother, who is said to haunt the house; and she might be there a year and no one be the wiser. A hundred pounds of gold

would not induce a person within ten miles to cross the threshold of that house after dark."

"But you will not carry poison?"

"Not I, indeed; only a little draught that will produce a deep sleep resembling death, but from which he who drinks will wake in twelve hours perfectly well."

"But why administer even that?"

"To secure time and means for a more sure conviction of the guilty, and to prevent any more dangerous resorts on the part of Grayton."

"But if they should bury her," shuddered Delisle.

"They will not have time; for at the worst, it will not be two hours after she has taken the draught before she will be placed in safety. But go you, now, follow yonder path; it leads to my hut in the woods. There remain until sunset, when you will find me here again. Before that time I will have seen Alfred Ellicott, who is away this forenoon, and all shall be prepared for the deliverance of your daughter, and the caging of Grayton. Believe fully that I am able to do all I say, and stir not in the matter yourself until I say it is time, or the serpent will escape without being scotched. Think of all you have done for me, and have faith."

Very unwillingly, Hubert Delisle betook himself to the path pointed out by Maud, and as he pursued it, a thrill of terror ran through him lest she should prove false. Yet remembering the gratitude she expressed for his kindness of the past, and her softened

mood at the remembrance of their youth, he banished the suspicion, and went on. Perhaps had he been fully aware of the estimation in which she was held wherever she had, in her many wanderings, strayed, he would have doubted still. But, happily, he was not; and the fate of his child was at length trustingly, and without a fear, confided to the hands of the widest known, most-dreaded witch that ever strolled the witch-haunted ways of New England.

Left alone, Maud selected a long, strong stick from a hickory sapling, tightened her rude belt, and taking her basket on her arm, started on her mission of gratitude and mercy, with, perhaps, the first really womanly and virtuous emotions throbbing at her heart, that had stirred its fountains for many a long and sinful year.

The sun was just tinging the east with gold, on the morning following the events recorded in the last chapter, when Madame Ellicott lay in the troubled sleep that she had, as night wore away, at last won to her eyelids. She had lain down in an agony of suspense and terror, with which the crime that she had tried to persuade herself she did not *know* was to be committed filled her soul. All night long she had wrestled with the fiends that surrounded her bedside, and not until near day-break had exhausted nature given way, and she went to sleep, but not to repose.

She dreamed that she lay in a dark wood, in a miserable ruined hut. At first she thought herself alone, but peering into a dusky corner, she saw Moll Pitcher mixing a poison draught. When it was thorough-

ly compounded, the witch raised her hand, and a pale, deathlike figure glided in, and taking the mixture, turned and revealed the lifeless and decaying features of Alice Beaumont. She approached her bedside, gazed at her a moment, then pouring the poison into a cup, commanded her to drink it.

With a loud shriek, Madame Ellicott started from her bed, uncertain whether the apparition were the vision of a dream, or a reality. A trembling shook her whole frame, and she dared not remain longer alone, yet where to go she did not know. At length, throwing on her morning wrapper, she determined to seek her daughter. As she hastened toward her chamber, she heard Clara's voice sobbing, and speaking in sorrowful tones.

Filled with a new terror, she knew not why, she could hardly open the door; and on entering, a sight met her eyes that rooted her feet to the floor.

A slender figure, covered with a linen sheet, lay extended upon the bed, while Clara, with folded hands, was kneeling by its side. At the sight of her mother she uttered a stifled shriek, and starting to her feet, folded back the cloth and pointed. There lay Alice, fair as in life, dressed in her usual garments, but hueless and motionless as death; her white hands crossed upon her breast, and a few pale flowers wreathing her young face, and grouped on her bosom.

Madame Ellicott stood dumb, her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth, and her whole face and form rigid as marble.

"See here, mother," sobbed out the poor girl, as taking her mother's hand, she endeavored to draw her nearer, "They have found her at last; but see how pale and still. O, mother, it seems as if she only slept, and as if she must awake again."

At this moment, Alice, with a heavy sigh, opened her eyes and looked unconsciously around.

"She is alive, mother!" screamed Clara; "O, mother, she is alive."

"It was not a dream," gasped Madame Ellicott, with frightfully staring eyes. "I knew it was not a dream. It was the spirit of her I murdered, come back to be avenged."

She turned to rush from the room, when a strong grasp was placed on her arm, and Alfred, with Delisle by his side, stood gazing sternly in her face.

"Woman," said he, with a low and calm but determined voice, "go to your chamber, and thank God that a great crime has been prevented. I will see you by and by." She disappeared without reply.

Meanwhile Clara, who had attributed her mother's exclamation to mere surprise, and had not heard the command of Alfred, was, in her joy, weeping and laughing, and folding her recovered friend to her breast—covering her face and hands with kisses and tears, and uttering her name in tones of the deepest tenderness.

Delisle stood near his daughter, who now sat up and seemed trying to recall her senses. He felt that she was his own—every feature of her young face attested it, and the tide of overwhelming affec-

tion at his heart confirmed the fact. But how dare he make it known to her, who had been undoubtedly taught to execrate his name and memory? As these thoughts agitated his mind, his eyes were fixed upon her face in a gaze he could not turn away, while every feature of his remarkable countenance was working with suppressed emotion.

Suddenly Alice, possibly feeling the magnetic influence of the gaze, raised her eyes and met his, and a strange, new feeling, never felt before, seemed to pervade her whole heart. She folded her hands together and laid them on her breast, and gazing still, great tears rolled, one after another, down her cheeks.

"Who are you?" she murmured, as if in a dream.

"Yes, well may you ask, dear Alice," said Alfred, quietly taking her hands in his own, "for it is to this venerable man you are indebted for your safety."

"To him! O, bless you, sir, for what you have done for me! I shall love you forever, as if you were my father!"

At this sweet and grateful assurance, uttered in the most impassioned tones, all the long-sleeping tenderness of a life awoke in the heart of the old man. For a moment a struggle, incomprehensible to the observers, was visible on his features; but raising his eyes to Heaven, "He who is just and merciful," he solemnly said, "has now rewarded me for the sufferings of a long life. Blessed be his holy name!"

A confused bustle was at this moment heard in the

apartment below, and a minute after a servant, entering the room, announced that Moll Pitcher had been found a short distance from the house, mortally wounded; that she was now lying in the room below, apparently dying, and earnestly desired to see Alfred Ellicott and the stranger who was now with him.

In great excitement and confusion, the whole party, including Alice, who seemed quite herself again, proceeded to the indicated room; and there, her life slowly ebbing away at a deep wound in her breast, lay the wretched woman, so long the superstition of New England, and even now, in her utter helplessness, an object of fear and aversion to nearly all around her.

She looked anxiously from one to another, when her eye falling on Delisle, a smile lit up her bronzed and haggard features, now putting on the ashen gray of death.

"Come here, Hubert Delisle," she faintly said, as reaching out her dark and withered hand, she took his, reluctantly yielded: "I cannot die without your forgiveness for all the evil I in my early days wrought you. I repent, Hubert, I have repented."

"And you have also suffered—I forgive you, Maud, as I hope to be forgiven. Die in peace."

Again the peculiar and grateful smile flitted over the dark face of the dying woman, and she was for some moments silent. At length, drawing his hand closer to her bosom—

"It will not harm you; let me hold your hand, Hu-

bert, when I die, that I may feel that I am not wholly severed from my kind."

The deep and strange pathos in her voice touched the heart of Delisle, and he sat down close by her side, still holding her hand.

"This calls back the days when I was innocent," she feebly murmured. "Ah, Hubert, between that time and this is a gulf that is deep and wide, and filled with many iniquities. But I have not been so evil as they thought me; and whatever else I may have done, I have never voluntarily caused the death of a human being. I have done some good, perhaps, but it has too often been for selfish purposes. But now, I have done one good act from a pure motive. I have saved the life of your child, for your sake, and for the sake of other days, and in doing it I have lost my own. Thank God, that it is for you that I die!"

Delisle started, and gazed inquiringly in her face,

"Yes," she replied, "for you! Robert Grayton, who has escaped beyond pursuit, dealt the blow; but God, who knows all things, knew it was the fittest time for me to die. Pray for me now, Hubert, that He will forgive my sins."

The old man knelt down by the side of the dying woman, and a prayer, deep and true as ever went up to heaven, rose from his lips. He rose from his knees, and once more taking her hand in his own, solemnly, and with a strange look of inspiration pronounced—

"Maud Decroy, God has forgiven thee thy sins!"

Clasping his hand again to her breast, a look of ineffable peace settled over her face, and she was dead.

The words of the dying woman had revealed the secret of Delisle, and the joy of the father and child touched every heart.

"May you never be separated in this life!" said Alfred, as he uttered his heartfelt congratulations. And leading them away, where they might enjoy their first emotions undisturbed, he sought the chamber of Madame Ellicott.

But whatever might have been his final determination, in relation to her participation in the great crime, which was iutended to destroy the life of Alice, and which in her terror she had confessed, he was spared the pain of carrying it into execution. He found her lying on the floor, dead! having been struck by a sudden apoplexy, induced by strong and terrible emotion.

Little remains to be told. The marriage of Alice and Alfred soon took place, and Clara, who never heard the story of her mother's sin, remained with them; never separating from her only friend. The last days of Hubert Delisle were his happiest. And among his most deeply felt causes of gratitude to God, he always reckoned the atoning deed and fearful death of Maud Decroy.

"Thank God," he would say, "she died repentant and at peace with Him, and not as she had lived, the hateful and hated WITCH OF NEW ENGLAND."

Inward Resources.

BY T. STARR KING.

CHRISTIAN strength consists in the possession of internal stores, which will enable us, in a measure, to maintain an independence of outward circumstances for happiness.

And first, let me speak of the need that men should have some mental possessions, which they have stored away by the activity and fidelity of their minds. I do not say that a man cannot be a christian unless he is educated. The christian life and character is determined by our *loves*, our aspirations—the state of our *hearts*—not by our intellectual development and acquisitions. But the more mental culture a man has, other things being equal, the more resources he will have in himself, and the nobler will be his life.

God did not give us this exquisitely ordered reason as a toy. He has not surrounded us with the riches and mysteries of his wisdom, that we might be indifferent to them. He would have us cultivate our mental gifts, and inquire into the majestic methods of this infinite reason; and ennoble our spirits

by an acquaintance with the beauty and order, the skill and goodness, which the sky and the sea, the depths of the earth, the vaults of air, and the sweep of his moral Providence, unfold. When the mental faculties are awake, and the vigor of the heart is consecrated by a christian temper, the character is more massive and complete. It is more independent, it has a deeper and fuller communion with God. A man has more store in his own nature. The strength of two strands is greater than that of one; and when God gives us a noble faculty, we may be sure there is no danger in training it to the utmost, if we but keep it in subjection to the true spirit, and dedicate its activity to the highest end.

Some of the most inspiring suggestions and pictures of history are those which teach us the power of the mind of man to conquer adverse circumstances, and vindicate its royalty over fortune. Poor and blind Homer! What mental stores had he as a foundation against the neglect of men. And how liberally, with a christian spirit that moved him to return the richest good for evil, has he blessed the world that slighted him, from that intellectual treasury which poverty could not drain nor scorn impair. How nobly, too, stood Washington; upheld in adversities and upholding the spirits of a nation in times of utter darkness, by his inward store of plans, hopes, and visions of brighter hours. And shall we forget the experience of him, the great christian poet, who sang of the lost and better paradise? The outward world was shut out from him.

With sad sweet melody did he sing:

"Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve, or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off. * * * * * *
And wisdom at one entrance, quite shut out."

But his soul was filled with the riches of thought which he had stored away. Penury, disgrace and blindness did not leave him without resources—could not prevent his feeding on thoughts, that voluntary more harmonious numbers "swarms of glorious majestic visitants were with him, since his aspiration was answered—"

"So much the rather, thou celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate these pliant eyes, all mist from them
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell,
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

No character is complete that has not some mental treasures on which it may draw during the treachery of fortune. It is a mournful spectacle, *morally* mournful, to see a person retiring from the world with treasures of wealth, or one who has perhaps been shipwrecked by the chances of trade, or an old man whose bodily faculties have failed before his energy, either restless or melancholy, or listless and unhappy, because the customary excitement of activity, or the fashionable position, or the sight of the

crowd, is denied to them; to see that no love of truth in a world so full of wisdom, no taste in a universe so full of beauty, no mental appetites, where nature offers to them such bountiful repasts, have been theirs during a long life of constant toil; and therefore, that when the horn of plenty runs over, or when luck plays false, or the limbs fail the stronger mind, there is no independent manliness to assert its proper majesty, no inward resources to attest an educated soul. By every consideration of noble self-interest and gratitude to God, for the gift of reason, every person is called upon to lay up some store of knowledge, and to form some pure mental tastes, as a foundation against the evil fortunes that many lurk in the time to come.

Again—and here we approach the spiritual elements of our subject—every person should have within a store of moral power, affections, principle. Every man whose virtue is secure, must possess a fund of moral strength, which is *more* than equal to all the demands upon his will. It is not enough to establish the purity of any soul, that it can just rub and go in keeping clear of sin. It must have stores of spiritual force, upon which it is not compelled to draw. God would have our triumph over evil an easy conquest, one which does not fret and wear our hearts away by keeping them always at their toughest strain. It is a bad sign if we have to wrestle long with ordinary temptations. A man ought to feel, not only that he is *equal* to ordinary trials, but *superior* to them, equal to the greatest trial that

may come—yes, superior to that. Not that a good man will be or ought to be proud of his strength; not that there should ever be a haughty and complacent self-reliance in his breast. The infinite richness of his resources should lie in pure affections, that seek, and love, and are attracted to, and live in the right and good. This experience of virtue should be so deep, his holiness so vital, his piety so constant, that goodness and holiness become the food of his spirit. His reliance, therefore, will not be on granite strength of resolution and Titanic vigor of will; he never will cherish a spirit of bravado, and desire to play the pugilist with evil; his resources should be so vast, that base suggestions will pass by him without leaving a soil upon his heart, or finding any chance to hold parley with his will—pass by him as a temptation to sinful indulgence would have flitted before the upraised eye of Christ, without disturbing the serenity of his prayer. The good man's resources of power, like his mental stores, are cultivated faculties, right instincts, that naturally seek the good; holy affections abiding ever in his heart; and which, by their positive attractions, do away at last with the necessity for any vigorous, visible, or conscious conflict with sin.

And such inward resources, thus founded, form the good man's support in seasons of trial and suffering for virtue. He is sustained then by the treasures of his heart. The internal resources of power which would not suffer him to be false to duty, become resources of support and pleasure in the crisis

and the need. The spirit of sacrifice wherever found, or in what manner soever shown, is always a spirit of illumination. Stephen and Peter, and the prophets, and the great missionaries of the church, have found their support, not in a miraculous grace, but in that grace which insures to every faithful spirit a treasury and foundation of solace and strength, which "moth and rust cannot corrupt."

It was the buoyant inward stores developed by long faithfulness to conscience that made the bearing of Socrates so serene before his judges, and filled his prison with the mystic light of immortality; it was Paul's earnestness, his consciousness of a well-spent life, the long and glad devotion of his will to the service of a higher law, which gave that grand assurance of immortality to his dying spirit, and made him welcome the ax as the friendly instrument that should release his spirit from its prison, and permit him to seek the society above.

In order to impress us most deeply with the fact that holiness is the highest good of life, God never bestows any richer blessing upon faithful hearts than their own holiness. He never draws any nearer to the spirit, or by any other medium than in and through its holiness. He has appointed so that goodness shall be our joy in cloudless times, and our thought and comfort when the sky is dark; and there are no other resources to uphold a wronged and persecuted good man in his seeming desertion by Providence itself, and he needs no other, than "the good treasure of his heart."

A good man, too, has treasures in him of *memory* and *hope*. It is a beautiful and beneficent ordinance of God, that we love to remember only the good and holy. No person does or can take pleasure in recalling or dwelling in meditation upon the evil, the base, the vile. The pleasures of memory spring only from the recollection of something noble, worthy, and pure. And it is a universal law of souls, that what seems unpleasant and arduous when we have to face it, and resolve to do it, looks delightful when contemplated as a treasure of memory, a fact of our past existence. In *prospect* and *retrospect*, good alone looks winning and delightful. Say to any man, that next week he will perform some splendid, heroic deed, some act that will thrill the hearts of men, and win the approbation of God, and it will delight and inspire him. Prophesy that he will do some mean, selfish deed, however profitable in a worldly view, and he will recoil from it, and prefer, before the terrible temptation comes, that it should be otherwise. We give to holiness the vote of our aspirations, as we contemplate it; we condemn vice by the judgment of our regrets and shame, when we look back upon it. Can you conceive such an anomaly as a memory delighted or happy in the recollection of its once pleasant misdeeds? Ah! we would throw a pall—a pall as of midnight darkness—over the unfaithfulness and unhallowed pleasures of the past. We would make the miserable moments of those once welcomed joys a blank in our being; we would hail with rapture the spell that could wipe them forever

from the tablets of the brain. Go, ask the satiated sensualist what he would give, if the foul blots upon his soul's history could be exchanged for acts of purity and honor—if his past years, so spotted with infamy, could unroll themselves before the eye of meditation, filled with winning pictures of useful, holy deeds: ask the murderer, whose poison for vengeance has been quenched in the blood of a victim, what he would give if the memory of his crime might be blotted from his spirit; could his dreams and musings be void of specters, and he be enabled to look back upon an injury not revenged; ask the gambler, even the old, successful, wealthy gambler, if such a one was ever known, how much of his treasures of hell he would pay for a past life ennobled by honor and useful industry, and the annihilation of a retrospect from which he cannot fly; ask the undetected knave what he would give for an unpolluted heart, an unflawed conscience, the sweet sleep of innocence, and the rich glow of satisfaction, which a sense of steady integrity sheds over the retreating landscape of our earthly life: and they will tell you with passionate tears, if you could unlock their deepest confidence: "We would give all else we have." They would exclaim in words, as they often exclaim in spirit, "Oh, come back to us, sunlit, quiet days of innocence, that lie in such serene beauty in the far distant depths of memory; extend like a line of rich hills and checkered vales along the burning wastes of years on which our eyes now fall; let our past be dotted with objects that may charm our

backward vision, and gratify our self-respect, and win the approbation of conscience and God, and not mock us, as now, with such a spectacle of moral desolation; let us but be able to look with unshamed spirits and inward satisfaction on the past, and we will abandon willingly and forever all the pleasures, gains, and honors of iniquity. Remorse is a guilt-laden memory, pressing heavily on an awakened conscience, that teaches us too late the folly of sin. It is from memory that the fiends arise which haunt and lash the guilty breast; it is from memory that the angels of light are born, which gladden, with their society and companionship, the faithful soul.

And the good man has also resources of hope. It is the tendency of goodness to inspire and foster hope, founded on confidence in man, and trust in God. To the intellectual sensualist, and cold-hearted scoffer, the world presents a sad, cheerless problem. Such natures see only the sin, wrong, error, selfishness of men.

They have no generous aspirations, no enlivening anticipations, no cheering prophecies of good. This is the philosophy of indifference or despair. But among the treasures of a religious heart, is a buoyant, animating confidence in truth and right, and the better part of human nature.

A good man feels that goodness is the great fact in the universe, rather than evil; that providence is more powerful than the finite abstractions and disturbances which it encounters; that divine law is mightier than the anomalies which the feeble senses

see; that wrong and evil waste themselves; and that the deepest instincts and undying sympathies of man seek and desire the holy and the true. And so the clouds are tipped and tinged with a golden richness, from the bright light behind, and the harmonies of providence and eternity absorb the discords of the moment and of earth. The philanthropist who is brought in constant contact with vice and degradation, never loses his confidence in man; the martyr never doubts God's goodness; the reformer enjoys a premonition of the triumphs of his cause. Out of the good treasures of their hearts—hearts in sympathy with holiness and providence—come prophecies of the triumph of holiness and heaven.

The Hazard Table.

NO FICTION.

I WELL remember the night, when at the request of his mother, I set out to look in one of the private gambling houses of New York for the dearest friend of my college days. Henry Villiers, in mind as well as person, was eminently calculated to conciliate the affections of all around him; and I thought he must be changed indeed if I could not win him back from the fatal pursuit to which he had addicted himself, to the bosom of a family by whom he was almost idolized. He had not been at home for some days, and his absence had created the most anxious apprehensions. I had undertaken to remove them.

It was at the end of the severe January of last year; for two days previous a snow-storm had raged with unwonted violence; the streets were everywhere covered to a depth of from three to four feet, and where a projecting corner or accidental winding had created a particular current of air, the drifts had risen to a height even dangerous to the incautious walker. It had just begun to thaw, and

the cold was much more intense than it had been during the frost.

With an involuntary shudder, I wrapped my cloak more closely around me, and with unsteady steps worked through the masses of melting snow, in which at each moment I sank above my ankles. I might, perhaps, have been inclined to turn, for the chill of the night seemed but to second the internal shuddering with which I committed myself to the dens of infamy and vice; but that image of the aged mother, as she wept in all the agony of hopeless solitude over the blighted prospects of her son, rose freshly before me; I heard the heart-thrilling tones with which she called on the absent Villiers—"My lost, my ruined child!"—still rang in my ears, and I hurried on, with the determination that no effort of mine should be wanting to restore that child to her arms. If I needed any additional inducement, I had but to recall the silent anguish of Miss Villiers; and I felt armed for any conflict of mind or body to which I could possibly be exposed. I pursued my way, therefore, down R—— street, with renewed energy. The heavy damp on the lamps completely obscured their brilliancy, and left scarcely light sufficient to show the pallid faces and shivering forms of the wretched victims of vice, whom the cravings of want had driven out, even on such a night as this, to earn a miserable subsistence. I shuddered at their solicitations, in which the utmost efforts could not conceal the hollow tones of hunger and disease; and turning from the

costly avenues of fashionable commerce, I passed into the first of a succession of streets which were to lead me to the object of my search.

A series of involved turnings led me, after a walk of some five or ten minutes, to a retired street, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the place I was in quest of. I gazed anxiously around to discover the house to which I was directed, but the uniformity of all those near me presented almost insuperable difficulties. The lower part of the house seemed, from the closed outside shutters, to partake of the nature of a shop; while the windows of the upper stories gave promise of a comfort very inviting to those whom the label of "Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments," might tempt to look towards them.

I pressed my hand on my bosom to ascertain that the pistols with which I had armed myself were still there, firmly grasped my stick, and crossed to examine more accurately the house opposite. There was no appearance of a door, yet I was convinced it was the house I sought, and I moved a few steps aside to search for an entrance, when a tall figure, wrapped like myself in a cloak, crossed the street, approached me closely, and a voice, in rather gentlemanly tones, though marked by a slight Irish accent, said "This is the house, I think, sir."

The question tallied so completely with what was passing in my own mind, that I answered, almost involuntarily, "I believe so."

My new acquaintance, however, seemed, notwithstanding his remarks, to entertain no doubts on the

subject; for turning short into a very narrow passage, which the darkness had hitherto prevented me from observing, he approached a small door, or rather panel, in the side wall, and knocked three times gently. I kept close to his side. We heard the grating of iron as a chain was thrown across the entrance. The door was then opened wide enough to admit a strong glare of light to fall upon us, and a face was protruded through the opening, which accurately reconnoitered the person of my companion, who stood foremost. The scrutiny seemed satisfactory so far as he was concerned, but a short whisper ensued, in which the phrases, "new face," "fresh stranger," were barely audible. The door was then opened to its full width, scarcely sufficient to admit us singly, and I found that we were in a small hall, between the outside entrance and an inner door, completely covered with cloth and surmounted by a brilliant lamp. The attendant turned a spring key in the lock, and ushered us on a very steep and narrow staircase, which my companion and myself ascended with equal steps.

In a room on the first floor I distinguished a strong light and a number of eager voices. Thither, then, I was in the act of turning, when the voice of my new acquaintance interrupted me, as he said:

"That is the billiard room; you go up stairs, do n't you?"

"Why, yes, I believe I shall," said I, endeavoring to assume an air of as much *sang froid* as possible, and believing that up stairs, if there was the

hazard table, Villiers was the more likely to be found.

We proceeded accordingly to the second floor, and my conductor, for I had fallen in the rear, pushing a door immediately opposite the staircase, motioned to me to enter a long and low room, crowded with figures, all of whom appeared deeply interested in their various occupations. I did not at first see Villiers. Close on my right lay the remnants of a supper, to which full justice appeared to have been done, for but a few fragments remained to satisfy the appetite of one or two, who, having been too late for its glories, were now voraciously swallowing whatever remained that was eatable.

"They sup early, sir; we are almost too late," said my companion, and throwing aside his cloak, he instantly attacked the remaining viands with great zeal."

"I thank you; I am not hungry," I replied, gazing at the same moment on the form and features of the speaker. Succeeding events imprinted his appearance on my memory with but too fearful distinctness. He was one of the most powerful looking men I ever met. About six feet high and made in proportion, his frame was remarkable rather for strength and weight than activity. The face, as his eyes were bent on the table, had nothing in it peculiar, except that the projection of one or two front teeth broke the regularity of the features.

He looked upwards, however, as he addressed me a second time, with, "You do n't eat, sir," and I

almost shrank from the expression of his eyes, as they met my view; small and deep set, of a light gray color, but appearing at first view darker, from the overhanging and closely-knit brows which shaded them, they seemed to combine in them all of ferocity and cunning that imagination could picture. I moved hastily from beside him, and walked towards the further end of the room. On one side was the fire-place, around which were grouped, busily engaged in conversation, half a dozen, whose countenances plainly showed that they had nothing left to risk. Opposite was placed a large table, the most conspicuous portion of which was a circular revolving center-piece. It was divided into small compartments, colored red and black, and the game seemed to be regulated by the color into which might chance to fall a small ivory ball, which an attendant rolled round the edge of the circular part. Behind this person were posted the regulations of the roulette-table, and I gazed for a moment or two at a game of which I had often heard as the most ruinous among the varieties of play. Few, however, appeared, on this evening, to be its votaries; and I turned to a round table, occupying the whole end of the room, about which were thronged all who seemed really engaged in the occupation of the place.

My first glance fell upon Villiers. He was sitting directly opposite to me, leaning his face on his left hand, whilst with nervous anxiety he watched the person who was throwing the dice. A small pile of counters lay immediately before him, and his right

hand rested carelessly on them; but his attention was completely riveted on the progress of the game.

The muscles of Villiers' face worked for a moment with convulsive energy; but steadying himself by an effort—apparent to me, at least—he pushed across the table about one-half of the counters before him.

"You are fortunate to-night, Mr. Varney."

I turned, and saw receiving the counters, with an air of cool satisfaction, the man with whom I had entered. I barely noticed him, however, for my feelings were too much interested in Villiers to allow me to dwell upon anything else. Alas, how changed he was from the Villiers of my college days. He was pale, almost ghastly; but a heated flush of unnatural red flitted occasionally across his cheek, and showed more plainly the ravages of dissipation. His elegant form, always slight, and now greatly attenuated, seemed unfit to associate with the reckless countenances of those who surrounded him.

His dark hair, which I had so often admired, at present extremely long and disordered, was thrown back from his brow, as if its weight was too much for him to endure.

He was not now betting, but seemed to have reserved himself until it should come to his turn to take the dice box.

I sighed involuntarily, and, I suppose, audibly; for Villiers glanced quickly around, and his eye met mine. For one moment a burning blush crimsoned his cheek, and a spasmodic affection seemed to flit across his brow. It was but for a moment. He

looked, rather than nodded, a recognition, and turned to watch the game.

"You don't play, sir," said the voice of Varney at my elbow; "Come, just by way of a flyer, to put you in humor, I'll bet you a twenty he throws this time a deuce or an ace."

"Very well," said I, mechanically, and not sorry to throw away a trifle to avoid observation.

The throw was four and one, and I was in the act of handing over to Varney the amount, which I presumed I had lost, when the voice of Villiers prevented me.

"You need not trouble yourself to pay that bet, sir," said he, coolly.

"Who says so?" cried Varney, with a loudness which instantly attracted the attention of all present.

"I do," answered Villiers quietly. "The odds were in your favor; you made only an even bet. By the rules of this table it cannot stand. Banker, does the gentleman lose his money?"

The man looked for an instant at Varney, and evidently hesitated; but the tone and manner of Villiers prevailed, backed as it now was by that of a number of young men around the table, and with manifest reluctance he decided that the bet was off.

Varney said nothing aloud, but my blood curdled as I caught the scowl of demoniac malignity with which he glanced across the table, and as he ground his teeth I could hear him muttering,

"D—n him! I'll be revenged."

It now came the turn of Villiers to take the box.

He pushed into the center of the table all of his counters that yet remained, and scarcely waiting until an equal number were risked against them, he threw the dice without naming any number.

"A main, sir," said the banker.

"I had forgotten," said Villiers; "seven's the main."

The dice rolled out, and the next moment I heard the announcement, "Deuce—ace. Caster loses."

"Nicked out, by Jove!" said one near me. "He's smashed now; he has lost a devilish deal to-night."

My ear caught the words, but my gaze was still upon Villiers, and I started at the wildness visible in his demeanor. His eye was expanded in a glassy stare, whilst his hand passed rapidly over his pockets, as if to see whether there yet remained in them anything to stake.

"Shall I pass the box, or will you take a buck, sir?" said the banker.

"Pass on. But, no, no! Who will set this watch?" cried he, pushing forward a large gold repeater which had been given to him by his mother, and which I knew he therefore highly valued.

The stake was unusual, and no one replied.

"It is worth two hundred," said Villiers. "Who will risk one hundred against it?"—he paused—"or fifty?" he added.

A note was thrust from behind me into the ring, while I was myself pushing forward the money in place of the watch, which I was determined to save.

Villiers raised his hand, as if to throw, and I feared I was too late, when suddenly pausing, he said, "Whose money is that, banker?"

"A gentleman's opposite," said the man, looking to Varney.

"I do not bet with that person," said Villiers, deliberately. "Will any one else set me?"

Every eye was turned on Varney, and his huge form appeared literally to dilate with rage as he exclaimed furiously, "Beggar, what mean you? Dare you insinuate that I play unfairly?"

Villiers did not answer, but eyed him with cool contempt. The question was again put, and in a still more ferocious tone. Villiers looked full in his face, and taking up his watch, said slowly, "Do I *insinuate?* The matter is now beyond insinuation. It amounts to certainty."

There was one moment of silence. A rush succeeded, and my eye caught the form of Villiers as it fell senseless on the floor, while the fierce eyes of his opponent gleamed brightly above him.

"Aye, give it to him!" shouted several voices, "Teach these beggarly fops what it is to meet with a gentleman of science!"

I pushed hastily forward, and taking a pistol from my breast, cocked it, and exclaimed, "The first who touches him dies!"

Varney drew back in terror. I slowly raised my friend from the ground, and with the assistance of one or two of the more gentlemanly looking persons around me, endeavored to recall him to animation.

His forehead had struck, in his fall, against one of the legs of the table, and the blood was flowing profusely from the wound. In a few moments he revived. His eyes glared wildly around, when, suddenly springing from our grasp, and shouting, "Defend yourself, coward!" he precipitated himself on the huge form of Varney, who stood gazing on the scene in evident triumph.

The movement was so unexpected as to throw us into momentary confusion, and rapid blows were exchanged between the combatants before any one could interpose to separate them.

The conflict was apparently most unequal; for Varney was taller, and nearly double the weight of his opponent. But excitement seemed to have lent to Villiers unusual strength. Still, Varney watched him with a coolness which showed he knew such efforts could not last, when suddenly, in making an effort which was evidently intended to end the contest, his foot slipped, and his own weight, joined to a blow from Villiers, prostrated him before us.

"Raise the ruffian," said Villiers. "Let him come on again."

The group around the fallen man hastened to obey the direction, surprised that he showed but little signs of animation and utterly astonished at the result of the contest.

Chance, however, had accomplished more than any one believed. One or two groans issued from Varney as they raised him; a strong convulsion shook his body, and then the sinking head and

nerveless arms showed but too plainly that the spirit had passed into the presence of Him who had created it.

The consternation occasioned by the discovery gave an interval for action. I seized Villiers by the arm, and thrusting a pistol into his hand, while I held forth another myself, dragged him to the door, and whispered, "Fly for your life! They will be upon you in a moment."

I spoke to one who heard me not; but mechanically obeying the impulse, he had descended about half way down the stairs, when a burst of execrations from the room above, followed by a rush towards the door, warned me that we had not a moment to lose.

I gave Villiers a violent push forward. The muffled door below gave way to an impetuosity that defied all barriers. The astonished watchman yielded to the summons of an armed and apparently desperate man. The outer door opened.

"Thank God!" I shouted, involuntarily, though along with us rushed into the air several of those who had been above, when a firm grasp was laid on my collar, and I found that we were in the hands of a strong body of police officers, whom the noise above had summoned to the spot.

Some of them made their way up stairs; the others guarded their prisoners. The former soon returned, bringing with them the lifeless body of Varney, and several of the men I had seen in the hazard room. The rest, in the confusion, had managed to

escape. We were all marched to the police office.

Since the discovery of Varney's death, Villiers had not spoken; but as I got closer to him in the narrow entrance of the police office, I could hear him muttering to himself, "Ruined, aye, ruined! And now a murderer. Oh God, a murderer!"

The tone was so hollow that I could scarcely recognize it, but I had little time for thought. An examination into the circumstances was immediately proceeded with, which ended in my liberation, and in the detention of Villiers. The private room was allotted to him, and we entered together.

He threw himself on a chair in the apartment, pressed his hands convulsively on his forehead, and shrieked in tones of bitter desolation, "My God!—my mother! Ellen!"

I drew near to him, and placing my hand on his, said, "Villiers, dear Villiers, recall your senses; be yourself and all will yet be well."

He started at my touch, sprung from the seat, and with all the violence of a maniac screamed, "Off! touch me not—it's a lie! I did not do it. Who says so? No, no, no!"

The excitement had exhausted him, and again he sank back on the chair; but a minute had scarcely elapsed when he leaped on the floor, and while his whole frame shook with horror, and his eyes glared at the door, as if he saw there the specter of the murdered man, he shouted! "Look, look! there he is. See the blue flames! He beckons—he seizes me! Oh, save—save—save me!"

* * * * * *

But why should I recall the horrors of that long night! Fit after fit followed of frantic despair, succeeded by the weakness of exhaustion. At times it was with difficulty that I, with the aid of my servant, (whom I had sent for) could restrain him from some act of desperate violence; whilst at other periods he sank to a state of so great weakness as to lie in utter insensibility in my arms.

During the few intervals of collectedness which he enjoyed, I gathered that he had been introduced to the hazard table several months before by a mutual college acquaintance of ours; that he had gradually grown more and more fascinated by the demon of gambling; and, finally, that for the last five days he had been continually engaged at play, and had never rested during the whole of that time, having been wound up, by repeated losses, to such a pitch of desperation, as to be insensible to the progress of time.

Varney had been the principal winner, and Villiers more than once had reason to suspect him of unfair play. His attempt to swindle me had convinced him that those suspicions were well founded. I had witnessed the closing scene.

"I am now," said he, "utterly ruined; and," he slowly added, "a murderer!"

His mother and sister he dared not, could not meet. Indeed, it was evident to me that at present he was unable to do so; for the very idea was so distracting to him that convulsion after convulsion succeeded, until, completely exhausted, he sank into

a broken slumber, interrupted every five or ten minutes by the agonies of remorse and despair, as the image of the dead Varney seemed to flit before his view.

Fever and delirium succeeded. Mind and body gave way together, and at the end of a week I followed to the grave the remains of him for whom all who knew him had anticipated a long career of happiness and honor.

My friend, my friend! How bright was thy rising—how dark the close of thy life!

Idleness.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I DO believe that man is corrupt enough, but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream; therefore I am the more glad if upon the old crust of past eruptions I can find a flower springing up. A flower in a howling wilderness is yet more precious to the pilgrim, because the lovely tenant of desolation. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am as eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star on a stormy night.

Moss will grow upon grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile, the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight, and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!

Who could walk through Thebes or Palmyra,

and there survey the wide waste of broken arches, crumbled altars, fallen pillars, effaced cornices, toppling walls, and crushed statues, with no feelings but those of contempt? Who, unsorrowing, could see the stork's nest upon the carved pillar, satyrs dancing on marble pavements, hateful scorpions nestling where beauty once dwelt, and dragons the sole tenants of royal palaces? Amid such melancholy magnificence, even the misanthrope might weep! Here and there an altar stood unbruised, or a graven column unblighted, or a statue nearly perfect—he might well feel love for a man-wrought stone so beautiful, when all else is so dreary and desolate. Thus, though man is in a desolate city, and his passions are as the wild beasts of the wilderness howling in king's palaces, yet he is God's workmanship, and a thousand touches of exquisite beauty remain. Since Christ hath put his sovereign hand to restore man's ruin, many points are remoulded, and the fair form of a new fabric already appears growing from the ruins, and the first faint flame is glimmering upon a restored altar.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage appetite, he will not be far from beastly; if he encourage a noble generosity, such will he be; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thought, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is

mischief, whose errand is death. Although experience should correct the indiscriminate confidence of the young, no experience should render them callous to goodness wherever seen. He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; but he who hunts for vermin, will find vermin; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. A swollen wretch, blotched all over with leprosy, may grin hideously at every wart or excrescence upon beauty. A wholesome man will be pained at it, and seek not to notice it. Reject then the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

I fear that few villages exist without a specimen of the Libertine. He is a beast put by accident into human form. His errand into this world is to explore every depth of sensuality, and collect upon himself the foulness of every one. He is proud to be vile; his ambition is to be viler than other men. Were we not confronted almost daily by such wretches, it would be hard to believe that any could exist to whom purity and decency were a burden, and only corruption a delight. This creature has changed his nature, until only that which disgusts a pure mind pleases his. He is lured by the scent of carrion. His coarse feelings, stimulated by gross excitements, are insensible to delicacy. The exquisite bloom, the dew and freshness of the flowers of the heart, which delights both good men and God himself, he gazes upon as a Behemoth would gaze

enraptured upon a prairie of flowers. It is so much pasture. The forms, the odors, the hues, are only a mouthful for his terrible appetite. Therefore his breath blights every innocent thing. He sneers at the mention of purity, and leers in the very face of Virtue, as though she was herself corrupt if the truth were known. He assures the credulous disciple that there is no purity; that its appearances are only the veils which cover indulgences—the paint which hides decay. Nay, he solicits praise for the very openness of his evil, and tells the listener that all act as he acts, but only few are courageous enough to own it. Thus his shameless excess is sanctified with sacred names. But the uttermost parts of depravity are laid open only when several such monsters meet together, and vie with each other, as we might suppose shapeless men-monsters disport in the slimiest ooze of the ocean. They dive in fierce rivalry, which shall reach the most infernal depths and bring up the blackest sediments. It makes the blood of an honest man run cold, to hear but the echo of the shameless rehearsals of their salacious enterprises. Each strives to tell a blacker tale than the other. When the abomination of their actual life is not damnable enough to satisfy the ambition of their unutterable corruption, they devise in their imagination scenes yet more flagrant; swear that they have performed them, and when they separate, each strives to make his lying boastings true. It would seem as if miscreants so loathsome could have no power of temptation upon the young. Ex-

perience shows that the worst men are often the most skillful in touching the springs of human action. A young man knows little of life; less of himself. He feels in his bosom impulses, wild desires, restless cravings, he can hardly tell for what; a somber melancholy when all are gay; a violent exhilaration when others are sober. These wild gushes of feeling peculiar to youth the sagacious tempter has felt, has studied, has practiced upon, until he can sit before that most capacious organ, the human mind, knowing every stop and all the combinations, and competent to touch every note throughout the diapason. As a serpent deceived the purest of mortals, so now a beast may mislead their posterity. He begins afar off. He decries the virtue of all men; studies to produce a doubt that any are under self-restraint. He unpacks his filthy stories, plays off the fireworks of his corrupt imagination—its blue-lights, its red-lights, and green-lights, and sparkle-spitting lights; and edging in upon the yielding youth, who begins to wonder at his experience, he boasts his first exploits, he hisses at the purity of woman. He grows yet bolder, tells more wicked deeds, and invents worse even than he ever performed, though he has performed worse than good men ever thought of. All thoughts, all feelings, all ambitions, are merged in one, and that the lowest, vilest, most detestable ambition.

Had I a son of years, I could, with thanksgiving, see him go down to the grave, rather than see him fall into the maw of this most besotted devil. I would rather see him rot in a lazar house than putrefy with

such corruption. The plague is mercy, the cholera is love, the deadliest fever is refreshment to man's body, in comparison with this epitome and essence of moral disease. He lives among men, Hell's ambassador, with full credentials; nor can we conceive that there should be need of any other fiend to perfect the work of darkness, while he carries his body among us, stuffed with every pestilent drug of corruption. The heart of every virtuous young man should loathe him. If he speaks, you should as soon hear a wolf bark. Gather around you the venomous snake, the poisonous toad, the fetid vulture, the prowling hyena, and their company would be an honor to you above his, for they, at least, remain within their own nature; but he goes out of his nature that he may become more beastly than it is possible for a beast to be.

He is hateful to religion, hateful to virtue, hateful to decency, hateful to the coldest morality. The stenchful ichor of his ulcerated heart has flowed over every feeling of his nature, and left them as the burning lava leaves the garden, the orchard, and the vineyard. And it is a wonder that the bolt of God, which crushed Sodom, does not slay him. It is a wonder that the earth does not refuse the burden, and open and swallow him up. I do not fear that the young will be undermined by his direct assaults. But some will imitate, and their example will be again feebly imitated, and finally a remote circle of disciples will spread the diluted contagion among the virtuous. This man will be the fountain-head, and

though none will come to drink at a hot spring, yet further down, along the stream it sends out, will be found many scooping from its waters.

I have described the devil in his native form, but he sometimes appears as angel of light. There is a polished libertine, in manners studiously refined, in taste faultless; his face is mild and engaging, his words drop as purely as new made honey. In general society he would rather attract attention as a model of purity, and suspicion herself could hardly look askance upon him. Under this brilliant exterior, his heart is like a sepulcher full of uncleanness. Contrasted with the gross libertine, it would not be supposed that he had a thought in common with him. If his heart could be opened to our eye as it is to God's, we should perceive scarcely dissimilar feelings in respect to appetite. Professing unbounded admiration of virtue in general, he leaves not, in private, a point untransgressed. His reading has culled every glowing picture of amorous poets, every tempting scene of loose dramatists and looser novelists. Enriched by these, his imagination, like a rank soil, is overgrown with a prodigal luxuriance of poisonous herbs and deadly flowers. Men such as this man frequently aspire to be the censors of morality. They are hurt at the injudicious reprehensions of vice from the pulpit. They make great outcry when plain words are employed to denounce base things. They are astonishingly sensitive and fearful lest good men should soil their hands with too much meddling with evil. Their cries

are not the evidence of sensibility to virtue, but of too lively a sensibility of vice. Sensibility is often only the flattering of an impure heart.

At the very time that their voice is ringing an alarm against immoral reformations, they are secretly skeptical of every tenet of virtue, and practically unfaithful to every one. Of these two libertines, the most refined is the most dangerous. The one is a rattlesnake which carries its warning with it; the other, hiding his burnished scales in the grass, skulks to perform unsuspected deeds in darkness. The one is the visible fog and miasm of the morass; the other is the serene air of a tropical city, which, though so brilliant, is loaded with invisible pestilence.

The Politician. If there be a man on earth whose character should be framed of the most sterling honesty, and whose conduct should conform to the most scrupulous morality, it is the man who administers public affairs. The most romantic notions of integrity are here not extravagant. As, under our institutions, public men will be, upon the whole, fair exponents of the character of their constituents, the plainest way to secure public men is to inspire those who make them with a right understanding of what political character ought to be. Young men should be prompted to discriminate between the spurious and the real; the artful and the honest; the wise and the cunning; the patriotic and the pretender.

I will sketch the Demagogue. The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public

good. For a profitable popularity, he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of his own, but a smooth surface, from which every man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending to their feelings, simulating their tastes; with this one he hates a man; with that one he loves the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves, and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than on both sides; he attends meetings to suppress intemperance—but at elections makes every grog-shop free to all drinkers. He can with equal relish plead most eloquently for temperance, or toss off a dozen glasses in a dirty grocery. He thinks that there is a time for everything, and therefore, at one time he swears, and jeers, and leers with a carousing crew; and at another time, having happily been converted, he displays the various features of devotion. Indeed, he is a capricious Christian, an epitome of faith. He piously asks the class-leader after the welfare of his charge, for he was always a Methodist, and always shall be until he meets a Presbyterian; then he is a Presbyterian, old school or new, as the case requires. However, as he is not a bigot, he can afford to be a Baptist, in a good Baptist neighborhood, and with a wink he tells the zealous elder that he never had one of his children baptized, not he. He whispers to the reformer that he abhors all creeds but Baptism and the Bible.

After all this, room will be found in his heart for the fugitive sects also, which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. His flattering attention at church edifies the simple-hearted preacher, who admires that a plain sermon should make a man whisper Amen, and weep, or at least wipe his eyes to coax a tear. Upon the stump his tact is no less rare. He roars and bawls with courageous plainness, on points where all agree; but on subjects where men differ, his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot, that it may dip either way. He depends for success chiefly upon humorous stories. A glowing patriot telling stories is a dangerous antagonist; for it is hard to expose the fallacy of a hearty laugh. Men convulsed with merriment are slow to perceive in what way an argument is a reply to a story.

Perseverance, effrontery, good-nature, and versatile cunning have advanced many a bad man higher than a good man could attain. Men will admit that he has not a single moral virtue, but he is smart. Smart? It does not occur to many that there is much difference between men and game, or that officers and laws are much more than beaver-traps, or public men very different from smart trappers.

e object to no man for amusing himself at the fertile resources of the politician here painted, for sober men are sometimes pleased with the grimaces and mischievous tricks of a versatile monkey; but would it not be strange indeed if they should select him for a ruler, or make him an exemplar to their sons?

The children of rich parents are apt to be reared in indolence. The ordinary motives to industry are wanting, and the temptations to sloth are multiplied. Other men labor to provide a support; to amass wealth; to secure homage; to obtain power; to multiply the elegant products of art.

The child of affluence inherits these things. Why should he labor who may command universal service, whose money subsidizes the inventions of art, exhausts the luxuries of society, and makes rarities common by their abundance? Only the blind would not see that riches and ruin run in one channel to prodigal children. The most rigorous regimen, the most confirmed industry, and steadfast morality can alone disarm inherited wealth, and reduce it to a blessing. The profligate wretch, who fondly watches his father's advancing decrepitude, and secretly curses the lingering steps of death, (seldom too slow except to hungry heirs) at last is overblessed in the tidings that the loitering work is done, and the estate is his. When the golden shower has fallen, he rules as a prince in a court of expectant parasites. All the sluices by which pleasurable vice drains an estate are opened wide. A few years complete the ruin. The hopeful heir, avoided by all whom he has helped, ignorant of useful labor, and scorning a knowledge of it, fired with an incurable appetite for vicious excitement, sinks steadily down, a profligate, a wretch, a villain, a scoundrel, a convicted felon.

Let parents who hate their offspring rear them to hate labor and to inherit riches, and before long they

will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.

Another cause of idleness is found in the secret effects of youthful indulgence. The purest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. But the golden sand of pleasure is scattered along the courses of all the labors of love, or support, by which the family subsists. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness—existing by itself—is fraught with poison. When its exhilaration has thoroughly kindled the mind, the passions thenceforth refuse a simple food; they crave and require an excitement higher than any ordinary occupation can give.

After reveling all night in wine dreams, or amid the fascinations of the dance, or the deception of the drama, what has the dull store, or the dusty shop, which can continue the pulse at this fever heat of delight?

The face of Pleasure, to the youthful imagination, is the face of an angel, a paradise of smiles, a home of love; while the rugged face of Industry, embrowned by toil, is dull and repulsive; but at the end it is not so.

These are harlot charms which Pleasure wears. At last, when Industry shall put on her beautiful garments, and rest in the palace which her own hands have built, Pleasure, blotched and diseased with indulgences, shall lie down and die upon the dunghill.

Example leads to idleness. The children of industrious parents, at the sight of vagrant rovers,

seeking their sports wherever they will, disrelish labor, and envy this unrestrained leisure. At the first relaxation of parental vigilance, they shrink from their odious tasks. Idleness is begun when labor is a burden and industry a bondage, and only idle relaxation a pleasure.

The example of political men, office-seekers, and public officers, is not usually conducive to industry. The idea insensibly fastens itself upon the mind that greatness and hard labor are not companions. The experience of youth imagines that great men are men of great leisure. They see them much in public, much applauded, and greatly followed. How disgusting in contrast is a mechanic's life, a tinkering shop—dark and smutty is the only theater of his exploits; and labor which covers him with sweat, and fills him with weariness, brings neither notice nor praise.

The ambitious apprentice, sighing over his soiled hands, hates his ignoble work; neglecting it, he aspires to better things—plots in a caucus, declaims in a bar-room, fights in a grog-shop, and dies in a ditch.

But the indolence begotten by venal ambition must not be so easily dropped. At those periods of occasional disasters, when embarrassments cloud the face of commerce, and trade drags heavily, sturdy laborers forsake industrial occupations, and petition for office.

Had I a son able to gain a livelihood by toil, I had rather bury him, than witness his beggarly supplications for office; sneaking along the path of men's

passions to gain his advantage ; holding in the breath of his honest opinions ; breathing feigned words of flattery to hungry ears, popular or official; and crawling, viler than a snake, through all the unmanly courses by which ignoble wretches purloin the votes of the dishonest, the drunken, and the vile.

For a farthing pittance of official salary, for the miserable fees of a constable's office, for the parings and perquisites of any deputyship, a hundred men in every village rush forward—scrambling, jostling, crowding—each more obsequious than the other to seek the hand that holds the omnipotent vote for the starveling office. The most supple cunning gains the prize. Of the disappointed crowd, a few, rebuked by their sober reflections, go back to their honest trade, ashamed and cured of office seeking. But the majority grumble for a day, then prick forth their ears, arrange their feline arts, and mouse it again for another office.

The general appetite for office, and dislike for industrial callings, is a prolific source of idleness; and it would be well for the honor of young men if they were bred to regard office as fit only for those who have clearly shown themselves able and willing to support their families without it. No office can make a worthless man respectable; and a man of integrity, thrift, and religion has name enough without badge or office.

Men become indolent through reverses of fortune. Surely, despondency is a grievous thing, and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the pres-

ent, and no light in the future, but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity, and growing darker as they advance; to wear a constant expectation of woe like a girdle; to see want at the door, imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel, or courage to bear its tyranny; indeed, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful. It is more dreadful if the *man* is wrecked with his fortune. Can anything be more poignant in anticipation than one's own self, unnerved, cowed down, and slackened to utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting down the troubled sea of life?

Of all things on earth, next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry. If it brings nothing back, and saves nothing, it will save *him*. To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of a disgrace; but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm, amidst its rage and wild devastation; to let it beat over you, and roar around you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed—this is to be a *man*. Adversity is the mint in which God stamps upon us his image and superscription. In this matter, man may learn of insects. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself before he will live without a web; the bee can be decoyed from his labor neither by plenty nor scarcity. If summer be abundant it toils none the less; if it be parsimonious of flowers, the tiny laborer sweeps a wider circle, and by industry repairs the frugality of the season.

DISHONESTY.

ONLY extraordinary circumstances can give the appearance of dishonesty to an honest man. Usually not to *seem* honest is not to *be so*. The quality must not be doubtful like the twilight, lingering between night and day, and taking hues from both; it must be daylight, clear and effulgent. This is the doctrine of the Bible: "Providing *for honest things* not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." If the needle traverses in the compass, you may be sure something has attracted it; and so good men's opinions will point steadily to an honest man, nor vibrate without a cause. In general, it may be said that no one has honesty without dross until he has honesty without suspicion.

We are passing through times upon which the seeds of dishonesty have been sown broadcast, and they have brought forth an hundred-fold. These times will pass away, but like ones will come again. As physicians study the causes and record the phenomena of plagues and pestilences, to draw from them an antidote against their recurrence, so should we leave to another generation a his-

tory of moral plagues, as the best antidote to their recurring malignity.

Upon a land capacious beyond measure, whose prodigal soil rewards labor with an unharvestable abundance of exuberant fruits, occupied by a people signalized by enterprise and industry, there came a summer of prosperity, which lingered so long and shone so brightly that men forgot that winter would ever come. Each day grew brighter. No reins were put upon the imagination. Its dreams passed for realities. Even sober men, touched with wildness, seemed to expect a realization of oriental tales. Upon this bright day came sudden frost, storms, and blight.

Men awoke from gorgeous dreams in the midst of desolation. The harvests of years were swept away in a day. The strongest firms were rent as easily as the oak by lightning. Speculating companies were dispersed as seared leaves from a tree in autumn. Merchants were ruined by thousands; clerks turned adrift by ten thousand. Mechanics were left in idleness. Farmers sighed over flocks and wheat as useless as the stones and dirt. The wide sea of commerce was stagnant. Upon the realm of industry settled down a sullen lethargy.

Out of this reverse swarmed an unnumbered host of dishonest men, like vermin from a carcass, or wolves and hyenas from a battle-ground. Banks were exploded or robbed; or, fleeced by astounding forgeries, mighty, without cohesion, went to pieces.

The world looked upon a continent of inexhaust-

ible fertility (whose harvests had glutted the markets and rotted in disuse) filled with lamentation, and its inhabitants wandering like bereaved citizens among the ruins of an earthquake, mourning for children, for houses crushed, and for property buried forever.

That no measure might be put to the calamity, the Church of God, which rises a stately tower of refuge to desponding men, seemed now to have lost its power of protection. When the solemn voice of religion should have gone over the land, as the call of God to guilty men to seek in him their strength; in this time, when religion should have restored sight to the blind, made the lame to walk, and bound up the broken-hearted, she was herself mourning in sackcloth. Out of her courts came the noise of warring sects; some contending against others with a warfare disgraceful to pirates; and some, possessed of a demon, wallowed upon the ground, foaming and rending themselves. In a time of panic and disaster, and distress and crime, the fountain which should have been for the healing of men cast up its sediments, and gave forth a bitter stream of pollution.

In every age, a universal pestilence has hushed the clamor of contention and cooled the heats of parties; but the greatness of our national calamity seemed only to enkindle the fury of political parties. Contentions never ran with such deep streams and impetuous currents as amidst the ruin of our industry and prosperity. States were greater debtors to foreign powers than they were to each other. Both

States and citizens shrank back from their debts, and yet more dishonest, from the taxes necessary to discharge them. The general government did not escape, but lay becalmed, or pursued its course like a ship, at every furlong touching the rocks or beating against the sands. New questions of exciting qualities perplexed the realms of legislation and of morals. To all this must be added a manifest decline of family government; an increase of the ratio of popular ignorance; a decrease of reverence for law, and an effeminate administration of it. Popular tumults have been as frequent as freshets in our rivers, and, like them, have swept over the land with desolation, and left their filthy slime in the highest places—upon the press, upon the legislature, in the halls of our courts, and even upon the sacred bench of justice. If unsettled times foster dishonesty, it should have flourished among us. And it has.

Our nation must expect a periodical return of such convulsions; but experience should steadily curtail their ravages and remedy their immoral tendencies. Young men have before them lessons of manifold wisdom, taught by the severest of masters—experience. They should be studied; and that they may be, I shall from the general survey turn to a specific enumeration of the causes of dishonesty.

Some men find in their bosoms, from the first, a vehement inclination to dishonest ways: knavish propensities are inherent—born with the child, and transmissible from parent to son. The children of a

sturdy thief, if taken from him at birth and reared by honest men, would doubtless have to contend against a strongly dishonest inclination. Foundlings and orphans, under public charitable charge, are more apt to become vicious than other children. They are usually born of low and vicious parents, and inherit their parents' propensities. Only the most thorough moral training can overrule this innate depravity.

A child, naturally fair-minded, may become dishonest by paternal example. He is early taught to be sharp in bargains, and vigilant for every advantage. Little is said about honesty, and much about shrewd traffic. A dextrous trick becomes a family anecdote; visitors are regaled with the boy's precocious keenness. Hearing the praise of his exploits, he studies craft, and seeks parental admiration by adroit knaveries. He is taught, for his safety, he must not range beyond the law; that would be unprofitable. He calculates his morality thus: "*Legal honesty is the best policy.* Dishonesty, then, is a bad bargain, and therefore wrong; everything is wrong that is unthrifty." Whatever profit breaks no legal statute, though it is gained by falsehood, by unfairness, by gloss, through dishonor, unkindness, and an unscrupulous conscience, he considers fair, and says: *The law allows it.* Men may spend a long time without an indictable action, and without an honest one. No law can reach the insidious ways of subtle craft. The law allows and religion forbids men to profit by others' misfortune; to prowl for prey among

the ignorant; to overreach the simple; to suck the life-drops from the bleeding; to hover over men as a vulture over herds, swooping down upon the weak, the struggling, and the weary. The infernal craft of cunning men turns the law itself to piracy, and works outrageous frauds in the halls of courts, by the decision of judges, and under the seal of justice.

NEW ENGLAND

Thanksgiving Dinner Festivals.

A GRAPHIC SKETCH.

THE custom of celebrating the ingathering of the fruits of the earth has obtained amongst nearly all civilized nations. It seems almost intuitive on receiving the supply on which we are to depend for support, until the yielding earth shall give her increase, to mark the event by some outward demonstrations of joy.

The manner and time of such celebrations are as various as the countries and climates in which they are observed. In England, the festival goes by the name of "Harvest Home," the meaning of which is, the harvest is brought home or housed. The celebration is confined to the agricultural class, and is unattended with any religious observances. It is a feast which the landlord or farmer gives to the workmen on his land. It consists of a supper of the true English materials—roast beef, plum pudding, and plenty of good home-brewed ale. Such provision is truly characteristic of the nation. Among the very few instances which occur of equality in

the domestic economy, this may be reckoned as one of them. In the celebration of "Harvest Home," all meet at one common table, and the stately landlord or wealthy farmer is pleased to lay aside for a few hours the aristocracy of rank, and mingles with his humble laborers, whose diligence and nerve have filled his plenteous garners. Rustic songs, and sometimes a rural dance, close the scene of their merriment.

"Harvest Home" differs in the time of its celebration according to the forwardness or lateness of the season, and the latitude of the place. There is not any special day set apart for its observance. In the part of England from which I came, Hampshire, being one of the extreme southern counties, it generally took place some time in September, and immediately followed the last load of wheat. I believe that in Kent, and counties where the hop is the principal product of the soil, it is deferred to the close of the gathering of the fruit of that plant. It will be seen from these remarks that the festival must be very partial, differing widely in the time of its observance. The manner, I presume, is much the same in every county in England. How can it be otherwise?

There is no possibility of improving, at least in the taste of an Englishman, on the solid comforts arising from roast beef, plum pudding, and beer. In France, in the provinces where the grape is cultivated, the completion of the ingathering is also a season of festivity. The difference of the celebration is in keeping with the difference of character between the

two nations. The sprightly, lively Frenchman, less physical, but far more spiritual than his doughty neighbor, John Bull, exhibits his mirth in gallantry. He sings catches, dances, and makes love to the peasant girls, who have partaken in the labors of the field; and instead of blunting his appetite for merriment by the soporific influence of the "home-brewed ale," he increases the hilarity of his spirits by the exhilarating juice of his native grape.

We leave the old world and enter upon the new, and the festival assumes quite another appearance. Here, it is quite a serious affair. Tinctured with the spirit of the Pilgrims, religion is made the handmaid of festivity. The State government appoints the day, and invites the citizens to rejoice with sacred joy. The New England States, whose claims to "puritanism" are undisputed, look upon this festival as the "queen of feasts."

At this time, the scattered members of the family, who are within accessible distances, re-assemble in the homestead. The hand of labor is suspended; all bend their way to the temple to worship with grateful hearts, and then return to their cheerful firesides to enjoy the festivities of the occasion. Shortly after coming from "meeting," the dinner is announced. Good Heavens, what a banquet has been prepared! How shall I describe the luxuriance of that board! With all my good feeding propensities, I approach the subject with misgiving. Oh, that I could only do as good justice in describing it as I could in partaking of it! then would the reader feel that I

had done my duty nobly, and I should be no less comfortable on that score myself.

First, then, let me notice the turkey, that representative of the Grand Seignior's dominions. I am not concerned in the divisions which the rulers of the earth make of the territories under their control. If the "Holy Alliance" think fit to combine, and in their great generosity kindly provide for the interests of a feeble State by sharing it among themselves, that is their affair. I am no politician, and shall not interfere. If Congress determines to receive Mexico into the confederacy, or to make any other disposal of circumadjacent territories that may be thought expedient, I have no objection—let it be so. But when *Turkey* is the subject of discussion, I beg to put in my claim. I demand a slice in the "division of the spoils." I know not which dish next takes precedence in point of favor. I see my old friend, Sir Loin,* but his title gives him no advantage in this equalizing republic. Then I spy a goose; that is called a *silly* bird. I do not care for that; it is at all events a very *sensible* dish. A very simple person is sometimes called a goose; but the comparison detracts from the merit of the feathered biped. A simpleton, if he is of little use while he lives, is of less when he is dead. A goose is not *quite* so simple as that. Those ducks which lie side by side so quietly in the same dish, look as inseparable as a

* Webster, in his dictionary, has these definitions to the word "sir": "The title of a knight or baronet. It is prefixed to *loin* in *sirloin*, as, a *sirloin* of beef."

newly married couple; there is, however, this difference in their destinies: death, which generally parts married people, seems to have brought them together. I will show them particular marks of my attention—ducks are the only *quacks* that I tolerate. A chicken-pie of ample dimensions next strikes the eye. What an extensive field for pleasing contemptation! Quietly reposing beneath a coverlid of crust, one is irresistibly led to remove the drapery and reveal the hidden treasure. If in the jostling of life I must come in contact with *crusty* characters, may they be of this description! Time would fail me to particularize on all the dainties of that board. Everything, from a *jelly* to a *pickle*, is to be found there. There are sauces of every shape and flavor. Long sauce and short sauce, sweet sauce and sour sauce; cranberry sauce for the turkey, and apple sauce for the goose; stuffings and seamings so abundant that there is "nothing out of season." Let me not forget that roast pig with an apple in his mouth. He shows the "ruling passion strong in death." We have all heard the trite remark, "there are those who live to eat, and there are those who eat to live"; but who can boast such great things as our friend in that dish, "he lived to eat, and died to be eaten." He has gone through the whole conjugation, both active and passive voice—what a learned pig!

I utterly despair of introducing the whole family of pies that are present on this occasion; it will be sufficient to speak of the first in dignity—the pumpkin pie. What a host of delightful associations

crowd upon the mind in that single word; you think of sugar and milk, and ginger and fruit, and custard, but you can only think of *one* at a time, but when you eat pumpkin pie, you taste the whole at once. It is an assemblage of most excellent things concentrated in one delicious morsel. And now, perhaps, the reader thinks that I have exhausted the subject. By no means. The family of cakes is as numerous as that of the pies, and scattered among the larger dishes, look like those points in writing which are known by the name of notes of admiration. They direct the eye to something of special interest. There is the doughnut with its coat of brown, considerably puffed up in its own conceit; there is molasses cake, and sugar cake, and crullers, and gingerbread, handed around in rapid succession, till the most redoubtable knight of the table has to cry out: "Spare me, spare me! enough, enough!"

Tea and coffee, sparkling cider, and apples and nuts conclude the feast, leaving no room for desire. The old folks talk of the good old times that are *past;* the young ones enjoy the good times that are *present;* the little children, well replenished, sink, one by one, to sleep, and are carried by their tender mothers to bed; the youths frolic or play forfeits; but the candles begin to burn low, the flame flickers in the fire place, the laugh is less loud and less piquant, and by the time the clock strikes ten, the mirthful company have all retired to their repose.

Happy New Englanders! May you enjoy many such meetings, and I do not care if I make one of the party.

C. F. L. F.

LINES

Composed while Ascending the Mississippi.

Oh, give me back my native hills,
The rock-girt woods that wave in heaven,
The music of a myriad rills
That purl beneath the light of even.
Oh, give me back the winter wind
That o'er the northern mountain howls;
The burning clime I leave behind,
The sensual feast, the mantling bowls.
Let all who, born for better things,
Would chain the heart to Mammon's car,
Fly on the north wind's fleetest wings,
And hail the tropics' loveliest star.
To me, more lovely is the home
Where kindred hearts at evening meet,
While shrieking blasts like demons roam,
And minds, long tried, each other greet.

II.

I would not mount the vassal's throne
To find a felon's damnéd grave.

I would not do, to be undone,
Nor, born *mind's* monarch, be a slave!
Corruption lurks in all the bowers
Of that soft, sunny, sensual clime,
Where sin's dark pinions gloom the hours,
And, giant-like, stalks forth dark crime.
Let not the spirit God decreed
Should range at will through earth and heaven,
Descend to be in thought or deed
The creature of Time's festering leaven.
Let not the light that God breathed in,
From his own soul, the unborn child,
Be dimmed by doubt, or gloomed by sin,
Or perish on earth's dreariest wild.
Oft we become the things we hate,
Led on by those who ne'er relent;
And thus we raise a tomb to fate,
And build o'er hope a monument.
Evil becomes the guest of all
Whom conscience guards not from the ills
That cluster round us from the Fall.
Like cataracts formed by mountain rills,
Plague breathes through all the gleaming air
That floats o'er heaven, as if it thought
In gilded cups lurks man's despair,
And all that woe hath ever wrought.
If in this world we would be wise,
Shun we the guilt that is unblest,
For in the far, far, unknown skies
There is for sin no realm of rest.
Then give me back my native hills,

Though rude the men and rough the soil,
And scant the harvest that ne'er fills
The granary—won by hardest toil.
If no high, proud, and generous spirit
Flashes like light from northern hearts,
They from their sires a God inherit,
And God's own voice, that ne'er departs.

S. L. FAIRFIELD.

Mrs. Winfield's Visit.

A SKETCH: BY MRS. R. FRAZIER.

"I HAVE pleasant news for you, my dear," said Mr Delisle to his wife, as he came in to dinner; "your old friend, Mrs. Winfield, is in town."

"What, Emily Lardeau that was?" exclaimed Mrs. Delisle. "We were certainly intimate enough when girls, our families living, for several years, next door; but since Emily married, and removed to a remote part of Virginia, we have lost sight of each other. We corresponded for a while at first, but our letters gradually became less frequent, and at last ceased entirely; for, you know, I was married soon after Emily, and then I lost all inclination for letter-writing, as is generally the case, I believe, with women that are settled in life, and have no longer anything to write about."

"Well," said Mr. Delisle, "you will, no doubt, be glad to renew your friendship with the ci-devant Emily Lardeau, whom I recollect as an uncommonly fine girl. You know, we heard of the death of Mr. Winfield, eight or nine years ago. She has been spending most of the winter at Washington, having had business with Congress, on account of a claim of

her late husband against the United States. She is here with some friends from the South, and they leave town for Boston in a few days."

"But who told you all this?" asked Mrs. Delisle.

"Herself," was his reply. "I stopped in at the United States Hotel, to inquire if Mr. Marvin had yet arrived, and I saw her name on the book. So, believing it to be that of our old friend, I made her a visit, and introduced myself. Mrs. Winfield and her party have a private parlor at the hotel. I was glad to find that she recognized me, even before I mentioned my name, notwithstanding the lapse of more than sixteen years. You know her marriage took place about three months before ours."

"How long will Mrs. Winfield remain in town?" asked Mrs. Delisle.

"Only two or three days; of course, you will call and see her this afternoon, and show her all possible kindness during her stay in Philadelphia."

"I am just thinking how that is to be managed. What a pity she did not arrive in town a month ago, and then I could have had her at my party."

"That would have been nothing," said Mr. Delisle.

"Nothing—my dear, how can you talk so? What better could I have done for Emily Winfield, than to invite her with all my friends?"

"Friends!" exclaimed her husband, "why will you persist in calling a crowd of several hundred people your friends?"

"So they were," said Mrs. Delisle; "you know very well it was not a general party."

"Is it possible you were acquainted with even the names of all the people I saw here that night?" asked Mr. Delisle. "I know not what you call a general party, if that was not one."

"Well, it was *not*," resumed the wife. "A general party is when we ask everybody with whom we are on visiting terms, and invite by families, even when some of the members are not exactly such as we like to show to the *élite* of our circle. For instance, I did not ask Mrs. Littleton's sisters, though they live in the house with her; nor Mrs. Ludlow's either; nor Mrs. Ramsby's cousin Mary; nor Mrs. Bloomfield's two step-daughters, though I had all three of her own; nor the Miss Jenks' aunt; nor Mrs. Milden's sister-in-law; nor Mrs. Masters' either; also, I invited nobody that lives north of Chestnut Street. Now, if I had not taken care beforehand to have it understood that I was not going to give a *general* party, I should have been obliged to invite all these people."

"In other words," observed Mr. Delisle, "a general party is one in which the feelings of all your acquaintances are respected; whereas, they may be offended with impunity if your crowd is designated as select."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Delisle, "I am sure there was crowd enough, notwithstanding that I left out everybody whom there was no advantage in having. Not half the ladies even *saw* the supper table—at least, no more of it than the tops of the sugar temples and pyramids; and when the dancing com-

menced, there was only room for half cotillions, of four people each. And the sleeves were all torn, as everybody was jammed into one mass, and the flounces of some were torn to tatters. The heat was so great that all the real curls came out, and hung in strings; and numbers of ladies caught violent colds from passing nearly the whole time on the stairs and in the entry, for the sake of coolness."

"And you regret that your friend, Mrs. Winfield, was not here to enjoy all this?" said Mr. Delisle.

"Enjoy?" returned his wife, "was it not a splendid party? Think of the sum it cost."

"You need not tell me that," said the husband; "rather too large a sum to be expended by persons in middle life, for *one* evening of pain—pleasure I am sure it was not, to any human being."

"Middle life," repeated Mrs. Delisle, "you are always talking of our being in middle life, even before strangers."

"So we are. And even if we were to spend five times the sum on one evening of foolery and suffering, I doubt if we should still be admitted into what is termed high life."

"You know well enough," replied Mrs. Delisle, "that I have friends at whose houses I have met with people of the very first rank and fashion—people who treated me so politely when I was introduced, that I did not hesitate to call on them, previous to my party, as a preparatory step to sending them invitations."

"But did they come, when thus you called on them?" asked her husband smiling.

"Nonsense, Mr. Delisle," replied the lady, "they all sent very reasonable excuses and sincere regrets."

"Well," resumed Mr. Delisle, "we have discussed the subject often enough. But what is it all to the Widow Winfield?"

"Why, I don't know exactly what to do with her. I cannot give another party this season."

"Heaven forbid you should!" ejaculated her husband.

"Well, inviting a small select company to meet Mrs. Winfield, as some people would, that's quite out of my way. I give one great party every season, and then I have done my duty, and my conscience is clear till next season, having paid off my debts to all that have invited me to their parties, and laid a foundation for future invitations next winter."

"Notwithstanding all this," said Mr. Delisle, "my advice is that you invite Mrs. Winfield for to-morrow evening, and ask fifteen or twenty agreeable people to meet her."

"Well, then," replied Mrs. Delisle, "we must light up the parlors, and have ice-creams and other such things, and hire Carrol to help Peter hand them round. All this will cost as much as one of Vanharlingen's new style pelerines, and I am dying for one of them. There is one that is worked all round in a running pattern—"

"Never mind the running pattern," interrupted her husband, "but endeavor to devise some way of

evincing your pleasure at meeting again with one of the most intimate friends of your early youth. I remember her as a very handsome and agreeable girl, and she is now a most agreeable woman, and handsome still."

"Have you any idea what her circumstances are?"

"Not the least."

"How was she dressed?"

"I did not observe."

"That is so like you. I am sure if I were to buy all my things at the cheap stores, where they keep nothing but trash, and have them made up by cheap mantua-makers and milliners, you would be none the wiser; I do not believe you would know the difference between a bonnet from Paris and one made in the Northern Liberties."

"I am certain I should not," replied her husband, "but now let us postpone this discussion and go to dinner."

In the afternoon, as they proceeded together towards the United States Hotel, the subject was renewed by Mrs. Delisle saying, "As to troubling myself with any extra evening company after having given my party, that is entirely out of the question."

"Then invite Mrs. Winfield to dinner," said Mr. Delisle, "and ask the Roxleys, and Hermans, and Lysters to meet her; they are among the pleasantest people we know."

"I cannot undertake all that," replied the lady. "The trouble and expense of the dinner would far exceed that of a small tea company."

"In this instance, I am willing to pay the cost," said Mr. Delisle, "for I expect some gratification in return for it."

"You talk of your own gratification," said Mrs. Delisle, "and yet you refuse to make poor Mary Jane happy by giving her the superb silver card-case she saw at Baily & Kitchen's the day she got her last ear-rings, that she has been longing for ever since. But, to make an end of all this arguing, the cheapest way of entertaining Emily Winfield is—"

"Cheapest!" said Mr. Delisle indignantly.

"Yes, to be sure," pursued his wife. "Is it not our duty to consult cheapness in all unnecessary expenses? You know that we have a large family, and now that Mary Jane has come out, our bills for articles of dress and jewelry are, of course, very much enhanced."

"I know that, perfectly," replied Mr. Delisle. "She ought not to have come out for at least two years—seventeen would have been quite time enough."

"There was no possibility of keeping her in," remarked Mrs. Delisle. "But, as I was saying, the cheapest way is to invite Emily Winfield to stay at our house while she is in town; and she will no doubt consider it a greater compliment than if we made a dinner or tea party for her. It will look as if we desired only the pleasure of her society, and were unwilling to lose any part of it by sharing it with others."

"I am not certain, though," said Mr. Delisle, "that she will find *our* society (if we give her nothing else) a sufficient compensation for what she will lose by resigning that of the friends with whom she staying at the hotel."

"How you talk!" replied Mrs. Delisle. "Have you no idea of the delight of calling up recollections of our days of girlhood, and of discussing once more our former lovers?"

"It will not take *you* long to get through your old sweethearts," observed Mr. Delisle. "Myself and the two midshipmen make three."

Before the lady could reply they had reached the door of the United States Hotel, and were immediately conducted to the parlor occupied by Mrs. Winfield and her party. They found her alone and expecting them, as Mr. Delisle had told her he would bring his wife to see her that afternoon. She received Mrs. Delisle with open arms, and both ladies seemed very glad to meet again after so long a separation, for they had been extremely intimate at so early an age that the characters of both were still unformed.

Mrs. Delisle examined the dress of her friend with a scrutinizing eye, and wondered how a woman could look so well in a plain black silk; and wondered, also, why any one with such a profusion of fine hair should wear a cap; and why it should be a little, close cap, simply trimmed with white ribbon. Yet she now felt rather glad that Mrs. Winfield had not come to town a month sooner. "After all," thought

she, "poor Emily would not have been much of an ornament to my party; for I can easily see that her style is always very plain. To be sure, as it was not a general party, I need not have asked her. Yes, yes—I see clearly that it is not worth while to invite any of my friends to meet her, either at dinner or at tea."

However, Mrs. Delisle earnestly pressed Mrs. Winfield to remove to her house, and pass with her the two days she was yet to remain in town. Mrs. Winfield, who, though she was very pleasantly situated at the hotel, imagined that she might spend two days still more agreeably with one of the most intimate friends of her youth, was soon prevailed on to accept the invitation. She was engaged to go with her party to Fairmount that afternoon, and to the theater in the evening; and it was arranged that she should remove to Spruce Street at an early hour next morning. All being satisfactorily arranged, Mr. and Mrs. Delisle took their leave.

By the evening post, Mr. Delisle received a letter requiring his immediate presence in New York on some business of importance, which would most probably detain him several days. He was therefore obliged to set out next morning on the early boat, lamenting that he was thus prevented from participating in the pleasure of Mrs. Winfield's visit; and desiring his wife to do all in her power to make it agreeable to that lady, so that she would have no occasion to regret leaving the hotel and her own party.

"I shall treat her just as I would a sister," replied Mrs. Delisle. "But make haste, my dear, or you will be too late for the boat."

"Mamma," said Mary Jane Delisle, "are n't you going to dress yourself, and sit in the front parlor all day with Mrs. Winfield?"

"Not I, indeed," replied Mrs. Delisle, "you know as I am never at home to morning visitors, it is not my way to sit dressed up in the parlor; and therefore, as of course I would not put myself *out* of my way for so old a friend as Emily Winfield, she must take me as she finds me; that is, in the nursery, where I can be at my ease in a wrapper. As for having such parlors as ours littered with sewing, that is quite out of the question; and besides, they are so much darkened by the window curtains, that there is no seeing to thread a needle, or to read a word, even in the annuals that lie on the center table."

"But she might look out of the window," observed Mary Jane.

"She could not see through the muslin blinds," replied Mrs. Deslile, "they are worked so closely all over; and I won't have them rumpled by drawing aside."

"It is well pa's not at home," remarked the daughter.

"I am very glad he is not," resumed Mrs. Delisle. "He and I have such different views with regard to entertaining company, and he is always so hard to contradict. However, Mary Jane, you must continually bear in mind that it is the duty of all children

to consider their father superior to every man in the world."

"Yes mamma," replied Mary Jane, "but you know very well that pa has a great many queer notions."

"Undoubtedly he has," answered the mother, "and he is in every respect the reverse of myself; but remember, always, that it is your duty as a child to be blind to his faults, however great they may be."

About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Winfield came to the door in a carriage, with a small trunk containing a change of clothes.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Delisle, "who would have thought of her being here before twelve, at the earliest. When I urged her to come directly after breakfast, I had no idea that she would take me at my word; nobody ever does. Run down, Mary Jane, and show Mrs. Winfield into the back spare bedroom, till she gets her bonnet off, and then bring her into the nursery. I shall not put myself the least out of my way. If visitors *will* come, they must take me as they find me."

Accordingly, Mrs. Winfield was ushered into the nursery, a long, narrow room in that part of the house denominated the back building; with a low ceiling, low windows, and a door opening into a sort of balcony or veranda. This apartment always presented a most disorderly appearance; and the furniture (which was very plain) had been much abused by the children. But though it was the constant

abiding place of the successive Irish nurses, it was in the nursery that Mrs. Delisle spent most of her time. There she sat in the full enjoyment of extreme *déshabille*, except when, in an exuberance of finery, she went out for the purpose of shopping, or of making visits by leaving her card. Her professed devotion to her children never prevented her during the season from spending the first part of every evening at her toilet, and the last at a large party.

"My dear Emily," said Mrs. Delisle, "I am delighted to see you. But how late you are. Mary Jane and I have been anxiously expecting you ever since breakfast; do take a seat on the couch. Nelly, shake up the pillows—the boys have been on them with their feet. You find me just going to dress the baby, a thing I always do myself, before Nelly carries her out walking. You were right to bring your sewing; you must make yourself quite at home, and neither use ceremony nor expect any. Mary Jane, are you going out this morning?"

"To be sure I am," replied the daughter, "I shall begin dressing immediately."

"Well, then, I must get you to leave cards for me and yourself at Miss Warden's, at Mrs. Morley's, at Mrs. Clarkson's, and at Mrs. Simmons', and to to stop at Madame Dawson's and hurry her with my bonnet."

"Dawson won't be hurried," said Mary Jane. "Besides, I have visits of my own on hand, and have no time to stop at all those places."

"Mildness of voice and deportment, my dear

Mary Jane," proceeded Mrs. Delisle, sententiously, "and strict compliance with the wishes of a parent, are particularly becoming to all young ladies who desire "—

But before her mother had time to finish the sentence, Mary Jane flounced out of the room, shutting the door violently.

"A perfect child of nature," observed Mrs. Delisle. "She is, as yet, incapable of control, and is considered *brusque*. But *brusquerie* sometimes succeeds quite as well as manner. Mary Jane takes extremely. The other night, at Mrs. Winslow's, she was constantly surrounded with gentlemen. She is but fifteen, and her father thinks I brought her out too soon, but there was no such thing as keeping her back."

"So I should suppose," thought Mrs. Winfield.

"Come now, Nelly, give me the baby," proceeded Mrs. Delisle. "I have all her things ready. You see, my dear Emily, (for I make no stranger of you) Nelly washes and dresses the baby every morning; but when she is to be carried out, I always prepare her myself; and while I am doing so, we can talk of old times quite at our ease. Do you remember Maria Welford's Christmas ball? Nelly, give me the pin-cushion. Hush, baby, hush!"

"I remember it well," replied Mrs. Winfield. "It was eighteen years ago."

"I wore a *crêpe lisse*, looped up with daffodils, over a primrose-colored satin," pursued Mrs. Delisle. "There now, baby, hold still till I pin its pet-

ticoat. Hush, darling, hush (she always cries when I dress her). Yes, as I was saying, I wore that night a pale yellow *crépe lisse;* the sleeves were *en bouffant*, divided with rouleaux of primrose-colored ribbon, finished with rosettes; and Frank Edwards said to me, very gallantly—(baby, you must not cry so; be quiet now till I put your frock on). What was your dress, Emily?"

"Indeed, I have no recollection," replied Mrs. Winfield, "but I remember that the ball was a very pleasant one, and that a very amusing incident occurred."

"I found nothing there that amused me so much," said Mrs. Delisle, "as seeing Mrs. Venham in the same eternal black velvet that she had worn everywhere for three winters. But as I was telling you, Frank Edwards said to me—baby, hush, or mother will whip her. See, now, stop crying, and look at its pretty pink cloak."

The baby did stop, and did look at its cloak, which was of embroidered merino, lined with white silk.

"And Emily," pursued Mrs. Delisle, "don't you remember the day when a large party of us went down to the Navy Yard to see a ship or something, and there came on a sudden rain, all in a moment, and before we could get to the carriages my chip hat was completely ruined? It was perfectly new, and you know it was trimmed with pearl-white ribbon, and a wreath of Cape jasmin. There now, baby 's quite ready. Come, darling, shake a day-day before it goes."

After the baby had "shaken a day-day" and departed, Mrs. Delisle went to the glass, to arrange her disordered wrapper, to smooth her still more disordered hair, and she had thought of putting on a clean cap, but concluded that as her husband was not at home to insist on it, and as she should not see anybody that day, it was not worth while. She talked all the time to Mrs. Winfield; sometimes of her children, and sometimes of what she called old times, but in reality these reminiscences adverted only to the dresses she had worn on certain occasions in her girlhood, and to the compliments paid her by the persons she denominated her beaux. And such was her volubility, that Mrs. Winfield, though a woman of excellent conversational powers, had seldom an opportunity of speaking at all.

Mrs. Delisle (who, notwithstanding her passion for dress and parties, professed to be *au fait* in all the petty details of housewifery, and was one of those very common characters who exercise the closest economy in some things and the most lavish extravagance in others) sat down to piecing together some very old calico for a servant's bed-quilt, saying to Mrs. Winfield, "This is not very pretty work to bring out before a visitor, but you know I do not consider you a stranger."

In a few minutes the street door was thrown violently open, and a rabble rout was heard ascending the stairs. Presently in rushed five boys, just from school, and shouting for bread and molasses. But they all stopped short and stared at the sight of Mrs. Winfield.

"Never mind, my dears," said their mother; "it is only Mrs. Winfield, an old friend of mine. My dear Emily, I am sorry you have no children, you know not the pleasure of them."

The boys having recovered from their surprise, now clamored with one accord for the bread and molasses, and Mrs. Winfield thought that, like Mary Jane, they certainly wanted *manner*. Mrs. Delisle mildly requested them to go and apply to Phillis for it.

"You know very well," said one of the boys, "that Phillis always drives us out of the kitchen, and says she won't be plagued while she 's getting dinner. We are afraid of Phillis."

"I wish you were half as much afraid of me," murmured their mother. However, she went down to supply their demands, saying as she left the room, "I do not ask you to take anything by way of luncheon, my dear Emily, lest it should spoil your dinner."

The boys all ran down after her, and in a short time returned, their faces and hands very much smeared with molasses. From that time till dinner, the nursery and the balcony resounded with noise and riot; the mother sometimes raising her voice in vain attempts to check them, but generally contenting herself with remarking to Mrs. Winfield, that "boys would be boys," an indubitable truism. "Their father," said Mrs. Delisle, "inclines to be rather strict with the children, which is the reason I am rather indulgent. And, therefore, when he is

away, they always break out. But I like to see them natural, and I have no idea of cooling their affection by abridging their little pleasures. And I must say they all absolutely dote on me. Come here, Willie."

"What for?" said the urchin, who was just then busily employed in unwinding and tangling one of Mrs. Winfield's cotton spools.

"Come, and kiss mamma."

"No, I won't," was the reply.

Mrs. Winfield now endeavored to give a turn to the conversation, by inquiring after one of their former friends, Helen Farley.

"Oh, she married William Orford," replied Mrs. Delisle. "Only think, her wedding dress was a plain brown *gros des Indes;* some said it was a *gros des Suisse.* Just imagine, a bride in brown. But Helen was always eccentric. My dear boys, let me request that you will all go down and play in the yard."

Her dear boys took no heed of the request, but persisted in acting naturally by scampering in and out of the balcony; sometimes through the door, but generally through the windows; prancing on the couch, and throwing its pillows in each other's faces; oversetting chairs and stools, and trampling on their mother's sewing. One of them, being pursued by another with the hearth-brush, fell over Mrs. Winfield, and seized her silk dress in his molasses-daubed hands to assist himself in rising. Another, with similar hands, snatched her reticule, to pelt his

brother with, and scattered its contents all over the floor. But it were endless to relate their pranks, none of which were the least amusing, though all were extremely annoying. They played at nothing, and there was no meaning in their fun. It was nothing but senseless running, shouting, and scrambling, beside which, they were all ugly, and had remarkably foolish faces. Mrs. Delisle said that all her children took after herself; and Mrs. Winfield saw no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion.

Dinner was at last announced. Mary Jane made her appearance, and the ladies descended to the dining-room, where they found the boys, who had run down *en masse* before them, already squabbling about their seats.

Mrs. Delisle requested Mary Jane to place herself between James and Joseph, to keep them apart; but that young lady refusing, her mother said:

"My dear Emily, will you oblige me by taking a seat between those two young gentlemen, who are apt to be a little unruly when they sit together?" Mrs. Winfield complied; and the boys were all the time striking at each other behind her back.

"We have a very plain dinner, to-day," said the hostess. "When Mr. Delisle is at home, he and I and Mary Jane do not dine till three; and the children have an early dinner by themselves, at one o'clock, on account of their going to school again at two. But as he is absent, and I do not consider you as a stranger, I did not think it worth while to have two dinners prepared. What shall I help you to?"

The two youngest boys now cried out to be helped first, and as their mother knew they would persist, she complied with their demand, saying, "My dear Emily, I am sure you will excuse the poor little fellows; children are always hungry, and we can have no comfort with our dinner unless we pacify them first. Anything, you know, for peace and quietness."

The children soon devoured their meat, and while the ladies were still eating theirs, the pudding was called for and cut, and the juveniles were all served with it by way of keeping them pacified. Little Willie, thinking that his brother, George, had rather a larger piece of pudding than himself, fell into a violent tantrum, screamed and kicked, and finally, by Mary Jane's order, was carried from the table by the serving-man. And the mother rose up, and begged to be excused, while she went out to quiet the poor little fellow, which she did by carrying with her a much larger piece of pudding. Mrs. Winfield silently wished that the children were less natural, or, rather, that their nature was better, or that she was considered more of a stranger.

"It is always so, when papa is away," said Mary Jane; "but mamma is rightly served for not having two dinners, as usual."

When the uncomfortable repast was finished, and peace restored, by the boys going to school, Mrs. Delisle retired to her chamber, having informed her guest that it was her and Mary Jane's custom always to take an afternoon nap in their respective

rooms; "and I suppose," said she, "you would like to do the same." Mrs. Winfield was not inclined to sleep, but she had no objection to the quiet of her own apartment, and she expressed a desire to take a book with her.

"Except a few annuals," said Mary Jane, "we have no books but those in papa's library, neither mamma nor myself having any time to read; but I will take you there to choose one. I believe he has the Waverly novels, and Cooper's, and others that I hear people talk about."

When they reached the library, they found the door barricaded by a table, on which a woman was standing while she cleaned the paint; and looking in, they saw another scrubbing the floor, half of which was floated with water. The books were all in disorder, having been taken down to be dusted; and it was found that Mrs. Delisle had seized the opportunity of her husband's absence to have the library cleaned. "To go in here is impossible," said Mary Jane, "but I will bring you one of the annuals from the center table in the parlor."

The annual was brought, and Mrs Winfield retired with it to her apartment, but having read it before, she did not find it very amusing.

In the evening it rained, and Mrs. Delisle said that she was glad of it, as now she need not dress; and as her husband was away, there could be no danger of any of his visitors dropping in. Also, that it was not worth while to have the parlors opened, as they had been shut up all day. So they spent the

evening in the eating-room, and Mary Jane went to bed immediately after tea; longing, as she said, to get her corsets off. The younger boys slept about the sofa and carpet, and screamed when any one touched or spoke to them. The elder ones racketted overhead in the nursery. The baby was brought down, and kept worrying about the table, in the arms of Nelly, till nine o'clock, that it might sleep the better during the night. When the justly fretting infant could be kept awake no longer, either by wafting it up and down, showing it the lamp, jingling a bunch of keys in its ears, or shaking a string of beads before its closing eyes, it was undressed on the spot, crying all the time, having been thoroughly wakened in the process; and it was finally carried off by Nelly, whose dismal chant, as she rocked and swung it to sleep, was heard from above stairs for half an hour.

Mrs. Delisle now seemed so tired and sleepy, that her guest (who was tired also) took her leave for the night, and repaired to her chamber. This apartment, though called a spare bedroom, was used by every member of the family as a receptacle for all sorts of things, and Mrs. Winfield being (unfortunately for her) considered no stranger, nothing had been removed with a view to her accomodation. While she had sat there reading in the afternoon, at night when she was preparing for bed, and in the morning before she was up, and while she was dressing, her privacy was continually invaded by the nurse, the other servants, and even Mrs. Delisle and

Mary Jane coming to get various articles from the closets, bureaus, and presses. This chamber was, unhappily, on the same floor with the dormitories of the boys, who begun their career at daylight, chasing each other along the passages, and enacting a general wrestling match so close to Mrs. Winfield's door, that they burst it open in the melée, and fell into the room, while she was engaged at the washing-stand.

There was another spare bedroom, superior in every respect to this one, but Mrs. Delisle did not think it worth while to be so ceremonious with her old friend, Emily Winfield, as to place her in the best of the two chambers.

As soon as the mother and daughter met in the morning—"Mary Jane," said Mrs. Delisle, "I have been thinking of something—Miss Nancy Risings has not yet made her weekly visit, and as we may be sure of the infliction between this and Sunday, suppose we kill two birds with one stone, and have her to-day with Mrs. Winfield."

"Never were two people more unsuitable," replied Mary Jane, "Miss Nancy is the stupidest woman on earth."

"No matter," said Mrs. Delisle, "am I responsible for her stupidity? It will be a good opportunity of getting at once through the bore of her visit; at least, for this week. Mrs. Winfield has seen too much of the world not to know that she must take people as she finds them; and she does not seem the least hard to please. I dare say she will get along well

enough with Miss Nancy, who *must* be tolerated, as your father, in his foolish kindness, will not allow her to be affronted away. So we will send for her to come to-day, and no doubt the poor old thing will be highly pleased with the compliment, as I dare say it is the first time in her life she ever was *sent for* by anybody."

Miss Nancy Risings was an old maiden lady, who lived alone, on a very small income derived from a ground rent; and to make it hold out, she was in the habit of visiting round in seven or eight families with whom she had long been acquainted. After the death of Mrs. Delisle's mother, whom she had visited once a week for twenty-five years, Miss Nancy transferred her visits to the daughter, and as it was really an object of some importance to the old lady to spend every day from home, Mr. Delisle insisted on her being received by his family, and she was not in the least particular as to the mode of reception.

Accordingly, Miss Nancy Risings was sent for, and by the time breakfast was over, and the boys prevailed on to go to school, the old lady arrived, and she and their other guest were ushered into the back parlor; Mary Jane having protested to her mother that it would be too bad to condemn Mrs. Winfield to the nursery, particularly as she had Miss Nancy in addition.

The two visitors were now left alone. Miss Nancy had her knitting, and Mrs. Winfield her sewing. Mrs. Winfield kindly endeavored to draw her into conversation, but in vain, for Miss Nancy had no talent for

talking, or for anything else. She had read nothing, seen nothing, heard nothing, and she knew nothing, and her replies were little more than monosyllables. Mrs. Winfield, as the morning was fine, had intended going out; but down came Mrs. Delisle and Mary Jane, dressed for shopping and card leaving.

"As by this time, my dear Emily, you must feel quite at home here," said Mrs. Delisle, "I need make no apology for leaving you with Miss Nancy Risings, who is a very particular friend and a great favorite of mine. Make yourself happy together till dinner-time, for I doubt if we can get home much before." And out they sallied, leaving Mrs. Winfield to feel very much as if caught in a trap. But her good nature prevailed; and having by this time learned to consider her visit as a salutary trial of patience, she proceeded with the heavy task of entertaining the unentertainable Miss Nancy.

At noon the boys rushed home and behaved as usual. Mrs. Delisle and her daughter, being very tired with running about all the morning, put on undresses to come to dinner in, and the dinner proceedings were the same as the day before.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Winfield took her leave and terminated her visit, having as she truly said, some purchases to make previous to leaving town next morning for Boston. Mrs. Delisle professed great regret at the departure of her dear Emily, and hoped that whenever she came to Philadelphia she would always make a point of staying at her house. Mary Jane expressed much disappoint-

ment at Mrs. Winfield leaving them that evening; and she really felt it, as she knew that it would now fall to *her* lot to get Miss Nancy through the remainder of the day.

We need not inform our readers with what satisfaction Mrs. Winfield found herself that evening again at the hotel, and in the society of the refined and intelligent friends with whom she was traveling to Boston, to visit a brother, who had married and settled there.

Mr. Delisle did not return for three weeks, having extended his journey to the far East. The first thing he told on his arrival at home was, that he had been at a wedding the evening before he left Boston, and that the bride was Mrs. Winfield.

Great surprise was expressed by Mrs. Delisle and Mary Jane, and they were still more amazed to hear that the bridegroom, Mr. Stanley, was a Southern gentleman of large property, and of high standing in every respect. Having become acquainted with Mrs. Winfield at Washington, he had followed her to Boston as soon as Congress broke up, (it was one of the long sessions) and had there prevailed on her to return with him as his wife. They were married at her brother's, and were going home by way of the lakes, and, therefore, should not pass through Philadelphia.

"How very extraordinary, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Delisle to her daughter as soon as they were alone. "Who could have guessed the possibility of that plain-looking little woman making a great match?

I remember hearing, when she married Mr. Winfield, that he was by no means rich, and I knew nothing about the people she was traveling with; therefore, I did not see the necessity of putting myself the least out of the way on her account. Still, if I had had the smallest idea of her so soon becoming Mrs. Stanley, the wife of a rich man and a member of Congress, I should certainly have dressed myself, and received her in the front parlor instead of the nursery, and had nice things for dinner, and invited some of my best people to meet her in the evening—"

"And not sent for Miss Nancy Risings," interrupted Mary Jane. "Well, mamma, I think we have made a bad business of it; and, to say the truth, I was actually ashamed, more than once, to see the way things were going on. As to the boys, I am glad papa is going to send them all to that Boston boarding-school; the farther from home, the better for themselves and us. It will be such a relief to get rid of them."

In the most private confabulation between the mother and daughter, "Only think, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Delisle, "your father tells me that the family Mrs. Winfield was traveling with is one of the very first in Boston, quite at the head of society; immensely wealthy, and living in almost a palace—such people as we never had in our house. What a pity we did not know who they were; we might have derived so much eclat from them. If Mrs. Winfield had given me any reason to suppose that

her friends could be persons of that description, I would have invited them all in the evening, and strained every nerve to get some of our most fashionable people to meet them, and I would have had Carrol and Jelb both, and ice-cream, and blanc mange, and champagne, and all such things—but how was I to suppose that little Mrs. Winfield, with her plain gown and cap, was likely to have had such acquaintances, or to make such a match? I wish I had not treated her so unceremoniously; but I am sure I thought it could never be worth while to put myself the least out of the way for HER."

"You see, mother," said Mary Jane, "in this, as in many other instances, you have overreached yourself. Your plans never seem to come out well."

"I believe," replied Mrs. Delisle, "your father's notions of things are, after all, the best, and I shall pay more regard to them in the future. Mary Jane, be sure you tell him no particulars of Mrs. Winfield's visit."

The Life of the Soldier.

MR. C——n was too much of a politican to have any deep sympathy or respect for a soldier educated to his profession. Indeed, so lively was his distrust of every officer who had been in the regular army, that he would, at times, treat with indifference, and even with discourtesy, men whose services the country needed most.

He was inclined, also, to underrate the merits of his own countrymen, and to give precedence to foreigners. Mr. C., as well as his successor, was unfortunate in falling into the popular error of his party, that fighting battles and gaining victories was the business of politicians and reformers, and that if you gave a soldier an odd job now and then, when his sword got rusty, it was merely to have him show how far he was behind the spirit of the times. All history teaches that the badly educated politician lives in continual fear of the overshadowing figure of the soldier. The good soldier may be a very useful thing to have at hand when there is immediate danger, when his firm nerve is necessary to the politician's safety. But, once the danger is over, the politician will mount his feathers and seek for a

closet, where he can keep the soldier until it suits his convenience to give him another job. The man who has sought and gained political power, over a road both crooked and muddy; who never had a conscience to accuse him when selling the souls of some men, and buying the votes of others, is not the man to appreciate the spirit of chivalry which rules in the heart of every true soldier. His thoughts are fettered and his actions narrowed by the very means he was forced to use to gain his position, which he holds without finding any real favor in the hearts of the people, such being secured only where there is true worth.

I must here, at this time and place, relate some pleasing memories of the First New York Cavalry. It has been charged, and very unjustly I think, that Mr. Wood had selfish motives in thus setting up for a political saint; that his regiment was raised, not so much to put down rebellion, as to keep life in political enterprises he had invested capital in, and which he was afraid would be swept into the dead sea of the past. But it must be remembered that all great and good men have in all ages been charged with selfishness, and I see no good reason why Mr. Wood should not be added to the long list of worthy persons who have been martyrs to their intentions, rather than heroes to their ambition. Strange to say, the officers all seemed to repudiate their great benefactor, against whom several of them pronounced maledictions I would protest against their writing on my tombstone. This I charged to the ingratitude common among

mankind, and not to any want of integrity shown by Mr. Wood when he squared his account current with the regiment. But as Mr. Wood will not thank me for writing either his political or military history, and fearing lest my labor of love may be lost on the reader, I will return to the Union Defense Committee.

I have said we got no money from this committee. We did. After several applications to other members, General Dix generously came forward in our behalf and procured for us the sum of five hundred dollars. Small as this sum was, considering the magnitude of our enterprise and the obligations we had already incurred, it came like a fresh gleam of sunlight through dark and discouraging clouds, cheering our spirits, and giving new life to our energies. The committee had, perhaps, good reasons for not giving us more. Some of its members told us what had become a stale story: "It was not certain that cavalry would be called for. The authorities at Washington had advised raising infantry and artillery for immediate use. And cavalry regiments were so expensive; volunteer cavalry could not be depended on, and the country we had to operate in was not suited to the maneuvering of mounted troops." Such were the objections we had to overcome and work against.

But we had lost O'Meara, one of our best spirits. Frank, outspoken, manly in his every act, and with as true a heart as ever beat in a brave Irishman, he had served his country faithfully in the field when

his superiors had turned traitors. Like a good patriot, he was again impatient to show his strength in doing battle for her cause. He had given us his services willingly, and without remuneration, and his prompt, soldierlike bearing had endeared him to us all. Being doubtful of our success, he was offered and accepted a commission in the Tammany regiment, with which, as I have said before, he distinguished himself for great coolness and bravery.

Our group of leading spirits, as assembled of a morning in the little office at Palace Gardens, to talk over the affairs of the nation, and our own troubles, would have formed a fine subject for the pencil of Eastman Johnson. There was the meditative Stearns, his bright bald head and his kindly face; never out of temper, and ready to accept disappointment without a sigh, to look at the bright side of everything, and never say give up while there was a hope.

Harkins, who had played on many a stage, was ready now to entertain us with his amusing stories, his quaint humor, and his inspiriting laugh. Active and impulsive, he would make various incursions into Jersey; recount the wonderful progress our regiment was making to his friends there, and come away with a number of their names on his roll. And these pleasant adventures after recruits he would recount to us in the morning, in his amusing style. There, too, was Bailey, whom we had all come to love for his cool *nonchalance*, his activity, and his genial qualities, and his readiness to invite us all to the *Woodbine* over the way, where he would spend his last dollar

for what is known among the soldiers as "brotherly love," to keep their spirits up. And there was Leavitt, (the indomitable Tom) never behind any man when there was work to be done. The handsome Harry Hidder, rather impatient to get to the field, so prim in his attire, his black, piercing eyes warm with intelligence, and a curl of manly contempt on his lips for those who were desponding and ready to give up the enterprise in despair. Fancy this group forming a half circle, with the soldierly Ogle (well known in the regular army) for a central figure, and you have a band of as companionable and genial spirits as ever sat together, discoursing their future prospects in the field. Nor must I forget to mention a group that usually assembled outside and held their deliberations on the pavement. This was composed of the big politician, whom the wits inside had begun to use as a fit subject for their jokes, and whose wonderful stories of himself had ceased to have effect, except on the mind of some new recruit. The melancholy man in black, who had taught cavalry tactics over the border, and was always in a desponding mood, was sure we never could raise the regiment, solely because we did not follow his advice. Between the big politician and the melancholy man there had sprung up a fellow-feeling which it was difficult to understand or appreciate, since they were opposite, mentally and physically. The one had a big saber, and wore long, square-toed boots. The other had been a hero in the Mexican War. The little dark-visaged major of Venezuelan fame, fraternized with

this outside group, and, indeed, gave light and shade, if not picturesqueness, to it. He was always ready to join the big politician over his cups, but would never agree with him on a question of arms. And he would dispute for an hour with the melancholy man over horseflesh, and his skill in the use of the saber.

I noticed that all three of these distinguished officers were much more inclined to waste time in disputes on their own skill, than to engage in the more urgent business of bringing in recruits. The best recruiting officers were those freest from self-laudation.

Hidder would attend of a morning to the recruits, inspire them with confidence as to our success, and whisper such words of encouragement in their ears as would make them feel impatient to be in the field. If the recruit were an old soldier, he was sure to want a dollar or two. He must drink our health; he must have success to our regiment in a square drink or two with a comrade, who had served with him during some war in Europe. If there were a few shillings left, he would use it in first wetting the comrade's eye, and then fastening him on the rolls. In this way, the old soldiers would empty Harry's pockets, for he had a kind heart, and could not resist the appeal of a soldier. It must be remembered, also, that at that day men were not bought to serve their country with corrupting bounties.

Through the exertions of Ogle, Bailey, and Jones, Company A was nearly full. Todd was encouraging his recruits with a few dollars each, and being

popular with his men, was nearly ready to muster in. Harkins wanted but a few men to complete his number, and Stearns and Hidder, both ready to help a friend when he needed, had got a large number of men enrolled. Some of the officers looked on Stearns' men with longing eyes, and would occasionally send an old soldier into their ranks, with a view to making them comrades in his own company. And this the old soldier generally did, with a few glasses of whisky, and a dollar or two. These little raids were conducted with perfect good nature, and as the sweet spirit of love ruled paramount in Stearns' character, he was generally selected as the subject of them.

About this time, a little boyish and beardless man, of the name of Bennett, brought a company down from Syracuse, where he had raised it. I doubt if Syracuse will ever sufficiently repay Captain Bennett for relieving her of that motley collection of men, many of whom must have been a terror to the place. The question was frequently asked, where this young, innocent-looking man, who dressed with scrupulous care, had picked up such a combination of human nature in its lowest form. Hogarth could not have drawn a better cartoon of human depravity as pictured in the faces of these men. There was the model Bowery boy, as we used to see him twenty years ago, with his oily head, his expansive garments, and his love for brass buttons. There, too, was the thick-framed and bullet-headed shoulder-hitter, ready always to settle a private quarrel with friend or foe. There, too, was the wild, ungovernable

youth, the misfortune of his parents, who were glad to get him into the army, as a fit place to reform his morals. These men seemed never without a quarrel. Indeed, the company enjoyed a perpetual state of war, and when its members were not fighting among themselves, which was seldom, they were disturbing the peace of the neighborhood. Their officers had no control over them, and an attempt to enforce discipline entailed a risk they were not willing to undertake. Indeed, the officers were inclined to treat their men on those terms of equality common among men in a country town, but which cannot be carried into the army without destroying discipline. And here let me mention that the class of men I have just described are rarely to be depended on in battle.

Captain Harkins was the first to fill his company, and after the excitement incident to the election of officers, which in many cases was a mere matter of form, the men were marched to the arsenal in Center Street, and the process of mustering in gone through. With some men, mustering in is a test of courage. The timid see in it a solemn obligation to serve the country as a soldier for a term of years, to submit to all the rigors of martial law, to undergo all the vexations and hardships of camp life, to face death in battle, and—which is more trying to the patriotic spirit of every honest soldier—to submit tamely to the tyranny and insults of officers unfit, as well by birth as education, to be their superiors. Many a man, anxious to do his part in putting down the rebellion, ponders these things over in his mind, until

poor, inoffensive-looking baker, on his way to his master's customers with a basket of loaves. The poor baker was frightened out of his wits, and lustily pleaded the necessity of getting bread to his master's customers in time for dinner. He was told that he would get five dollars to come and be sworn in for a soldier; after that he might go where he pleased. But he was not inclined to understand this way of making a bargain. He declared he did not want to go for a soldier; was, indeed, a poor but honest man; had a family of small children, with stomachs to fill, and would never get absolution if he took an oath he did not intend to respect. The absolution seemed to trouble him the most. But the sergeant and his comrades were insensible to these appeals, and while one took charge of his basket of loaves, the others brought him by force into the building, where they threatened to hang him unless he consented to be sworn in as a trooper. The poor fellow consented at last, though in great fear that this was only a plan to deprive him of his liberty. Indeed, it was with great difficulty he could be kept from breaking away during the ceremony of mustering in. When it was over, he was given the five dollars, and speedily went about his business, declaring, by the saints, he would never be caught in such a scrape again. Many amusing incidents of this kind might be related, showing to what straits we were at times put, to get one or two men to fill up a company.

The time had now come for mustering in Company A, about which the big politician had caused us so

much delay and trouble. We had seen nothing of either him, or the melancholy man in black, for several days, and fears were entertained, not that they had taken final leave of us, but that they had carried off the little bugler for some selfish purpose. It was very well understood that no man could blow his own trumpet better than the big politician, and what need the melancholy man in black could have for the little bugler, unless it was to carry his weighty saber, none of us could tell. Nor could we understand the remarkable and deep sympathy existing between the melancholy man and the big politician, for while the latter was a man of huge stomach and small brain, a Falstaff in vanity, and exceedingly illiterate, the former was a man of cultivated tastes; indeed, he was something of an artist, as well as a poet, and was given to writing sonnets to ladies, and painting flowers for their albums. Just as the company was about to proceed to the election of officers, we were all surprised to see the big politician come tramping into the circle, in all his magnificence, followed by the melancholy man in black and the little shark-mouthed bugler. He stood expanding himself for a few minutes; then began circulating among, and conversing with, the men. One or two of them assured him he was immensely popular with every man in the company, and would undoubtedly be elected their captain. This gave him encouragement. He was sure they could not desire a more war-like leader, and he warned them not to forget how great a responsibility they were about to assume, and how necessary it

was that they elect men of first-rate military talent, and gentlemen, for officers. Such qualities, he was proud to say, he had been told he possessed, but that was neither here nor there; he had seen service in Mexico.

Now the men of this company were remarkable for their intelligence, and received what the big politician said as a very good off-set to the joke they were attempting to play on him. Indeed, they induced him to write a vote for every man, to whom he gave particular instructions what to do with it. But to the great surprise of all those not in the secret, when the votes came to be opened and counted, they were all for Ogle, who was proclaimed captain, with loud cheers.

IN CAMP.

Our little town under canvas, as it nestled among the deep green foliage and under the breezy shade of the tall trees of Elm Park, was fast filling up with a strange mixture of people. It began, too, to put on a busy and military air. The Germans and Americans had drawn well defined lines of demarkation, and indeed pitched their tents on separate ground. There were Austrians, Prussians, and Hungarians composing the former; and, as a natural result, there was at times some bad blood manifested between the nationalities. The Irish and Scotch joined the American companies; the former always being ready for a fight with "the Dutchmen," as

they called the Germans. Now and then they amused us with a little tongue-fight across the street, in which sundry challenges would be sent and returned; an Irishman offering to bet a bottle of whisky—of which dangerous fluid he had taken a little too much—that he could whip six Dutchmen; or a German offering to bet a keg of lager that he could whip ten Irishmen before eating his supper. Sometimes these tongue battles ended with an Irishman and a Dutchman being sent to the guard-house, to keep company and cultivate more friendly relations. Not unfrequently these quarrels were in pantomime of the fiercest description, one party not understanding a word of what the other said.

This camp life has its quaint lights and shades. It develops and brings boldly out all the good and bad qualities of men—all their virtues and their vices. Here the gentle and generous nature performs its mission of good for others. Here the firm will and the stout heart of the physically weak rise superior, and arrest their dignity over the man of coarse nature. Strange associations are formed in camp; warm, sincere, and enduring friendships spring up between men, and will be remembered and cherished through life. Charity takes a broader range in camp; heart meets heart in all its longings; strangers from a distance meet to become friends and brothers; tent shares its bread and its bottle with tent next door, and the faults and follies of men are judged in a more generous and Christian spirit than that which rules in higher places. Here,

over a pipe, after taps, the man who has roamed over the world in search of fortune, relates his strange adventures to his listening companions, whose sympathies he touches and whose bounty he is sure to share, for the world's unfortunates always find a warm friend in the true soldier. In camp, as our army is composed, rich and poor meet in the ranks as equals, and the educated and the ignorant find shelter under one tent. They are here as brothers, enlisted for a common purpose, to stand shoulder to shoulder against a fierce enemy, and fight to preserve the very life of their country. And the arm finds strength when sure that true friends are near.

We had reached that stage when the realities of a soldier's life, and what was before us during the three years of our enlistment, became subjects of conversation. What dangers we would have to share, what hardships we should have to undergo, what scenes of blood to witness, and perhaps participate in; how many of us would fall in battle, or die of disease and neglect; how many of us would return to recount in pleasant homes all the vicissitudes of war our regiment had passed through, were subjects of contemplation as well as conversation.

These subjects, too, were much enlarged by the old soldiers, who found apparent delight in exciting the fears of the timid and hesitating. Love, also, had leaped the gates of our camp, and we had more than one case where the tender passion was yielding to the charm of Mars. Every fine afternoon, a pretty,

elastic-stepping girl of eighteen used to come tripping over the lawn, her black braided hair arranged in such beautiful folds, and her eyes beaming with love and tenderness, to see one of our handsome captains. We had several, and they were just out in bright new uniforms, which gave them quite a soldierly appearance. The other captains envied this one the beautiful captive he was soon, as report had it, to carry off. He would meet her half way down the lawn, and there was something for a bachelor to envy in the sweet smile that played over her pale, oval face as the distance shortened between them. Then there was the warm, hearty shake of the hand; he had a sly but honest way of imprinting a kiss on her peachy cheek. And there were other little love tokens, so tenderly expressed, that it needed only a glance to read in them how truly heart was speaking to heart. She would always bring him some little present. Then they would stroll together to the tent door, and sit talking their heart secrets until some duty called him away. I have seen her sit working some piece of worsted for him, her soft eyes looking up lovingly in his face, as his hand stole under her shawl, and almost unconsciously around her waist. And then he bid her such an envied good-bye, as he left her at the gate, and waved his handkerchief, as she turned when half down the lane to toss a last fond adieu for the night. This was the high noon of their love dream, and heaven was sweetening the enchantment with the perfume of flowers.

And there was a pretty, blue-eyed blonde, with round cherub-like face, and curls the breeze used to play with, as she came tripping with such artless gaiety down the lawn, to see one of our dashing lieutenants. Her tight-fitting boddice, cut after the fashion of a habit, gave a bewitching roundness to her form; and there was something so childish, so artless in her manners, that it seemed as if heaven had blessed her with the sweetest of natures. We called her the June flower of our camp, and gave her a hearty welcome, for her presence was like bright sunshine after a dark storm. She brought the young lieutenant flowers, put his tent in order, and rollicked about with the air of a girl just from school. And the young lieutenant was so proud of her, patted her so gently on the shoulder, and spoke in such tones of kindness. And when they parted, I could see that a feeling of sadness invaded her light heart, for a tear would brighten, like a diamond, in her blue eyes, and then write the story of her love down her cheeks, as she went away.

Our camp at times would also be enlivened by an aged, leather-faced woman, in big spectacles. Armed with a bundle of tracts, she would distribute them among us, tell us what the Lord was doing for us, and how we would need his help in battle, and must pray to him, and read the tract before we slept. This aged lady was in no very high favor with our parson, (we had got both a parson and a doctor) who regarded her efforts as an infringement of his right to get us all made christians in his own way.

Nor did the doctor and the parson quite agree as to the best way to save the souls of soldiers. Indeed, they too often had their little differences as to what sort of medicine would best improve the spiritual and physical condition of the men. But the doctor generally got the best of it, for he was active and skillful, and what was more, gained favor with the men by setting them good examples; while the parson, eloquent enough in speech and prayer, was weak in the flesh, and so given to the bottle as to become its slave.

Love also had its votaries among our German companions across the road. A little, frisky Dutchwoman, with a bright, bulging forehead, a face like an over-fed doll, and dressed in pink and blue, would come of an afternoon to see little Bob, the light-horseman. Bob was now a lieutenant, had a tender and generous heart, and never went into a neighborhood without falling in love with all the small women in it. There was no happier being in this world than Bob, when the little, frisky Dutch woman sat at his side, in front of his tent, with empty beer kegs for seats. She always brought something good for Bob, which they enjoyed with the addition of a bottle of Rhine wine. The captains, too, had their jolly, buxom wives, who came and spent the day, setting their husbands' tents in order, preparing good dinners, and adding an air of cheerfulness to the camp. Indeed, our German side of the camp seemed to be in favor with the women, who brought abundance of good cheer to their friends.

While we were quietly smoking our pipes at headquarters one morning, news came that the big politician had been seen down town, in a military cap and yellow stripes down his breeches. This had a look of cavalry in it. Ogle cast a glance at Harkins, Stearns exchanged a sad expression of face with Hidder, Harry turned to Bailey, and shaking his head, said "if there is any manhood left in the fellow, he won't make another attempt to get into this regiment."

"He will," said the man who brought the news, "he is doing it now. He has got authority from the Colonel to raise a company of Germans for this regiment, and, as he won't understand a word they say, much happiness may he have with them. And I can tell you this, too," continued the man knowingly, "he is raising money from citizens to pay his recruiting expenses."

"Money!" interrupted one of the company "why, where is the fortune he has been boasting about? Like his common sense, we have not seen the color of it yet."

The news was indeed true, and cast a feeling of sadness over the camp, since it foreshadowed the fact that a man was to be forced upon us whose presence in the regiment was sure to keep it in perpetual trouble. That a man so very unacceptable to the Americans, and who had been rejected by them, should have been authorized to raise a company of men whose language he could not speak, showed too plainly that some grave wrong was to be perpetrated.

Now there was a man among the Germans, named Gustave Otto, a Quixotic sort of person, who had dashed about in a gay uniform, big spurs, and a dangling saber, and otherwise assumed the mighty man of war. Otto had served in the cavalry in Europe, knew something of the tactics, and was, so far as looks went, a soldier. But he was inclined to be cruel, and had an excessively bad temper, which led him into frequent quarrels with his countrymen. He aspired to the captaincy of one of the German companies, but failing to get a vote when they were organized, he was left outside. In truth, the men were afraid of him, just as ours were of the big politician. These two men now joined interests, and with the addition of the melancholy man, who still wore his black clothes, formed a sort of mutual sympathy society; for I must here mention that the last named gentle man, having failed to get a position in the regiment, had taken to writing poetry of a heavy order. This trio of forsaken men now held frequent meetings, discussed their misfortunes over frothy lager, and were joined by the parson, who evinced remarkable sympathy for them, and would share their cups until his mind got into a lofty mood.

To tell the truth, Father Ruley had a free use of blarney when under the influence of his cups, and it was seldom he was not.

"Faith, gentlemen, there never was such injured men as yourselves since the world began. Leave the matter to me, and I'll have the three of you generals after the war 's over," he would say.

But if they found sympathy in the parson, they were as thoroughly hated by the doctor, who was a man of courage, and said what he thought of them to their faces. I verily believe he would have found pleasure in making a pill to send them all to the devil, and end the mischief. He was willing to excuse the parson's getting a little tipsy at times, but he would have him look better after the souls of men, that being the business the country paid him for.

OFF FOR THE FIELD.

The 25th of August was a bright and sunny day; from early morning there had been great bustle and confusion in camp, and by ten o'clock we were moving into Fourteenth Street, to form a line previous to embarking, our right resting on Union Square. The American companies were on the ground first. The men were afoot, the officers mounted. Then our German friends joined us, with an extraordinary flourish of trumpets, making quiet people along the road stare and wonder. Then began the business of forming a line. Some wanted the German battalion on the left, others wanted it in the center. The German battalion was inclined to suit itself, and took position on the right. The melancholy man had been appointed adjutant, in consideration of his disappointment. His boots came nearly up to his waist, his spurs were of extraordinary length, and the horse he rode was remarkable

for much bone and little flesh. He had brought his trusty saber with him, and thus mounted, he presented a figure few could have contemplated with serious face. This business of forming a regimental line was new to the adjutant, who was not a little confused, and went clattering and tilting down the line, now shouting and flourishing his saber, now reining in his horse suddenly and bringing the poor animal to his haunches, now stopping to inquire of some more experienced officer what he should do next. What one told him was right, another told him was wrong; one cursed him for not doing what another cursed him for doing, till at length the poor man became so confused as not to know what he was doing, and his horse, that had knocked down a dozen or so of the bystanders, was nearly exhausted.

Then the big politician, affecting to assist the discomfited adjutant, went dancing over the ground with his horse, now being up on the right of the line, now on the left, and returning the salutations of ladies who waved their handkerchiefs from adjacent windows. He had friends, he said, in all those houses, and when the ladies waved their handkerchiefs he knew they were friends of his, and it would be very unkind of any *military* gentleman not to return their salute.

The poor adjutant had exhausted his wits and his knowledge of the tactics, and still there was disorder in the ranks. He could not get the regiment into line properly, and began cursing the big politician for his interference.

The little bugler now stepped out on the left, and blew numerous shrill blasts on his horn, by whose order, or for what purpose, not one of us knew. This brought out the fat Dutch bugler on the right, who returned the compliment by sounding an officers' assembly call. This brought the German officers galloping and shouting to the front, where they joined the Americans, and formed opposite the center. A flourish of trumpets by the three buglers, and the adjutant turned, saluted the colonel, and reported the regiment in line. The band then struck up and played a march, ladies waved their hankerchiefs and pressed forward, and the crowd filled up the space necessary for maneuvering the regiment.

Then we had an oratorical entertainment of rare quality. A few kind friends had bought a horse for the colonel, and it would not do to present him without a speech; and Richard Busteed, Esq., better known as General Busteed, Governor of Yorktown, etc., etc., was called on to do us this high honor.

The general was on his highest horse that day; could build up a new kingdom, kill a rebel, fight a dozen battles, and win as many victories, in one sentence. Being a man of uncommon ingenuity, he spoke at the horse and the colonel, then at the country and the horse, for nearly an hour, and got the patriotism so confoundedly sandwiched in with the buncombe, that it was impossible to tell which had the better part. In the course of his speech, the speaker alluded to the gods and the devils; to Mars and Apollo; to glorious patriots, and rebels

with devilish intentions; to fields convulsed with the slain, and red with glory; and to the terrible part this regiment would have to play in preserving the life of the nation. In short, according to the speaker, some one connected with the regiment was to do a great deal of fighting, and kill a great many of the enemy; but whether it was the horse or the colonel, was not quite clear. But the men repaid the speech with a great many cheers, and when he was done, the colonel mounted the horse, and thanking his friends for their valuable present, gave us a long speech, in which the state of the nation was strangely mixed up with the exploits to be performed by the Lincoln Cavalry.

It was high noon when the colonel ended his speech; and now the time for parting was come. Husbands kissed their wives, caressed their children, as the parting tear wrote their heart's tale, and "God bless and protect you!" came trembling from their lips. Many a young lover kissed his sweetheart slyly, shook her hand warmly, and lisped that good-bye in which love speaks to love, and future hopes and joys brighten even in the hour of darkness.

It was, indeed, the heart's day of trial to many a young man and woman, and tears were writing honest tales of love down their cheeks. There, weeping, was our airy little June flower, the gentle breeze playing with her golden locks. The bright, smiling face that had so often shed its pleasing radiance over our camp, was now turned to take a last look at him on whom all the affections of her heart were fixed.

And truly she had fixed her heart upon one worthy of her, for he was a young man of handsome figure, and God had blessed him with a noble nature. And there were other fair friends whose hearts were with us in the war, and who had come to share with us such bounties as heaven had blessed them with, and these were to cheer the soldier on his journey. And while their hands brought us good cheer, their lips breathed prayers that a merciful God would watch over and protect us in the day of conflict.

Among these messengers of mercy was the good Mrs. Kirkland, who went about among the men, distributing havelocks, and other little things necessary to their comfort. Nor must I forget to mention the diminutive little Dutch woman who had found the idol of her heart in Bob, the light-horseman. She had come to bid him a last good-bye, and her sorrow seemed uncontrollable. Indeed, her sorrow had so much affected Bob that he mounted his horse with a tear in his eye and a heavy heart.

General Stoneman was chief of cavalry at this time, and, annoyed at the delay that had been caused, he sent a peremptory order to organize the regiment and get it into working shape. This was the signal for as great an excitement in our camp as if a shell from the enemy's battery had exploded in it. Captain Frederick Von Shickpess, than whom the service had not a better officer, was appointed lieutenant-colonel; Ogle was nominated for major of the first battalion, and Captain Hourand (a German) for the second. No objection was made to these ap-

pointments—indeed, they were good and proper; but, to the surprise of every one, the name of the big politician was added for major of the third. This was a new and novel way of making a major—of raising over the heads of officers of higher rank, and forcing upon the regiment, a man in every way unfitted for the position, and who never could be got to learn or attend to the duties of a soldier; and whose appearance in the regiment, as experience proved, was fatal to good order and discipline. Against this outrage a strong protest was drawn up by the officers, with Major Ogle at their head. The officers gathered into Ogle's tent to hear him read the protest, in which the big politician was described as an incubus, a man much given to mischief, much wanting in common sense, and not to be trusted in an enemy's country, where the lives of loyal and brave men would be more exposed by traitors in our own ranks than enemies in arms on our front. Before sending this to the Colonel, the big politician was invited into the tent, and came smiling and brushing his hair, as if he expected to be the recipient of a compliment.

"Lieutenant," said Ogle, "we have sent for you, on business not of the most agreeable kind—"

"It does n't matter," replied the politician, "I am accustomed to kicks, and never take them as unkind when I know a man 's a particular friend."

"You have resolved," continued Ogle, "to honor this regiment with your presence; and, believing that you are neither fit for a soldier, nor an honest man —that you could do the service much harm and no

good—that this regiment would be better without you—we have subscribed to this protest." Here he read, in a loud voice and with clear emphasis, what I have before stated. The politician shook his head, listened, and trembled in his boots.

"I'd have you know it is no compliment to a man," said the politician, "to set him down for a fool; and no one said I was not an honest man when I had the honor of holding a position in the New York Custom House—"

"A night watchman, I suppose," interrupted Ogle.

"As for your opposition to me, this I can tell you: I do not intend to stay but a week or two in the regiment. As to the position of major, it will only serve me until I am made a general, which I will soon show you I have friends enough to do," continued the big politician, who hereafter will be known as Major Von Flopp.

The protest was sent, but it failed to produce any effect, for our good-natured Colonel put it into his pocket, and there it remained. Then, too, Van Flopp remained, a political fact, forced on the regiment to destroy its usefulness; just as politicians of more mental capacity were making mischief, destructive to the whole army. A remonstrance against this strange proceeding, signed by a large number of the officers, was sent to Gen. McClellan, praying that he would take such action as would relieve us from the burden about to be forced upon us. The General acted promptly in the matter, and an order

soon came directing the Colonel to make an inquiry into the matter, and report. This order produced great fluttering in camp for a day or so, and Van Flopp began to think his prospects of being soon made a general of were at an end. But I have noticed, in the volunteer service, that it is one thing to issue an order, and quite another to have it obeyed. The inquiry was never made, and General McClellan's order, like the protest, found a quiet sleeping place in the Colonel's pocket. Promotions are made in this way.

INTO VIRGINIA.

We struck tents on the morning of the 10th of October, and moved over into Virginia. The weather was damp and the roads heavy, but the men were in fine spirits, and amused themselves by cheering each camp they passed on the road, and singing patriotic songs.

We had marched about six miles, when the whole column was thrown into a state of excitement by the shrill sound of a bugle in our rear. This was followed by the sharp tramp of hoofs, the clashing of sabers, and the shouts of horsemen. On looking in the direction the sound came from, three horsemen were seen emerging from a wood we had passed a few minutes before, and advancing down a hill at full speed. The officer in command of the rear guard halted his men, and formed across the road,

ready to receive the strangers, and hear what account they had to give of themselves. That they were on a mission demanding the quickest execution, and had important orders, not one of us doubted. Judge then of our disappointment, when I say that, as they came up, their horses reeking with foam, he who rode ahead was recognized as our little bugler. And this roving fellow was followed by no less a person than Major Von Flopp, who in turn was followed by his new servant, an unsightly negro, who had a pair of long, wabbling legs, was without hat or shoes, and rode a lean, gray horse, with a heavy, old-fashioned rocking chair secured behind.

And here I may mention that this venerable chair was a piece of property Major Von Flopp was transporting to the field, to carry out a maxim that he had often asserted, that no really good trooper ought to go to war without furniture to make himself comfortable. In truth, the major had so much furniture with him, that it was evident he intended to make a permanent settlement somewhere in the sunny country, and at no distant day.

A few minutes more, and the major had his faithful bugler by his side, his servant and the big chair mounted. Then there was a shrill blast; all three were mounted, and away they went, alarming all the timid people along the road; the little bugler blowing his horn every few minutes, warning all wayfarers to make way for his master. It was well on in the evening, tattoo was being sounded, the countersign had been given out, roll had been called, and

no one had seen or heard anything of Major Von Flopp, whose tent still lay on the ground, unpitched. One and another began to inquire for him, and fears were entertained that he had kept on into the enemy's lines, and been captured. In that event, we should have to regret the loss of Crump, the little bugler.

The guard at the crossing was interrogated, and such information there obtained as led to search being made for the major and his men at a neighboring farm-house. And there he was found, having engaged comfortable lodgings for himself and men. The officers who went in search of him happened to look in at the window, before entering, and to their great amusement, discovered the major in his shirt-sleeves, working away at an old-fashioned churn, assisting the good lady to make her butter.

The woman, who was anything but prepossessing, and plainly clad, sat rocking herself in the major's big chair, while the little bugler was busy washing the supper dishes, and the negro servant lay stretched before a blazing fire, his feet nearly into the ashes, and his head on a big, shaggy dog.

The major expressed great surprise when the officers entered, ceased his work at the churn, and made haste to put on his uniform.

"What has brought you here at this hour?" inquired the major, reproachfully, and at the same time wiping the splashes of cream from his nether garments. "This is no time to be away from your regiment."

"We are in search of you, major," replied one of them, "and have orders to bring you in arrest to camp."

"Arrest a superior officer!" returned the major. "You can't practice a trick like that on me. This poor woman is in great distress. Her husband is away in the Confederate army, and she has no one left to protect her—"

"Them 'ere sodgers o' yourn," interrupted the woman, increasing her rocking, "give me a right big skaar when they com'd 'ere fust. Done me a right smart heap o' harm since, tew. Ha'n't got a pig nor a sheep, and only one keow left."

"There, now," interposed the major, "you hear the poor woman's own story. Did' n't ask you to believe me. I considered it a soldier's duty to protect this poor woman. If the enemy comes to-night you will know where to find me."

"He's bin mighty kind to me, this 'ere gentleman has," replied the woman. "That 'ere butter he was a churnin' is the first I've made for more nor a month."

Here the major made an attempt to turn the conversation by saying his battalion had not treated him well, and he thought to punish it by making his head-quarters at some distance away. But the woman was not to be silenced by this interruption.

"Used to work at the millinery business. Arn'd a right smart heap of money at it afore the war broke out—did. Gentleman says he 'll set me up in the business if I 'll go with your regiment to Rich-

mond. Husband's in the Third Virginny. Would go anywhar to see him."

The officers resolved among themselves that the major's slumbers should not be very tranquil, and, indeed, had concocted a plan to disturb him. It was after midnight. The Grand Army of the Potomac slept undisturbed along the hills of Arlington, and the stillness that hung over the broad landscape was broken only by the hoarse voice of some weary sentinel demanding the countersign. Suddenly the shrill notes of a bugle sounding the alarm were heard. The men responded quickly, and in a few minutes the camp was all astir. Rumor had it that the enemy, meditating a suprise, had advanced and driven in our pickets. Major Ogle and several other officers were seen in a group near the headquarters, their horses saddled and ready to mount. The bugles sounded "Boots and Saddles," and the call was quickly responded to, for there was great rivalry among the companies to see which should be be ready to mount first. And when the line was formed and mounted, the little bugler appeared in camp, to inquire for Major Von Flopp what was the matter in camp, and if the battalion he had the honor to command needed his services.

The little bugler was sent back to say that the enemy was rapidly advancing in strong force, and as the fight was likely to be a desperate one, there was great need that Major Von Flopp should be here to command his battalion.

The major not making his appearance within a

reasonable time, the regiment wheeled by fours, and moved out on the little river turnpike about two miles. It now began to return by a different road, and when about a hundred rods from the little farm house where Von Flopp had taken lodgings, a company was sent ahead at a gallop, to surround and surprise the inmates. The heavy tramp of the horses made the ground tremble, and set all the curs in the neighborhood barking. The officers, having reached the house, dismounted and knocked heavily at the door.

"Who 's there?" inquired a feminine voice.

"Confederate officers, with a portion of the Confederate army," was the quick reply. "It has been reported that your house is a resort for Yankee officers."

The good woman opened the door quickly, and in a delirium of joy thanked heaven that her hopes had been realized; asked certain questions concerning her husband, when they had left Richmond, and if they had come to drive the cursed Yankees out of Virginia, to all of which the officers gave satisfactory answers.

"And now," continued the good woman, lowering her voice to a whisper, "thar a'n't much in the house, but you shall hev the best I got." Then touching one of the officers on the arm, she drew him aside, saying, "There 's two on 'em in the house now, and a nigger tew, under the bed in t' other room."

The officer was quick to take the hint, for an invitation to enter the room was just what he wanted.

Then taking the candle from her hand, he motioned his comrades, and they proceeded cautiously into the room. After casting about for several minutes, for it would not be polite to make the exposure too soon, a pair of remarkably long legs and feet, stockingless and bootless, were discovered, protruding from under a bed in one corner of the room. But they were black and crusty, and could not belong to Major Von Flopp. The owner of them, however, was commanded to discover himself, which he did after the manner of a tortoise backing out of his hole. When the tall figure of the negro stood erect, he was in a sorry plight. He was commanded to give an account of his master.

"My mas'r? My mas'r? He stowed away in dar, boss, in dar," said he, in an agitated voice, and pointed under the bed.

They now began to draw forth sundry old blankets and quilts. Then they made divers thrusts with their swords, and other demonstrations of doing serious bodily harm to whomsoever was concealed there. At length a voice cried out, "Heavens, gentlemen, spare my life, and I surrender to you, a prisoner of war!" Then the major's ponderous figure came rolling out from under the bed.

"I was only here," he said, "to protect this poor woman and her property." And he rose to his feet, and stood amazed at the appearance of his captors, in whom he recognized not Confederates, but three officers of the first battalion. The major shook his head, and sat down in his rocking-chair; and never was man so disturbed in his dignity.

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"You may think this all very fine, gentlemen," said he, looking askance at his captors, "but I am no such fool as you would make me appear before this good woman."

"So, so!" interrupted the woman; "then they a'n't our officers. You Yankees beats all for bein' cute." The woman discovered the serious mistake she had committed, and was inclined to make amends for the doubtful quality of her loyalty.

"I 'm a gentleman," resumed the major, "and not to be trifled with in this way. There shall be a court of inquiry into this matter. I have read the regulations, and am sure there 's nothing in them that permits the dignity of a field officer to be outraged in this manner."

An end was put to this colloquy by one of the officers threatening that unless the major immediately packed up his traps, and accompanied him to camp, force would be called in to compel obedience to the order. Search being made for the little bugler, he was found among the branches of an apple tree hard by. And now, all being ready, the truant party were mounted on their animals and marched to the road, where the regiment was halted.

No sooner had the men caught sight of the major's portly figure than they sent up cheers and groans without stint, for they saw in him the object they had been sent out to capture. The regiment now returned to camp in the very best of temper. And here we must leave the major, making an effort to pitch his tent, and procure shelter for the rest of the night.

The ruse served a good purpose: it proved how quickly the regiment could turn out on the sound of alarm, and also in what spirit the men were ready to face the enemy.

* * * * *

The country around Washington is remarkable for the picturesqueness of its hills and the beauty of its scenery. On one of the most prominent of these hills, and distinctly seen from Washington, stands Fairfax Seminary, distinguished before the war as one of the best conducted institutions of learning in Virginia. I doubt if our country affords a more charming view of hill and dale, than that seen from the cupola of this seminary.

When the Army of the Potomac lay stretched along these hills for a distance of twenty miles, with its showy paraphernalia flashing and gleaming on the oak-crowned slopes, the scene it presented was indeed grand and bewitching. The effect at night was beyond description, forming one of the most interesting subjects for study and contemplation. If you looked east, you had the dusky old city of Alexandria, with its faint, dreamy lights, seeming to sleep at your feet, and the almost motionless Potomac cutting through the background like a belt of silver. I ascended to the cupola one night to view the grand and rare scene, and shall never forget the effect it had on my feelings. There was no moon, but the stars were out in their brightest, and not a cloud tinged the clear blue sky; not a bugle sounded, nor a drum beat. A mysterious stillness hung over the

earth, that all at once seemed peopled with shadowy figures just transported from some fairy land. Far away in the north, signal rockets were going up, and mingling their bright colors with the brighter stars. Then the answers to these appeared, rising from those dark hills cutting the horizon in the direction of Fairfax Court House in the west, and sailed through the air like birds of exquisite plumage. Southwest and north, as far as the eye could penetrate, the bright, flitting shadows of twenty thousand camp-fires were adding enchantment to the already superb scene. Then a misty glow spread over the heavens, and in it each figure of this vast camp was reflected in the clearest outlines. Another change came. The misty glow rolled up into fleecy clouds, and the illusion became so strong that all sorts of figures in real shape seemed taking the place of dancing shadows. Again and again these gave place to what seemed chariots and steeds; to long lines of horse and artillery, surging forward, as if in pursuit of an enemy. Then came the soft, silvery notes of a bugle sounding tattoo on the far-off fort. Another and another bugler followed, the accustomed ear detecting their identity, and their strains sounding louder and louder, echoing and re-echoing over the hills in one grand chorus.

And when the bugle sounds had ceased, the bands struck up and played their martial airs, with such harmony and sweetness as made the broad landscape reverberate with melody.

Imagine, reader, if you can, what must have been

the effect of this grand and exciting night-scene, as seen when the earth was white with snow. I saw it once, and shall never forget it. The shadows of twenty thousand camp-fires, spread for twenty miles over a range of sloping hills, were flitting and dancing over the clear, crusty surface, and reflecting strangely on the misty heavens.

* * * * *

It was on the 4th of December, that a good deal of excitement was caused throughout the division, by the news that a man of our regiment had been captured, while deserting to the enemy. The man, William H. Johnson, was a private in Company D. He had been on picket near Benton's Tavern, and leaving his companion under pretense of watering his horse at a neighboring brook, deliberately proceeded to give himself up to the enemy.

Johnson was a man of weak intellect, with a downcast, but inoffensive countenance, and no doubt a bad man. But the many stories told of him at the time, and some of which got into the newspapers, were nothing less than the pure inventions of camp gossips. Johnson's parents resided in Louisiana, where he was, according to his own account, born and raised. Like many others of his class, he was leading a sort of vagabond life at the North when the war began, and only joined the army because it afforded him a quicker means of aiding the bad cause in which his heart was engaged. Justice was swift to overtake him, and bring his career of mischief to an end.

He had got but a short distance beyond our outer

picket line when he was met by a party of officers, of the First New Jersey Brigade, returning from an excursion outside our picket posts. Mistaking them for Confederates, a mistake they were quick to discover and take advantage of, he proceeded to give them a minute account of what he knew concerning the disposition of our forces, and more particularly the strength and position of our picket posts, exulting at the same time in his crime. When he had sufficiently convicted himself out of his own mouth, the officers discovered to him who they were, disarmed him, and brought him back a prisoner, a man than whom none could have been more wretched.

Johnson was arraigned before a court martial, of which Colonel N. J. Jackson, Fifth Maine Volunteers, was president, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot to death. General McClellan, in approving the sentence and fixing the day of execution, (the thirteenth of December) concluded his remarks with these words: "For simple desertion the penalty is death. For desertion coupled with such treachery there can be no mercy."

There are few things more solemn and touching than a military execution when properly conducted, and the present one, I venture to assert, has never been excelled for its force and impressiveness. The place of execution was a broad, level plain, just north of the seminary. Three o'clock was the hour for the division to be in position, but it was nearly four when all the troops had taken their places. The scene was then grand and imposing. Three

sides of a square were formed in double lines, the space between being twenty paces. General Slocum's brigade formed one side of the square, on the Leesburg turnpike; General Kearney's at right angles and resting on his right; and General Newton's formed the other side, the center facing west. Then the artillery formed on one side of the square, the cavalry on the other; General Franklin and his staff, the brigade generals and their staffs, making a brilliant display, took position beside the place of execution. Then a great crowd of spectators came, some in gay equipages, others afoot, all eager to witness the putting to death of this wretched man. The young, laughing girl and the grave senator mingled with painted harlots and their gaudily dressed companions.

The sad procession approached at last, and the impatient crowd pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the condemned. There was the music, and the provost-marshal and his aids, the wagon with the coffin, the prisoner and his priest, the carbineers, with reversed arms, and the escort. It began its solemn march by entering between the lines at the right of the division, the front battalions falling to the rear as it approached, and in that manner passed along to the extreme left, one band after another striking up and playing a dirge, with an effect not easily described. Now the procession halted at the place of execution. The last faint strains of music had died away. The prisoner crouched on the foot of his coffin, for he was overcome, and there was no

courage in his soul. The priest whispered a benediction and took a last farewell. The carbineers were at their places, a strange and solemn stillness prevailed, the red setting sun clothed the scene in mysterious shadows, mingling with the gleam of arms and giving deeper solemnity to the picture.

The marshal waved his handkerchief. It was the final signal. There was a flash, a crash of carbines, a wreath of pale white smoke cleared away, but the wretched man was not dead. At least, a groan had been heard, and the reserve was called up to finish the work of death.

* * * * *

The fine weather of early January was succeeded by the severest storms. To-day it would be freezing cold. To-morrow a drenching rain, filling the streams and overflowing the roads, would be accompanied by hail, sleet, and a fierce, cutting wind. Then snow would cover the ground, and the Army of the Potomac would lie for weeks buried in a mud trench. Mud churned up everywhere, as only mud can churn up in Virginia. Picket reliefs struggled and picked their way over fields and through woods to get to the outposts; subsistence wagons stuck in the mud; teamsters labored in mud knee-deep, and the poor animals plunged and struggled in vain to do their work. Mud-coverèd cavalrymen, their jaded animals dripping and reeking, presented the most forlorn appearance as they dragged and struggled in mud. Mud dragged into head-quarters, mud filled the log cabins and disfigured the tents;

the whole army struggled in mud. Artillery could not be moved, forage teams were stuck fast in the road, and our poor animals suffered and died for want of something to eat. And there was little change for the better until far into February. This severe weather had also a very bad effect on the men. Many of them were seized with fevers and other diseases peculiar to the climate, and our hospitals, not very well provided at that time, soon became filled with the sick. A peculiar feature of this effect of the climate was that its first victims were among those apparently the most robust and strong. Young men, tenderly brought up, accustomed to the indulgences of city life, appeared to preserve their health and endure the hardships of camp life best.

And here I must relate a curious result of the President's War Order No. 1.

I was picking my way from head-quarters to one of the officers' tents one morning, during a driving rain, when I discovered the figure of a man, apparently fast in the mud, for he remained almost motionless, and gave no heed to the storm. As I approached nearer, I discovered him to be Hugh McSourley. His back was to the storm, his body a little bent, his hands joined before him, and his countenance wore a downcast and dejected air.

"Is that you, McSourley?" I inquired; and he turned toward me with a look of sorrow, and shaking his head replied:

"It is, an' troth, an' sorry am I it is me. It's no good luck brought me here, Captain."

"You had better go to your tent, out of the storm," I continued. His Irish enthusiasm quickened, and his face brightened into a smile.

"How 'd I go to my tint, an' I ankered here to the mud?" he replied, making an effort to draw up his right foot, when I discovered the shackle that secured him to a ball and chain. I had rarely seen a more pitiable object, or one which touched my feelings more deeply. Hugh was a brave man, and not a bad man, except when his temper was troubled with whisky.

"I am sorry to see so good a soldier as you undergoing such severe punishment in this storm—"

"Faith, it might be worse, Captain," he interrupted, with a good-natured smile. "But won't the ribils pay for this, thin! Stay awhile, till I git 'em within lingth of my saber."

McSourley laid all his troubles at the door of the rebels. No matter how much he suffered, he found consolation in the promise that the rebels would have to pay for it when he got within saber reach of them. I confessed my inability to see how the rebels could have anything to do in bringing this punishment upon him.

"May the saints forgive me!" he exclaimed, raising his hands. "Would I be here only for the ribils? Bad luck to thim and the breed o' thim; and may the divil git 'm afore they git absolution." Here he made a desperate struggle to move forward, and with his hand extended in a threatening manner and with much earnestness, he ejaculated: "And

was n't it the likes of you, too, that brought me here?" I turned to see what had caused him this sudden agitation. It was a stalwart negro, passing a few paces behind me, to his master's tent. I remarked that, like himself, the poor negro was an object of sympathy.

"An' it 's a mighty lot of it they gits," he replied, quickly. "If the ribils had the naigurs, and the divil the pair o' thim, would n't I be home, living in pace wid the ould woman?"

I now endeavored to get from him what was the immediate cause of this punishment. Slipping his fingers into his vest pocket, he drew forth a small, dirty slip from a newspaper. "Perhaps ye 've read that before—anyhow, ye can read it again."

It was the President's remarkable War Order No. 1, and read thus:

President's Special War Order, No. 1.
EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, January 31st, 1862.

Ordered: That all the disposable force of the Army of the Potomac, after providing safely for the defense of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the immediate object of seizing and occupying a point upon the railroad, southeastward of what is known as Manassas Junction. All the details to be in the discretion of the Commander-in-chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22d day of February next.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I was still at a loss to see what this had to do with it, and told him so. He smiled, apparently at my innocence, and putting the bit of paper carefully back in his pocket, soon gave me to understand that

the President had in him a more sincere friend, and one ready to defend his authority with a stronger arm, than many of those who fawn about and flatter him in the hope of securing his favors.

Then, raising his right hand, he exclaimed, with an emphasis and depth of feeling I have rarely heard excelled: "A mighty curse upon your head, Finn McGinnis!"

"So, then, it was another fight between you and McGinnis, and whisky, I suppose, had something to do with it," I rejoined, making a motion to leave him, and ordering him to his tent.

"Stay, Captain, stay," said he anxiously, "an' I 'll tell ye all about it. There was a mighty dale o' talk in camp, as ye know, about Gineral Miklillin lavin us, and the President takin' a spell at commandin' the army. There was thim as said he could do the same, and there was thim as said that perhaps he could n't do that same. Och! the whole camp was mighty agitated—ye know that. And there was Corporal Rooney, and Private Teddy O'Brien, and Mr. McSourley, (meself, ye know) in the tent beyant, behavin' like gentlemen, when Finn McGinnis drops in, widout sayin' by your lave. 'Have yez heard the news, boys?' says he.

"'What news have ye now?' says I. 'Gineral Miklillin laid on the shelf, and the President himself to command the army. Much luck may he have wid his new occupation!' says Finn, radin' the President's order till us, and spakin' derogretory of the President as a gineral. 'Musha! Should n't I like

to see the gineral that 'd move an army, an' it stuck in the mud. A good time he 'd have wid his artillery crossing sthrames, an' his powder wet. Botherashin to the man as would sit in his aisy chair, an' till the army to move on, an' it fast in the mud,' says Finn, spakin' of the President as did n't become the likes of him." Here Hugh shook his head, and paused for a moment.

"And you used striking arguments in defense of the President's military capacity," I interposed, with an encouraging nod.

" Faith, I did! Was n't it my duty to stand up for the man as commands us? ' Yer a blackguard, Finn,' says I, ' an' it 's not sayin' much for ye as a sodger, that ye refuse to obey orders, ony how.'

" ' Could ye repate that? ' says he.

" ' I could,' says I, ' an' more too, bedad, an' do ye mind this, Mister McGinnis: the man 's no gentleman what insults the President in my tint. Does n't yez git yer rashuns, an does n't yez git yer pay, an does n't yez git yer clothes? An' seein' that, is n't it yer duty as a sodger to yield obedience to the orders of your superiors? '

" ' Is it the likes o' you, that comes to tache me my duty! ' says Finn. An' did n't meself tache him better manners by knockin' him down? An' what does the spalpeen do but cry ' Murther! Murther! Would ye, Mister McSourley, murther a man in yer own tint? '

" ' I would,' says I, ' an' it 's that same ye desarve for yer disrespect to the President.' An' it 's not the half murthered he was.

"Thin I was arristed, and had 'commodashuns in the guard-house beyant. Thin charges an' spisifications, an' all that, an' more too, an' I was thried before a court martial, fur the half murtherin' Finn McGinnis. Musha, was n't there a dale of lies told! The divil a word was I allowed to say for meself, an' I innocent as the lamb. An' it 's here I am payin' the pinalty. Ye have it all, Captain. Good luck to ye! May ye niver do duty of this sort. But won't the ribils pay for this, an' they within the rache of my saber!"

Having concluded his story I left him extricating the ball from the mud, and making a desperate effort to reach his tent.

Sunday, the 9th of March, came in with a pale gray sky, and a damp, chilly atmosphere. Bugles were sounding, drums beating, and bands playing, all along the whole line. Mounted orderlies and staff officers were galloping to and fro, from division to brigade head-quarters, carrying orders. Indeed, everything indicated a movement of the army at once. For several days previous all sorts of rumors respecting a forward movement had been circulated in camp, and a color of truth was given to them when the impatient and brave Kearney, with his First New Jersey Brigade, (an honor to the State that sent such a fine body of men) moved out to Burke's Station. The army was provided with rations for six days, and a feeling akin to joy ran through it, at the prospect of meeting and trying strength once more with the enemy.

About three o'clock, the first battalion of the First New York, or Lincoln Cavalry, received orders to march, and join General Kearney at Burke's Station. Later in the day, an order was issued for a general movement of the army. The battalion proceeded over the little river turnpike, and joined General Kearney at Burke's Station the same night. On the following day, the 10th, they advanced to Sangston's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and were engaged in protecting a working party, which was building a bridge and repairing the road.

There was a piece of rising ground to the right of the station, and just beyond this, an open, level field, skirted on the west by a belt of thick wood. Early in the afternoon, it was discovered that the enemy had an infantry picket of about one hundred and fifty men posted near a clump of woods on the western part of this field. Gen. Kearney at once ordered Captain Stearns, of Company H, to send one of his best and most reliable officers and fifteen or twenty men to learn their position, and, if possible, dislodge them. Lieut. Harry Hidder, of whom I have before spoken, was selected to perform this service, and given only sixteen troopers to aid him in carrying out his orders.

He was loved and respected by all the regiment. He was brave and fearless, full of the spirit of command, and earnest in the cause of his country. He had won the respect of his superior officers for his strict attention to duty, and his men loved him because he was kind to them; and they knew him to be

devoted to their interests, and brave. He had a fine, handsome figure, a face of rare beauty, and was a skillful horseman. He was proud at being selected to perform so hazardous a service, and his dark, flashing eyes beamed with satisfaction as he proceeded to perform it. He selected from his company sixteen of the best and most reliable men, among whom were Hugh McSourley, the man I left moored to a ball and chain, and one Corporal Lewis, a brave young New Yorker.

With this mere handful of men, armed with sabers and pistols, Hidder moved in the direction of the enemy, General Kearney and other officers watching his advance from a hill near by. The enemy was on the alert, and began forming his line and advancing as soon as he discovered our troopers. Indeed, he came out bold and defiant, and indicated an intention to resist the advance. Steadily the little band of troopers advanced, and were received with a few shots. Here Hidder halted, and formed his men for a charge against the infantry's steel. They were soon ready—draw sabers!—and away they went over the field, first at a brisk trot, then, when the enemy's fire was drawn, dashed down upon him at full gallop, cutting and slashing with the saber. McSourley and Corporal Lewis had their horses shot dead; still they rushed on, engaging the enemy in hand-to-hand conflicts—Union sabers against rebel bayonets and knives. The struggle was desperate and bloody while it lasted, and so excited Kearney's admiration that he gave vent to his feelings in ap-

plause. The enemy fought bravely, but could not stand the impetuosity of our troopers, and began to give way and fall back. Our men followed up quickly, until they came to a fence, which gave the enemy a momentary advantage. Some of the horses took this fence handsomely, and the troopers proceeded to keep the enemy in confusion by quick and effective use of the saber; others balked.

Hidder was riding the bugler's horse, an awkward, unwieldly animal, who balked, and refused to take the fence. In turning him for a second attempt, an enemy's bullet entered his left shoulder, twisting upwards into his neck, cut the jugular vein, and the gallant young officer fell dead from his horse, his blood watering the spot where he lay. The little band of troopers now fought more desperately than before, and soon had the enemy driven in confusion into the woods. They had killed several, captured more than double their number of men, and two officers. Those officers were captured after the most desperate resistance, and only yielded when they were prostrate and disarmed.

Young Lewis displayed great coolness and judgment in fighting his men after Hidder had fallen, and bringing them off the field, with their prisoners. Kearney was fond of these displays of courage, and complimented Lewis on the spot for his bravery, as well as recommended him for promotion in his report.

McSourley, who had sworn that the rebels should pay dearly for all his trouble, embraced this as the first opportunity to prove that what he had said was

really in earnest. He fought a good fight; was a brave Irishman, and when he had put three of his antagonists *'hors de combat* in hand-to-hand fights, brought off four prisoners in triumph.

The foregoing is an extract taken from a work recently published in New York City, by Colburn Adams. The style needs no commendation, and the critical acumen which it exhibits is very considerable, especially in the discussion of the relative merits of the soldier and the politician. I thought an extract taken from such a source might possibly have a tendency to open the eyes of the public to the all important knowledge that the life of the soldier in America, especially after he has fought nobly for his country, and come back to his home from the field of carnage a living wreck of manhood, is not the most enviable; and that the politician who in the midst of ease and comfort chalks out his programmes and sees them carried out to his own pecuniary advantage, has an infinitely greater prospect of happiness, and may hope comparatively to live on an eternal bed of roses.

While Congress has been mindful of its own, that is, the politicians, (who make up its constituent parts) it has studiously abstained from giving any aid or encouragement to the brave men, many of them helpless from scars and wounds, who came to the country's rescue in the hour of her peril. This is

perhaps to be expected of the politicians who have yet held up and run the governmental machinery, but it is nevertheless an outrage, and one which should not be borne much longer. There should be a set of men in Congress, not greedy and grasping, looking solely with an eye to their own pecuniary gains, but who should look beyond all this and be influenced in their legislative conduct by something like true patriotism. Perhaps those who tread the military walks of life are somewhat to blame for the strong grip which the politicians have fastened upon the various departments of the government. Were they thoroughly organized, they would prove numerically strong enough to overcome the influence of the politicians. They could hold the balance of political power at last, and by combination attain ends which would redound to their own interests, and which could not be obtained otherwise.

It is said that the peculiar education imparted at West Point has a tendency to estrange the soldier from the duties of civil life, and that the tastes which it imparts are of such a nature as to repel association with the masses of the people—in other words, that it fosters a haughty and aristocratic spirit. Nothing can be more untrue; while they do not aspire to civil honors and have a hearty contempt for demagoguery, they possess a truer appreciation of the country's real needs than almost any other class in the community. They are ready and willing, but they are not chosen; and they are not chosen simply because the principle of honor which has been deeply in-

stilled into their breasts revolts against resorting, in order to compass success, to contemptible acts and wicked machinations.

Outside of West Point, too, the numerous phalanx that remain, bearing witness to the fearful struggle of the bloody days of the rebellion, are actuated by too high a sense of the real nobility of manhood to lend themselves to schemes such as would enrich a Tweed to the position of a millionaire, or elevate a Pomeroy to a seat in the Senate of the United States.

MRS. R. FRAZIER.

John Cutts' Secret.

"IS Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman, who, having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman from the upper window, with "Well, what's wantin' naow?"

"Yes, he 's in, or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied, "but I 'm Mr. Cutts when any business is to be done; he 's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin', sleepin' sometimes—"

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further out of the window.

"To do something for me, but I must see him himself," was the reply.

"Is it raal business for pay, or only a favor you want? I can let your horse have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can— I can—why, I can do anything for you that he could, and a good deal more; I take the money, and write the receipts, and pay the men, and

I take off the produce. I am as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horse flesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look a here, mister, maybe you do n't know the circumstances of the case; this farm is mine and it was my father's afore me, and Cutts, he ha'n't no more claim to it than that hen down there has; and besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more; what's your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and to talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chaise, and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? Cause there a'n't a living thing the matter with Cutts. He 's the wellest man in the town, and so am I," said the woman.

"No, my good woman, I 'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up to his mother's face, but he knew his own interests too well to start without orders.

"Then you 're a minister, I suppose, by your black clothes. I may as well tell you and save you time, that we do n't go to meeting, and don't want to. It a'n't no use for you to leave your tracts, for I 've got a big dairy, and ha'n't no time to idle away

readin'; and I keep him about so early and late, that when he 's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I 'm no minister, madam; I wish I were, though, for your sake," said the gentleman; "send for your husband. I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye, but it gave no marching orders.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him, "you 're a schoolmaster, huntin' up a district school, and you think he 's a committee man; but he a'n't this year."

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side, and heaved a groan. She had found a man she could not manage.

"See here now, mister," she said, "I can read a body right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell by your everlastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We ha'n't got no quarrels; don't want no deeds drawed, or wills made; so if you 're huntin' for a job of my husband, you may as well onhitch your hoss, and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no one but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence, alone. If he chooses, he may break it to you the best way he can."

"Oh, my goodness! Sakes alive! Brother Lip 's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet. Oh, la me,

the poor fellow! He left a little something, did n't he?"

"I never heard of him; and nobody 's blowed up that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"I—now I know! You 're the man what wants to go to Congress, and have come here huntin' after votes. He shall not vote for you. I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they was made to drudge, and nothin' else. I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scripture says there is n't men or women, but all 's one in politics. I believe the day is coming when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to women, afore you can get the big places and high pay that 's eatin' us up with taxes. You can't see my husband! We are going to the polls on the way to the mill, and I 'll promise you that he votes right."

"I 'm no candidate, and I don't know what you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sunbonnet, to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road. The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband, "You 'd better come back, I tell you," but the wind was the wrong way, and carried her words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I

have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I should n't like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full to keep out of scrapes now, but I 've done it, an' ha'n't an enemy in the world as I know."

"But, sir, you need n't reply to my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question, and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Brisley place, which I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I can buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, 'Cutts can tell you, if his wife will let him. But she won't; she 'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive you wherever you go to order them.'

"I told them I would see you, and ask you only, and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and two or three widows in town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts, and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I do n't know whether she'll let me stay in the house to-night. I do n't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and that easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit to-day, and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It's rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast. "You see, the purse is hers," he added, "and that has been a crueler fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good will and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy was n't sharp enough. Madame Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, and tackled up and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night, she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful city nabob, that had come into the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself to a dumb spirit for the

night, and no measure could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him. About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep, but at break of day she began. He then ventured to say: "As soon as breakfast is over I will break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Xantippe, "till you have told me what the man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a long time to hear it," said Cutts, "for I have vowed I'd never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast," and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called at the door, to no one in particular, "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After a while she went out to the barn, and found him seated on an upturned half-bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you! Your breakfast is coolin'. Do come in."

It was a point gained.

Cutts went in, as requested, and ate his breakfast. When that was over, Ma'am settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of expectation, and said:

"Now, begin. What did that man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, "and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Madame Cutts, she could not manifested more surprise and shame.

"I am the laughing stock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I am henceforth head of my family, and unless this house is made mine I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I will live there with the boys, and you will find a civil neighbor."

Madame Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called John Cutts' place, and he is the head of the house.

The Rich Uncle.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

[ORIGINAL.]

IN a certain street in our good city there is a row of stately edifices, whose plate glass windows and marble steps bespeak them to be the abodes of fashion and opulence. Opposite this lordly row is a heterogeneous mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. In one of the most humble of these, an upper apartment was occupied by a being whose life might well be a lesson to the more exalted in station. Meek, lowly, and resigned, this aged female, after a life of unshrinking duty, patiently awaited a call to another existence, where her virtues will give her a rank far above many who contemned her in this world. Mrs. Williams had passed the greater part of her life in the service of one of the most respectable families of this city. She had seen several generations pass away of those whom she had served most faithfully, and now but one descendant of that family remained to cheer and maintain her in her old age. Well did he perform this duty. In the flower of life, when

youth can feel no sympathy with age, Clement Osborn would often pass an hour conversing with his old nurse—with her who had received the last sigh of his mother, had nursed his infancy, and taught him his first rudiments of learning. To gaze on his fine countenance, glowing with youth and intelligence, to trace the likeness of his mother and his grandfather, was one of the few pleasures left to her helpless old age.

"I cannot imagine, my good nurse," said Clement to her one day, during his usual visit, "how you can always be so cheerful and contented, confined as you are to one seat. How can you contrive to pass away the weary hours, for even with me, who have so great a variety of pursuits, time sometimes lags heavily, and I long for something new?"

"You will feel differently, my son," she answered, "when at my age. After a life of toil and trials, rest alone is welcome to the aged; quiet and repose is necessary for the spirit to prepare us for that final change, which will soon arrive. I have still, however, my amusements and occupations; I read, I knit, I chat with a friend, and a visit from you serves me for a whole day; when everything else fails, I resort to an old maid's privilege, and amuse myself watching my neighbors."

"Watching your neighbors!" said Clement, "what can you discover through those linen shades, which screen every window from prying curiosity, to amuse you?"

"Those linen shades are sometimes drawn up,"

said Mrs. Williams; "the inhabitants sometimes go out and come in—and I study their characters from what I perceive. In that house with the balconies resides a fashionable mother with two beautiful daughters, whose characters are very dissimilar. One of the young ladies is artificial and selfish—the other, all truth and nature."

"You must have slight grounds to judge from," said Clement; "you draw upon your imagination, probably, to fill up the outline."

"Trifles sometimes express a great deal," she continued; "I have observed one—Miss Parker, for that is the name—who never appears, except when attired, from the turn of her hair to her shoe-tie, in the highest fashion; and then only when some stylish visitor arrives whom she delights to honor. To them she is all grace and smiles; but her attitudes are studied, and she occasionally throws a glance around to discover what impression she is making; whilst the other, with unaffected grace and natural manners, is often seen ushering to the very door some plain, unpretending personage, who looks as if she might be a country cousin, or some aged relation. I have often seen her nurse and fondle the little ones, with such untiring affection that I am sure she must have a good heart."

"I am glad," said Clement, "that you can find amusement so easily. I have often heard of the beautiful Misses Parker from their many admirers; but they are both equally favorites in society, I believe. I go out so little that I know very few of

the present race of belles—there is a new set every season. I must now leave you," said he, rising to depart. "My engagements are numerous to-day. Hoping the Parker family will *act up* for your amusement, I bid you good morning."

Clement left the humble abode of his old nurse, animated by the consciousness of having performed a duty, and cheered by the warm affection of one who loved him so entirely. He possessed a heart rich in all the better feelings of human nature, but he found few, very few, to appreciate its treasures—his position was lonely, and he often felt desolate. It is true he had a father, but he saw very little of him, and had never resided with him. The father of Clement, though good-hearted and upright, was of a roving, speculating sort of disposition. Full of visions and schemes, he was ever roving from place to place, lured by hope, in the pursuit of fortune, which still evaded his grasp. Sometimes his plans succeeded, but he was one of those who never could reap the harvest, even after he had sown the seed. Clement resided with a bachelor uncle, a brother of his father, who had given him a home when quite young. The uncle was ever immersed in business—to accumulate thousands upon thousands, until he could count millions, was the first grand object of his life; his heart seemed to be in his counting-house, and if he had any of the softer feelings of humanity he seldom displayed them. He was rather eccentric in some of his sentiments, and had always given Clement to understand he thought the worst

thing that could happen to a young man was to be born to a fortune. Clement must, therefore, make his own way, as all the immense property would probably be given to different institutions. His uncle thought, as many do, to compensate for a life of worldliness by deeds which should live after him. When he gave Clement a home in his richly furnished mansion, where no expense was spared, he thought he had done everything necessary for his happiness; while Clement felt that he would willingly exchange the cold stateliness of his splendid abode for a home endeared by affection or enlivened by female influence. Clement had devoted himself assiduously to his profession, and his hopes were fair of rising to eminence. He had not mixed much in society of late, though ever welcomed as a favorite when he did apppear. He was once prevailed upon to accept an invitation to a party given by a lady, who had sent her son to procure some beaux for her belles, whose appearance would not disgrace her rooms. Clement arrived when the rattling throng of carriages were hastily depositing their inmates, and the crowd began to thicken in the brilliantly lighted apartments. The scene was gay, the music enlivening—fairy forms flitted by, and he felt as if in the temple of pleasure. He observed one bright being, whose commanding style of beauty, as she stood in a conspicuous position, attracted his admiration. She was dressed with much taste and *haut ton*, and was conversing fluently with a bewhiskered, foreign-looking gentlemen. Just then his friend

returned, and insisted on introducing him to the lady who had attracted his attention. He took advantage of a pause in her conversation and presented Clement to Miss Parker. Clement thought of his old nurse, and wondered if this was her favorite. The lady, however, merely bowed coldly, and continued to be absorbed by her bewhiskered and mustached German baron. Clement immediately determined that the lady had no taste, whatever other qualifications she might have. Mrs. Parker happened to be not far from them. Her watchful eye observed her daughter. She glided behind them.

"Adelaide, my love," said she, "your ruff is turned down," and whilst she adjusted her dress she whispered, "you are wasting your time on an unknown adventurer, while that was rich old Osborn's nephew and heir that was just introduced to you."

A hint was enough for Adelaide; she immediately turned with a smile to Clement, and commenced a gay conversation. He was enchanted by the fair lady's beauty, wit, and finished manners. She was, however, engaged to dance, and obliged to fulfill the claim of some equally eligible admirer. Mrs. Parker, however, did not lose sight of Clement, and soon waylaid him. She addressed him as an old acquaintance; she remembered him as a boy, she said, and knew his mother—all his kith and kin, in fact. She had numerous questions to ask about his father and uncle, whom she declared were formerly her best friends. Her friendship and sociability quite charmed Clement; he offered her his arm, which she thankfully ac-

cepted, to go in pursuit of her youngest daughter, whom she said she had missed for some time. They with difficulty passed through the gay throng to another apartment, where they discovered a bevy of fair wall-flowers in one corner, who seemed by their joyous faces and light laughter, to be in the full career of enjoyment.

Mrs. Parker pressed on into the midst of the fair group, and addressing one of the loveliest as her daughter Julia, led her forth.

"How can you, Julia," whispered she, "plant yourself here, when you ought to be dancing?"

"There is no pleasure dancing in such a crowd," she answered, "and it is so long since I have seen Sophy and Anna—we had so much to say."

"Silly girl!" said Mrs. Parker, "you ought to stand up if you can't dance, or every one will suppose you are a wall-flower from necessity."

Mrs. Parker then led her daughter away from her youthful friends, and Clement soon prevailed on her to join a set which was just forming. Clement never tired of gazing on the frank and sunny face of his companion, bright with youth, beauty, and a joyous spirit. Her unaffected manner, and the unstudied grace in all her movements, soon convinced him that however hastily Nurse Williams might have judged the sister, she had been correct in her opinion of the lovely Julia.

The evening passed rapidly to Clement, and he became more and more fascinated by his fair partner. He scarcely left her side, was so happy as to obtain

a station near her at the supper table, and safely deposited her in their carriage before he left her. He went homeward full of thoughts of the fair Julia. Her bright and radiant countenance shone upon him in his dreams, with her sunny smile. His visits to his old nurse now seemed doubly interesting, for he could gaze on the residence of the fairy-like being who possessed his fancy; and when he occasionally caught a glimpse as she quickly glided down the marble steps to the carriage, or for a moment appeared at the window, he felt as if a gleam of sunshine had shone upon his pathway. But he had not to content himself with such shadowy enjoyments; he often met the Misses Parker in company, and was soon honored by an invitation to their house.

The more he saw of Julia, the more worthy of his admiration she appeared. She became every day more interesting to him, and he more devoted to her. Frank and open in his character, his interest in her was no secret to any who chose to observe him. He became a prodigious favorite with all the family of Parkers. They gave him every encouragement to his passion, and he soon found himself completely at home there. By the fluttered manner, the sudden blush which overspread the tell-tale face of Julia, he could read that he was anything but indifferent to her. The most delightful visions and blissful prospects were his as he floated on so prosperously in his wooing. He only awaited the arrival of his father, who was daily expected, to declare himself in form to Mr. and Mrs. Parker, while he found a thousand

ways to declare to Julia his hopes and wishes. An unfinished sentence, a meaning glance, an unobserved pressure of the hand, are sufficient to lovers to communicate volumes.

The father of Clement arrived at length, and his son lost no time in communicating to him the state of his affairs.

"What! Julia Parker," said his father, "the daughter of Tom Parker? I know the family; used to be rather intimate once, but did not like him afterwards. He married Adelaide Stanley—never liked her—a proud, cold-hearted girl—very hand some, though. Well, well, the daughter may not be like the mother."

The father, according to the son's request, departed to inform Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Clement's hopes, plans and wishes, whilst Clement remained in a feverish state of excitement during this momentous affair.

"Now, now," said he, whilst his heart beat rapidly, "my fate will be decided! But why should I fear? Everything promises me success. Julia, dear girl, I cannot doubt her parents have given me every encouragement. She surely will be mine. What a blessed home will ours be, with her as the ministering spirit. She knows my circumstances, and her sentiments are like mine—where true affection exists, riches are not necessary to happiness. My profession will give us the comforts of life. We can live for each other, and a few tried friends. The gay, the heartless, fashionable throng, who court the wealthy,

will be excluded from our quiet home without a regret, while domestic happiness, a heaven on earth of which they can form no idea, will be ours."

Clement impatiently awaited his father's return to bid him hasten to his Julia, and hear from her the certainty of his happiness. His heart fluttered at every sound, until Mr. Osborn at length made his appearance.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Osborn, throwing himself into a seat, "I am sorry for you, but it is all over with you there."

"What do you mean sir?" said Clement.

"I mean," he answered, "you can't have your Julia."

"What can you mean?" said Clement, starting up, while his heart almost ceased to beat.

"Sit down, sit down," said his father, "while I tell you all about it. I found Mr. and Mrs. Parker at home; they received me very graciously; talked about old times, etc. I soon made known to them your attachment to their daughter Julia—they received the intelligence most favorably, declared you were a prodigious favorite—the finest young man they had ever known; and to no one would they sooner commit the happiness of their dearest darling. Well, I went on to explain your worldly expectations. I told them I should have little or nothing to give; that your profession you considered sufficient for the comforts of life at present, and hoped from year to year to extend your practice; your prospects were favorable.

"'But,' said Mrs. Parker, 'his uncle will do something handsome, I suppose, on the marriage of his heir.'

"'Brother George,' said I, 'is as little likely to make my son his heir as to leave all his great wealth to his black coachman. He is an oddity, and has ever given Clement and myself to understand he must expect nothing from him. He might marry himself—stranger things have happened—he is only fifty-five. At all events, he will probably outlive us all.'

"They looked very blank, and exchanged glances full of meaning which seemed to say, We have played a wrong card, and must retrieve it as soon as possible. They then began in a roundabout way to express their sorrow and concern; their esteem for you; but they were under a great mistake. They supposed Mr. Clement Osborn was the declared heir of Mr. George Osborn, and they expected, of course, a handsome settlement on the marriage of his only nephew. As for their daughter living on fifteen hundred or two thousand a year, the idea was absurd —none but a romantic young man could ever have entertained such a thought. It would hardly be enough for a decent wardrobe. They were astonished that a person of Mr. Clement Osborn's good sense could ever have supposed such a thing. They could not, consistently with their duties as parents, allow such a lovely young creature, fitted to adorn a high station, to consign her youth and charms to the cares of household drudgery. So, as I did not know very

well what else to say, I left the confounded proud pack, thinking you were well rid of them. I know it will come hard at first to give her up—but try my son, to bear it well."

Alas, poor Clement! What a sad blow to all his plans—his fairy visions. Happiness—such happiness—just opening to his view, to be thus suddenly withdrawn. The tempting draught just touched his lips and was then dashed away. He remained for a long time overwhelmed with the rush of wounded feelings—of mortified pride. At length, starting up, he said:

"I will see Julia. I will hear from her my doom."

He as suddenly left the house, and soon arrived at the residence of Mr. Parker. The servant admitted him as usual, being in the habit of considering him almost as one of the family, though, from his disordered air, he discovered something extraordinary must have happened. Clement heard the sound of many voices from the back drawing-room, where the family usually assembled—he drew back.

"I wish to see Miss Julia alone," he said. The servant threw open the door of the front drawing-room. It was gloomy, cold, and deserted. The almost closed shutters scarcely admitted any light, and the furniture, being covered, gave it a cheerless appearance.

He discovered Julia in one corner, seated on a low divan, weeping bitterly. He flew to her, and soon unburdened his heart to her. He found her as much

overwhelmed by the disappointment as himself. She, like Clement, could not perceive why they could not be happy in their own way, but felt that her destiny was in the hands of her parents. She would never act in opposition to them, and Clement could not urge her to leave her luxurious home to share the comparatively small establishment he had to offer. They parted without any settled plans for the future, but their hearts were lighter from the consciousness of their mutual attachment. The full avowal which had taken place was some balm for the wounds of separation. Hope whispered there were happier days in store for them.

Time passed on, and Clement found he could scarcely see or speak to Julia, for the careful watchfulness of her mother, ever on the alert to prevent their intercourse, debarred them from anything more than a passing glance when they did meet. Hope's fairy hues grew fainter and every day dragged more heavily. Clement's visits to Mrs. Williams were his only comfort, for there he could occasionally see his heart's idol at a distance, and his poor old nurse became the depository of his secret sufferings—his withered hopes and disappointed prospects. He thought fate could not add another drop of bitterness to his cup, until he became aroused by the fear of a favored rival.

Rudolph Delaney, a well-known bacheler, and as it was whispered, a sad *roue*, whose riches obtained for him the passport into fashionable society, combined with highly polished manners, manners pecu-

liarly fascinating to women, a person which, though *un peu passé*, when well made up was still very attractive. Intriguing mothers and misses had in vain lavished their smiles. He had passed along from flower to flower, ever seeking the fairest—but none had ever secured him—when he became attracted by the beauty and manners of Julia. Her innocence and natural grace was so refreshing after the *manniere* of those he usually met, where the real character is veiled, and an outward grace, like the cement which passes for polished marble, often conceals the false interior, that he turned, sickened, from the cold and heartless, to pluck the fairest flower which had ever crossed his path. His wishes had never been thwarted, and he dreamed not of any opposition—as for a girlish fancy for Clement Osborn, that would soon be forgotten in the high honor he conferred upon her. Mrs. Parker observed his *devouement* with the greatest satisfaction. She had been severely mortified by the false move she had made with regard to Clement, and this *grand partie* offering for Julia would make all right, and stop the thousand comments of her *dear five hundred friends* in the affair. Her blandest smiles and utmost courtesies were now lavished on Delaney. He had every facility to be in Julia's society, and Julia was schooled and scolded into apparent submission to her mother's will. Clement beheld the game they were playing in silent agony. To see Julia whirling past him in the waltz, with this man, whose character he despised, or seated apart, on some convenient sofa

or divan, apparently engaged in interesting discourse, aroused his indignation against her and every one. Often, in these crowded assemblies, the only place where he could see her, where all were happy and joyous, the bitterness of his feelings seemed preying on his life—he felt as if they were all laughing at him—the only one excluded from the light of social joys.

Spring arrived, but brought no flowers for Clement. One day, as he made his accustomed visit to Mrs. Williams, he observed the house of the Parkers shut up and deserted. She informed him the family had all departed at six o'clock in the morning, with a large party, and Mr. Rudolph Delaney was one of the number.

Rumors soon reached Clement from fashionable watering places, brought by *good-natured* friends, of the gaieties of the Parkers; the *tete-a-tete* rides of Julia and Delaney—in short, it was decided by those who professed to know, that the winter gaieties were to commence with the wedding of the rich Mr. Delaney and the beautiful Miss Julia Parker; a wedding which would surpass all others by the number of its bridesmaids, the expense, the jewels, the costliness of the trappings, etc., orders for which, it was confidently asserted, had already been dispatched to Paris.

The feverish excitement in Clement now settled into a gloomy despondency. Life seemed to offer no enjoyment; existence no object. He neglected his affairs, threw aside his studies, and a silent gloom

possessed him entirely. The change from his former animation and kindliness of manner attracted the attention of his uncle even; he who was usually so unobservant of the joys and sufferings of others. If there was a being who could penetrate the crust which time and worldliness had wound around the heart of Mr. George Osborn, it was Clement. He had been, from a boy, dutiful and attentive to his uncle. He knew not how insensibly, by a thousand little acts which sprung from his kindly nature, he had won his uncle's affections. For who has not affections? However the heart may become hardened by selfishness, there ever must glow some feeling in the human heart, a spark divine it is impossible to extinguish—like a spring of clear water, which, however it may become sullied or diminished, still remains pure in the parent fountain. Mr. Osborn, the uncle, had heard from the father of Clement the story of his attachment to Julia Parker. He supposed young people had all some affair of the kind on hand, and it had passed out of his thoughts. Those sort of passions were like the measles and whooping cough, which must be passed through, the sooner the better. As he agreed with his brother in not liking the Parkers, he was glad it had terminated thus. But Clement's unaccountable dejection had deprived him of one of his greatest pleasures. The gay and entertaining conversation of his nephew had become necessary to him. Now, his meals passed dull and gloomily. Clement sent away untouched the rarest delicacies, though cooked in the most scientific manner. His uncle observed him with surprise, for eat-

ing had ever been one of the great objects of his life, and a loss of appetite he considered one of the greatest of misfortunes.

"Why, Clement," said he, "you are not well; you confine yourself too much to your office. Take a trip to the country; you really appear quite ill."

Clement assured his uncle he was perfectly well, had no wish for change of air and scenery, and scarcely attended to business at all. The uncle said no more, but pondered on the matter. His anxiety was aroused. He determined to watch Clement, and was surprised to find him so listless and gloomy. He went to consult Mrs. Williams about the health of Clement, and she informed him of the cause of his dejection. Still he could not comprehend why the loss of a heartless hussy could transform a fine, lively, high-spirited young man into a useless creature.

The summer had passed away; Saratoga and Rockaway began to be deserted. The sea beach no longer was trod by the light foot of beauty; dandies no longer lounged along its sands. It was after a cool, bleak day; the setting sun had tinged the heavens with its most gorgeous hues. Every distant object was distinct in the pure atmosphere, as Mr. George Osborn and his silent nephew were slowly taking their usual stroll on the Battery. Never did the waves look more lovely as they reflected the changing hues of the clouds—whilst the thousand light skiffs, the swelling sails, the dashing steam-boats, the noble ships, gave animation to the scene. The beauties of it, however, were lost to Clement, for

memory brought back too vividly the days when he had trod those paths with Julia, when love and hope were his; and now, the idea ever uppermost, that another could gaze on her bright, animated countenance, could be privileged to watch its varying hues, hung upon his spirits with deadening weight.

This most delightful promenade was nearly deserted; a few loungers on the paved walk were all who enjoyed this most brilliant of sunsets. As Mr. Osborn and his nephew were coming up the willow walk, they noticed the only individuals besides themselves were a young lady and a boy, who were rapidly approaching, as they came near.

Clement recognized Julia and a young brother. Never did she look more lovely. The cool, fresh air had tinged the roses of her cheek to a deeper dye; her eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy, and her step, free and light, seemed like one devoid of care. She passed rapidly on, like some bright being which flits by or in a dream. She did not perceive Clement until quite near; then the sudden rush of blood to her cheeks, her faltering steps, her fluttered manner, showed her recognition; but he looked straight forward with a stern, contracted brow. His uncle, however, stopped and looked after her, struck with her loveliness, and the innocence of expression so peculiar to her.

"That's a pretty girl, is she not?" he said. His nephew made no answer. "Who is she? she seems to know you, for she turned very red at sight of you."

"She is Miss Julia Parker," said Clement, in a forced tone of voice.

"What, your girl, eh, Clem? She you have been moping about," said his uncle. "Well, I would have her in spite of them—she is too nice looking for any of those fashionable dandies."

"It is too late," said Clement, "they have matched her more to their mind—she is already betrothed to Rudolph Delaney."

"To that dissipated gambler!" exclaimed Mr. Osborn, "I know him well, and I knew his father before him, who was no better than a blackleg. Yes, he won this large fortune, which he bequeathed to his son, by fleecing silly young men, who had better have been at their counting-houses, minding their business. This continued good luck was not all chance; he was no better than a thief, and if any one ever deserved the State Prison it was he. The son is not much better; how could he be, never brought up to any business, with the idea of possessing a large fortune. I have heard enough of him, of his *chere amies* and such doings. It is a shame. She shan't have him if I can help it. She is too good—I know it by her looks."

When they had reached Broadway gate, the uncle hurriedly left Clement, saying he might take another turn, as he had business to attend to. Clement had cast a glance behind for Julia—he feared she had gone around by the State Street side. He hesitated, undecided what course to pursue. At one time he resolved to meet her once more, to have

one more interview, and reproach her for her forgetfulness; then he felt as if he could never see her again. Since she had transferred her heart to another—he could never behold that lovely countenance, which once to him expressed so much truth and purity. At length, impelled by a sudden impulse, he hastily approached her, whilst her heedless brother no sooner saw his sister provided with another escort, than he made his escape to join some young companions whom he had seen fishing from the bridge of Castle Garden.

As Clement and Julia were both naturally frank and open in their dispositions, they soon came to an explanation. It seemed that Delaney had been extremely devoted to Julia all summer; as his career had, hitherto, been one of entire success with the ladies, he never doubted of her soon becoming duly sensible of the honor of his address, notwithstanding her present manifest indifference; he attributed it to a girlish fancy for Clement, which would soon pass away. Encouraged in those sentiments by Mr. Parker, he had persevered, and Julia ever found herself obliged to dance, ride, or walk with him in all their rural excursions. She was continually condemned to a place in his bijou of a carriage—a situation of penance for her, though envied by others. She was resolved to repulse him if he gave her an opportunity, though her heart sank with dread at the scene which she knew would ensue with her mother; and sometimes it seemed so appalling to her, she feared she would be obliged to submit to a fate

that often appeared inevitable, rather than encounter the indignation of her family. They returned at length to the city.

Mrs. Parker had never ceased endeavoring to impress on her daughter's mind the splendid establishment within her power, her envied situation as the chosen one of the much admired Rudolph; and as Julia ceased to contest the point, the mother supposed she had at length acquiesced. On that very day Delaney had declared himself to Julia, and she had peremptorily refused him. She scrupled not to inform him, to escape his importunities, that her heart was unalterably given to another. He knew there was no hope, and he left her with rage and mortification in his breast. Her heart was lightened, for she had taken one step, and the most decided one, in the affair which had been hanging over her all summer. She felt as if she had freed herself from a frightful evil, and to escape the family scene she called a younger brother, and repaired to the Battery. The fresh, pure air lightened her youthful, elastic spirit from a load which had long repressed its animation; brought the bloom again to her cheek, and made her step once more free and light. Clement and Julia walked and talked, indulging once more the overflowing of their hearts, until the lessening twilight warned them to depart. He accompanied her to the door, and was on the point of bidding her a reluctant adieu, whilst her heart sank with apprehension at the thought of meeting her disappointed mother, when the house door suddenly

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opened, and Mr. George Osborn appeared, ushered out with every mark of attention by Mr. Parker himself.

"Oh, Clement," said his uncle, in a low tone, "just in time; I have settled it all for you; go in, go in; there are no objections now to you, you can have your Julia—"

In short, Mr. Osborn had proceeded from the Battery to Mr. Parker's, and arrived just at the time when father and mother and all had gone mad at the perversity of Julia, in refusing so splendid an establishment; he had made such liberal offers that even the grasping Parkers were satisfied, and it was agreed that Clement should in future be received as the accepted lover of Julia.

We need not dwell on the happiness of the youthful pair. Some can imagine it. They married and resided afterwards with the uncle, who soon found his nephew's spirits restored to their usual happy flow, and acknowledged his niece gave a charm to his fireside it had never known before. Their happy faces at his luxurious board gave a new zest to even the costly delicacies which it was one great object of his life to procure, and he found that conferring happiness was a more delicious seasoner of viands than the science of gastronomy could produce. Clement perceived the former gloomy air of his magnificent home had vanished under the cheering influence of a woman of taste, the first wish of whose heart was to perform her domestic duties.

Mrs. Parker and Adelaide managed so well to

soothe the mortification of Rudolph Delaney, that he transferred the honor intended for Julia to her more dashing sister, and if she was not his first choice, she at least appeared more gratified for the honor conferred. He married her, hoping to conceal from the world his refusal by Julia, as rumor, he supposed, would think it had hitherto mistaken the sister. They were as happy as a fashionable couple may be, united from similar motives. Mrs. Williams only lived to witness the happiness of her beloved Clement, and then sank gradually to her eternal rest, like a happy child reposing on the bosom of a parent.

R. F.

Is Republicanism a Failure?

By a member of the California Bar.

WHEN the first gun from the parapets of Charleston opened fire upon Fort Sumter, the people of the Northern States experienced a thrill of horror, quickly followed by a stern resolution to uphold the Union at any sacrifice, of blood or treasure.

The national flag had commanded respect abroad; it had been considered the symbol of freedom and civilization; the area of territory over which it floated had been gradually expanding; nor was he considered a visionary who fondly interpreted that it would soon be streaming in every breeze, from the Isthmus to the Pole. All at once the political skies darkened, the emblem of nationality lay trailing in the dust, and the prospect became imminent that the republic might soon experience the throes of dissolution and its consequent disaster. In the presence of a contingency so dreadful, the people of the North lost heart only for a moment. The gigantic exertions they made; the terrible reverses they met; their final success, are matters of history; and it is

simply a very grave question now arising, whether the Union, saved at so great a sacrifice, will be productive of those blessings deemed incompatible without it. An inquiry of such a nature to a few may appear novel, to many absurd, while to the patriotic mass it may smack of something like treason. That it should, however, be seriously raised by one whose patriotism has never been doubted, offers evidence that it is worthy of some consideration. The time has passed when we can any longer hoodwink ourselves, nor can a candid criticism upon any government be sneered at, notwithstanding such criticism should go to the extent of making that government appear as anything but a paragon of excellence.

Modern civilization is fast inculcating the idea that the general dissemination of happiness among men is the prime end of all government. The notion at the same time seems generally to prevail, that the democratic or republican form, by all odds, best subserves that purpose, and so strongly does this conception obtain, that any argument against it is immediately construed into an argument in favor of royalty.

That experience does not entirely coincide with these views, appears quite apparent, when we trace the history of various modern republics; especially that of Mexico, and those of South America.

That they have been successful in aiding the dissemination of happiness and prosperity among their cities, is a proposition for which even the most zealous enthusiast for republics will not contend.

Their governments have in the main been modeled after that of the United States. They have been blessed with boundless resources; with a virgin soil, teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth; and with a climate so diversified as to bring forth in luxuriance the products of the tropics as well as the temperate zone. This being acknowledged, and beyond dispute, it certainly seems doubtful at the first blush whether a republican government is so superior a government after all. Hence, we shall approach such an inquiry as we have proposed free, if possible, from all preconceived opinions. The time was when no Englishman dared dispute the divine right of kings. The time has come, let us hope, when Americans may dispassionately exercise the right of criticism with reference to their own government.

The exercise of such a right can do no harm; but only redound in benefit. It may reveal foul excrescences in the body politic, which a ready application of the principles of sound political surgery may heal. If the conclusion is reached that the great government purchased by our Revolutionary sires is a failure; that it is theoretically perfect, but in practice a delusion; and that it is fostering a hateful aristocracy, whose only basis is the aggregation of wealth by means, perhaps lawful, though at the same time utterly unscrupulous: let us still live in hope that all is not yet lost; that the avenue to reformation still remains open, while the right of revolution exists, as it will always exist, against every form of proud oppression or tyranny. It is generally the last process

employed; and though the remedy is dreadful, it is seldom unequal to the exigencies of the disease.

For communism we have the strongest abhorrence. It is in principle radically opposed to the laws of social development, and all the evils contained in the box of Pandora would weigh as nothing in comparison with those which would be put forth by this hydra-headed monster, were it permitted to acquire governmental ascendency.

The terrible nature of its venom, when injected in the body politic, may be feebly understood in the contemplation of the harrowing events to which it gave rise in the French capital, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. No safety for life, no security for property, streets drenched with blood. The torch of the incendiary at every corner, a fusillade of citizens in every boulevard, excesses surpassing in magnitude and wickedness those of the first revolution—these were some of the effects of the doctrines of Rochefort and his compeers.

These doctrines could have obtained no support, had not the people been driven to fury by imagining that the great catastrophe which had befallen France was the result of the blunders of the Imperial *regime*. Out of the impending chaos they saw no path to salvation. They had been betrayed, despoiled of their territory, their banner had been disgraced, the invader had rung peans of triumph under arches inscribed with victories from the days of Marengo to those of Solferino.

But the leaven of communism exists in the United

States. When the conditions for its operations are ripe, which good statesmanship alone can avert, the world may witness a social phenomenon characterized by scenes and events not unworthy to be classed with those of Pandemonium. The more intelligent the people, the more powerfully will they experience the sense of wrong, the keener will be their appreciation of injustice, and the intolerable nature of their bonds. When they behold society marching in two parallel lines, the one carrying with it all political power, and aggregating to it all wealth; the other running amid gradually increasing indigence, possessing political power in theory, but its shadow only in practice; they will naturally conclude that if such a condition is the product of law irresistible by law, that the law must be changed. This change must be resisted; the resistance must prove successful, as long as the attempt is made through the same channels which gave it birth, to wit: the law. Finally, the moment of agony and despair must come, the terrible Gordian knot must be untied at all hazards, and the laws must be overthrown. To restore society to anything like its natural equilibrium must, under such circumstances, be exceedingly difficult. The edifice must be razed to the ground ere the work of reconstruction can be begun. This must entail ruin, destruction, bloodshed, the absence of refinement, the generation of abject vices, the reign of a barbaric spirit.

That no such dreadful contingency shall ever arise, we most fervently hope; that it will not arise

if the people are awakened in time, we firmly believe.

At the present time they are lulled to a sense of entire security. The country presents all the indications of prosperity. Its material wealth is increasing year by year. Food is cheap and plentiful: wages are high, and land is in abundance. Is it probable that the picture of plenty and content which we now behold on every hand, will continue to increase with the coming years, and keep pace with the growth of the population? That is one of the inquiries involved in the question before us. To answer it in the affirmative would be a virtual surrender to everything like discussion—nay, it would require a degree of enthusiasm more befitting a Fourth of July orator than an unimpassioned thinker. Nor would it be fitting to answer it in the negative, without a judicious examination into the final result of operating causes.

The North American continent was settled by a sturdy race of people—a people, for the most part, intolerant of anything like religious oppression—who preferred, among wilds and wildernesses, the blessings of liberty, to anything like submission to kingly rule and ease and plenty.

They founded this Great Republic. When they beheld it fairly launched, their pride and joy knew no bonds. They were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of liberty. It was as necessary to them, they could no more live without it, than without the air of Heaven. The luxuries of life they indeed courted,

but these luxuries were not the only spurs to their ambition. They looked to something beyond the almighty dollar. They considered that a clear conscience was preferable to power and the accumulation of riches. While they gloried in their religious principles, they were religious; and not, indeed, to the extent of bigotry or fanaticism, but to that desirable limit which gives spiritual things an ascendancy over things which are material. They were not satisfied with the moral harvests which they might reap in their day and generation, but they looked far beyond, and they scattered the seed which was to produce fruits long after they had passed away. They were imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice; they were patriotic in the largest view. They loved their country because it was a country in which good men abounded, dominated in their conduct by a sturdy store of truth and right.

They administered the law in the spirit as well as the letter, with an impartial judicial eye. He who had stolen fabulous sums, and who, in our days of mock politeness, would be termed a defaulter, was branded as a felon, and consigned to the same receptacle as the petty thief, who glories in the accomplishment of picking a pocket or tapping a till; and a representative of the people was looked upon with honor and respect; and he who, in a moment of infatuation, should have bartered his vote, would have been considered a political Judas, too base to be shielded upon this earth, except by a universal hiss of execration.

The supple knee was not then fawningly bent to wealth. Affluence, unaccompanied by worth, if not treated with absolute disdain, was permitted to flourish in quiet obscurity. Gold had not become the *open sesame* before whose magical touch the portals in every avenue of life were to swing open. Suspicion, in her most silent whisperings, had never dared to say aught against the purity of him who, standing in the pulpit, taught lessons of virtue as he expounded the sacred passages of scripture.

The gigantic cabals of modern days, euphoniously denominated corporations—convenient instruments for enriching a few at the expense of the many, through a refined system of knavery which sets both law and decency at defiance—were comparatively unknown in that unsophisticated era of the republic. Cant, hypocrisy, and humbug appeared to be understood, but much more frequently were at a discount than a premium.

The councils of the nation were filled with sages esteemed for their integrity, honored for their scholarship and attainments, and venerated for long years of disinterested labor in the public service. He who should have dared aspire to commingle with such spirits in such an arena, basing his hopes of success upon the merchantable quality of the members of the Legislature of a State, would have been considered a fit subject to be hurled from a new Tarpeian rock. Those were the halcyon days; perhaps entitled by some of the progressive mortals of the present epoch, the days of Rip Van Winkleism

and Old Fogyism. Never mind how they be caricatured: as long as the Republic exists, she shall know them no more, except in the example which they may teach; and thank God that so much remains.

Since the revolution, the country has undergone many changes. The people were then, as to blood, distinctly English. Now we find, with perhaps the exception of the New England States, a population in whose veins the blood of the great European nationalities is commingled. The infusion of the German and the Irish blood has been so great as to metamorphose the character of the original stock. At the same time, neither the Teuton nor the Celtic type seems to predominate. A new product has been the result of this intermixture of European races; and not a Yankee product either, but one which, in the absence of a better appellation, may be denominated American. Year by year, as immigration flows in upon our shores, the elements that go to form the national character receive new accessions. The population is now, however, so large, that these new accessions, derived from the same sources and in equal proportions, can effect but little change in the individuality of the people.

That individuality is for all intents and purposes established. The individuality of the Turks has had a great deal to do with the laws, customs, manners, and morals of the Turks. When the German individuality is impressed upon Lorraine and Alasce, as it will be if Prussia can hold those conquered provinces for a century, we shall see a people as devoted

to Germany as they are now to France. In Ireland, it has remained the same for centuries. In Spain, its grades of variation can be distinctly traced from the time of the monks. In France, it exhibits only a feeble degree of variation. The country that presents it unchanged during the longest period of time is China, and that which seems to shake it off with the same ease that an animal sheds its skin, is her neighbor, Japan. This would seem to establish the fact that nations, like individuals, have their characteristics; that they are in a large measure guided and influenced by them; and that systems of government and certain constitutions may comport with the genius of the one and be at war with the genius of the other. It cannot be seriously questioned, that the individuality of the people of the United States has undergone a most astonishing revolution in half a century. Their characteristics were then such that they preferred a republic to any other kind of government. They were ready to make any sacrifice in order to obtain it, and they watched its progress with earnest and even jealous solicitude.

The ties that now bind the American to the government have become comparatively weak. Many there are who do not scruple to denounce it as a humbug or as a failure, rotten from the surface to the core. There does not seem to exist any prevailing sentiment that it ought to be reformed, and any discussion upon that point is by no means relished. The idea seems to obtain that the existing evils are beyond all remedy; that they flow in a broad, deep,

overwhelming current; and that good sense would dictate the policy of being borne along with it, instead of bearing up against it.

Transactions daily occur, in one governmental department or the other, tainted with the grossest fraud. The newspapers discuss them with imperturable *sang froid*, and citizens consider them as a matter of course, as much to be expected as the rising of the sun or the ebb and flow of the tide.

This certainly seems a most singular manner for a great, enlightened, progressive people, to view the conduct of those upon whom it has conferred the functions of government. It gives evidence of a pusillanimous, cowardly spirit. It bespeaks a degree of abjectness which would hardly be commendable in a serf. Such a spirit may be generated in part by a wicked and corrupt government; but a tame acquiescence in its corruptness and wickedness will cause that government to make larger and larger encroachments upon decency and principle, with less and less prospect of serious opposition. This, too, when it is considered that every event of any importance is not only circumstantially related, but inexhaustibly discussed by the newspapers. The doses of unpalatable information are presented with such regularity as perhaps, finally, to create a surfeit. The evil affects the Federal government; it enters into State governments; it twines itself in the concerns of counties, it is closely associated with municipalities. Here it is Pomeroy, there it is Tweed, again it is Marks.

There was a time when such a condition of things

would not have been undergone for a moment. Twenty years ago it existed to an infinitely smaller extent, and it is since the close of the war that it has assumed proportions which almost stagger belief. After the inauguration of hostilities, there was virtually but one party in the country. The Democracy occasionally obtained a spasmodic triumph in New York or Indiana, but as a national party presenting any serious opposition, it had no vitality. The party in power was permitted to assume the reins. It found itself face to face with new and unheard-of issues, and it resorted to new and unheard-of expedients. The yearly expenditures which had been deemed extravagant in the days of Pierce and Buchanan, were suddenly increased ten-fold. The supplies necessary to the sustenance and the fitting out of great armies stimulated every branch of trade, and served to enrich a horde of unscrupulous contractors, whose mansions, faced with brown stone, are subjects of admiration in the metropolis of the Union. In the general excitement which prevailed, the people, now exultant with victory and now depressed by defeat, paid little heed to the frauds generally practiced. Unused to the pecuniary exigencies of a gigantic war, their experience could not check the flow of extravagance and corruption which it entailed.

Victory finally crowned the efforts of the North. The national debt amounted close upon three billions. The States, too, were largely indebted; and even cities and towns saw in their depleted exchequers

some of the direful results of the great struggle. But neither the Federal government, the States, nor the Towns seemed to feel any pecuniary enervation. The greenbacks, everwhere but in California, flooded the country. They could not buy as much as specie before the war, but they were ten times as common as specie had been; and as the people had gradually been taught that they constituted money, they were satisfied as long as they were plentiful. If they could not get a small amount of gold, they could get plenty of greenbacks. Commerce, instead of drooping, seemed in all its channels to be galvanized into new life. The great West, which appeared to have suffered much, became the field of new enterprise. Manufactures and commerce flourished as they had never at any time previously.

Appearances, however, were deceptive. The material productions increased. The surplus found a ready customer in the government, which, paying for all war commodities in greenbacks, was not inclined to be over economical in its bargains. The middleman argued with plausibility, that an ever fluctuating currency presented such future hazards with regard to his gains, that he was warranted in demanding what seemed exorbitant rates. Articles were in immediate need; there was no time for advertising for supplies on the basis of competition. Hence the government was, so to speak, "made to stand and deliver"; and one thousand million dollars in greenbacks, thirty-three per cent. of the cost of the war, very nearly represents the sum which, above

fair profits, went into the pockets of the middlemen or contractors. These became suddenly elevated to the very pinnacle of wealth; and the reign of the American shoddy aristocracy thence took its rise. As for the masses of the people, they made no sort of headway in the improvement of their worldly condition. Their earnings had indeed increased in value, but the general commodities of life had increased *pari passu;* and while they handled larger sums, and seemed to realize larger profits, a calculation of the difference existing between paper and gold taught them how chimerical had been their ideas of increased returns.

The cities generally reaped large pecuniary advantages. The raw material necessary in manufacture by no means preserved an equal ratio, as to value, with the manufactured articles themselves. Hence the manufacturers amassed a larger corresponding degree of wealth than the producers. Nor was this less true with regard to the merchants. The cities, hence, gained largely in wealth, and the millionaires, that had been scarce, became numerous. A large class was thrown to the surface, buoyed up by the money which they had made in gigantic speculations. Though known as the shoddyites, they insinuated themselves with little difficulty into the most distinguished social circles, and the result has been sadly detrimental. A good name, a fair education, respectability and integrity, had previously been deemed as necessary passports to occupy a foremost position in society; but now these requisites were considered as

secondary, and men as naught, if unaccompanied by a goodly income, and a sumptuous display of the gewgaws of wealth. The fire of patriotism, kindled by the war, and raised to a fever heat during the days of Chancellorsville, and others equally dark, almost flickered out when Lee surrendered at Appomatox. The spirit of greed then presided at the altar where the sacred fire had burned, and there it presides to-day, inventing new means, excavating new channels, and planning wicked machinations, to the sole end that its domains may increase. The church, dedicated to the worship of God, greets the passer-by in every city, village, and hamlet; but the worship of God has become a mockery, the church a convenient means of keeping up appearances, and the only God foremost in heart, and foremost in hope and feeling, is Mammon.

This headlong pursuit of wealth, one of the results of the war with the South, has given us in the North a distinctively wealthy class; not less so, indeed, than existed in the South, but without the courtesy and grace, and rare accomplishments and culture, which so eminently distinguished the latter. To shine in this high social plane, education and a polished demeanor are, perhaps, valuable adjuncts; but unaccompanied by a well-filled exchequer, they amount to nothing. It follows, that those who have accumulated the largest means, are looked up to with great respect, if not absolute reverence, and that a feeling of emulation is excited among those less successful in the race for lucre.

A few, occupying the foremost walks in the learned professions, or distinguished by success in literature, science, or art, may enter the sacred precincts where this new-fledged American aristocracy holds sway; but woe to the poor struggling artist who knocks for admittance, seeking only the feeble pittance of encouragement. Let him cast his easel aside, enter into the contest for the almighty dollar, gather laurels in this highly desirable field, and he will be greeted with a thousand welcomes.

Indeed, the common pander, after his coffers overflow with the vile returns of his base traffic, may sooner hope to be received with approving smiles, than the most accomplished of the impecunious *dilettanti*.

Opulence and refinement are, as a rule, found existing together. It has been left for us in this Republic, and in this generation, to witness a marked exception to the rule.

We have not that species of refinement in view which consists simply in a palatial residence, in a costly service of silver plate, and the magnificent trumpery generally provided by the jeweler, the dry goods dealer, or upholsterer.

It is with well filled book cases, containing works of standard and classic authors; with paintings of the old masters, commingled with those of the best of our modern and native artists; and, in a word, with the productions of art, that we associate the idea of refinement.

As it flows from æsthetic culture, it can hardly be

expected to exist where there has been an utter lack of that culture. The mind in harmony with the good, the beautiful, and the true, may possess a true appreciation of wealth for its all-commanding power, but its sympathies and aspirations will range far beyond this material province, and delight in making cheerful excursions in the realms of poetry, of music, and other kindred arts.

It is a fact that cannot be gainsayed, that the race in the pecuniary field becomes with many so all absorbing, that they can with difficulty preserve their bodily health, to say nothing of their mental health. For anything like æsthetic culture, they betray the most undisguised contempt. Their bodies prostrated by lack of physical exercise, their nerves unstrung by the constant oscillations of speculation, and the concoction of schemes for coining money, as the phrase goes, they become prematurely old, and die with the harness upon their backs. They have no tastes, natural or acquired, except for the acquisition of money; and when the decay of the body becomes the consequence of their unremitting labor in this direction, they have no means of deriving mental comfort from any source. Gold they have in abundance, but they discover that it will produce them nothing but food and raiment. Their satisfaction, if any, lies in the consciousness that their well filled coffers are the envy of their neighbors. The refinements of cultured life they might indeed easily bring within their reach, but the refinement of mind necessary to their proper enjoyment being wanting, they

pay a severe penalty for their intense struggle in the arena of greed.

It is this class of men who delight in forming and managing corporations. Here their peculiar talents have free scope; here they can scheme to their heart's content; nay, they may plunder with perfect impunity, and hope to escape the punishment incurred in an individual capacity. No wonder that it is an adage of the common law, that corporations have no souls. As convenient instruments for legally enriching a few by robbing the many, they are unique. They have been established ostensibly to satisfy the craving needs of commerce. It cannot be denied that in many instances they have tended to subserve that purpose; but with the flimsy safeguards with which they have been surrounded by legislation, they have proved a curse instead of a blessing. The East India Company was, perhaps, the first which, on account of its indiscriminate and unblushing plunder, arrested general attention. Bloated with millions upon millions of revenues wrung at the point of the bayonet from a people against whom they waged war without any pretext, making their weak defense a pretext for the imposition of unheard-of tributes, they defied public opinion, and even found the government of England to abet them. This grand scheme of organized corruption may find none other which may safely challenge comparison with it at the present time, but the hour seems approaching when its past claims to superiority may be eclipsed.

The frauds unearthed in the Credit Mobilier in-

vestigation are still a matter of indignant comment among the people. The government was systematically robbed, and in great part by its own servants. The investigation was only partial. To have been full and exhaustive, it would have necessitated another atmosphere than Washington, and other parties than members of Congress. Still, it disclosed a well arranged system of wholesale robbery, which for perfectness of details and ostensible respectability of its authors, is without example. Such a scheme could never have succeeded in any European government; but had it succeeded in such government, it is certain that all those concerned in it, whatever position they should have occupied in its councils, or in social circles, would have shared the common ignominy of the galley slave. In the United States, considerably more leniency is displayed, and some, instead of luxuriating in solitary confinement, to pine over the vicissitudes consequent on dishonesty, are clothed with the dignity of Ministers at foreign courts. All are permitted to retain the spoils of their pilfered wealth, and untainted by public opinion, and shielded by the technicalities of law—nay, even honored by a base horde of scycophants—they still concoct schemes which will open to them new avenues of plunder.

The railroad corporations have, by gradual encroachments upon the sovereign rights of the people, arrived at the conclusion that in them alone the right of sovereignty resides. They seem inclined, when their own interests are not directly at stake, to per-

mit the people to exercise all residuary legislation. Their creatures abound in both political parties, and no matter which is successful, the railroad interests are sure to be well represented. If they have failed in electing a sufficient number of their despicable underlings to the Legislature, they freely indulge in the wholesome pastime of drawing gilt-edged checks, which has an unfailing tendency in increasing the number of their henchmen to the requisite standard. They pursue a similar course in the conventions, and the nominees of the dear people, addressing the dear people in honeyed accents, and proclaiming their allegiance to the dear people, are found, after their election, the supple, fawning tools of the railroad influence. These assertions are so susceptible of proof that no one dare gainsay them. The practice has been indulged in so long, and with so much impunity, that they seem to have a prescriptive right to indulge in it.

We must confess, that latterly the press and the people seemed to have awakened to the danger of permitting these gigantic monopolies to exercise their imperial dominion. Until the laws are radically changed, and they are made subject to legislative control, the evil will continue to exist in a greater or less degree.

As the people have a direct interest in low fares and freights, once that the tariff with respect to them is settled, the railroads will have no occasion to enter the arena of politics. They may then hope to appeal to the good sense and not to the sordid passions of legislators.

One great stumbling block stands directly in the way; one which has aided these corporations, and one on which they may continue to rely for success in their schemes. This stumbling block is the primary election system.

Of the many causes that have conspired to bring our republican form of government into contempt, to bring bad men to the surface, to drive good men from the arena of politics, to aid the schemes of unprincipled political cabals, the primary election system has been the foremost—nay, we may go further, and say that it has been the fount whence all the evils that have befallen the Republic have flowed.

The people cannot exercise the right of selecting their nominees for office on the radical democratic plan. They cannot assemble according as their party fealty impels them, *en masse*, and *viva voce* proclaim who shall be their candidates. This being impracticable, they must either permit a select few, self-appointed, to do the business, or else they must resort to a primary election. Now, in theory it would seem that nothing could be more fair than this system of selection; but experience has taught us that nothing could be more corrupt, or have a greater tendency to defeat the popular will. Five or six men, at the most, in each ward or township, fix up the tickets which are to be voted. They make a pretense, sometimes, of having the tickets ratified by a ward meeting; but this is very rare, and even then, the ward meeting, insufficient in numbers, is conveniently packed in the interests of

the original manipulators. The officers of election are county committee-men, previously chosen through means of a primary. These being in full accord with the ward chieftains, the judges and inspectors are chosen with an eye to certain victory. If the struggle is not very close, then there is no occasion for stuffing a ballot or adding a fictitious name now and then; but if the fight waxes warm, no matter how much the outsiders may outnumber the ring, the ring is sure to be counted in. The returns are handed in to the county committee, and whatever protests may be presented, they are courteously laid on the table.

Each party has its county committee. A few individuals always turn up in these bodies, whose only object seems to give them tone. The majority are generally men without means, nor tax-payers, and whose principal occupation would appear to consist in gauging the width of curb-stones. When the time arrives for a primary election, they are in all their glory, and many of them whose apparel had grown seedy, are found adorned with the best of slop clothes. They are consulted with, mysteriously, by candidates for office, or more generally, if a legislative election is soon to take place, by potent manipulators of the railroads, or by senatorial aspirants.

They call primary elections, settle the political tests which are to be applied, appoint judges and inspectors, regulate the style of ballot box to be used, and prescribe other details. As they are invariably intimate associates, frequently the creatures, of the

ward managers, it is easy to perceive the disadvantage under which those outside of the ring must labor to compass success against those within the ring.

The ballot-box is frequently hidden from sight by a high barrier, and the voter remains in doubt whether his ballot, or some substitute therefor, has been deposited. The polls are surrounded by "piece-makers," or "strikers," who are not over choice in their expletives, under the influence of an unlimited supply of undiluted alcohol.

Such circumstances being generally known to coexist with primaries, the result is that the better class of voters take no hand in them, and that the schemes of the managers are successfully carried out.

The nominating convention, thus chosen, assembles and nominates candidates for office. If the party is in a minority, with feeble prospects of victory, the candidates are selected either as they are popular or capable. On the other hand, if the party is in a majority, combinations are made, caucuses are held, slates made up and voted for, regardless of the character or the ability of the aspirants. The majority of the convention is under the sway of the ward manipulators; and the ward manipulators are under the sway of some high Federal or State official; and these latter, virtually, or their agents, are those that set up and pull down candidates. The choice seems to spring from the people, while it is in reality effected covertly by an oligarchy. Money becomes an indispensable adjunct in carrying out these political schemes. Its magical touch brings county-committee

men to their senses, and it has a remarkable effect in occasionally removing all conscientious scruples from recalcitrant members of conventions. It will easily be perceived that railroad corporations, under such a system, can experience but little difficulty in electing, in a representative capacity, those who will best subserve their interests. As this system is in vogue everywhere, almost, in the United States, it is very evident that the people generally have very little voice in the selection of their officials.

We know of no remedy suggested or presented which will effectually reach this great evil. It stands out in all its naked deformity, corrupting the fount of political power, and yet we seem powerless. It has arms longer than the devil-fish, and its tenacious hold is felt by nearly all occupying official positions, from constable to the President.

Occasionally its schemes are prostrated when local independent parties gain the ascendency. But as independent parties rely on self-constituted appointing committees, they obtain only a short lease of power. The people permit themselves to be hoodwinked into the belief that they really exercise the right of sovereignty through conventions, and resent anything like its palpable usurpation by self-appointed bodies. The attempt recently made to organize an Independent party on a national basis failed completely, and we are not sure but that, had it succeeded, it would soon have fallen into the old party grooves.

The time may come when the evil may be allayed.

The monster must, however, be fought upon his own ground. There must be no fleeing from his presence, and he must be taught the amenities which belong to courtesy and fair dealing. The education and instincts of the great majority of people are such that they abominate primaries. Let them once thoroughly understand that it is the source whence spring high taxes, the defalcations of officials, the low standard of statesmanship—that it *may* pass over to their control, that their taxes will consequently be lowered, that officials will no longer indulge in peculation, and that the halls of legislation will be purified—and we think that they would take a very lively interest in these peculiar institutions. They would see that no clumsy barriers were erected to shield the ballot box from scrutiny; that every ballot was fairly deposited and fairly counted, and that no hired bully should be permitted to intimidate by word or sign.

The great difficulty, however, is that they will not, taking full cognizance of so great a mischief, take steps at once so simple to remove it. The recent political upheaval securing the Democracy a large majority in the next House, is certainly indicative that the people have at last awoke from their apathy and will never tolerate anything of Cæsarism. The evils under a military administration had grown so great that the party in power had to indulge in the process of self scourging so common among the saintly crew of primeval days. This salutary party discipline, amounting as it frequently does to political *hari kari*, is exceedingly rare in these days, and let

us rejoice in the hope that it will be more common in future.

It augurs much good to the future of this great Republic; it proves conclusively that the people may for a long time slumber upon their rights, but that there is a moment of awakening, when wrath and vengeance are dealt out.

The administration of the law in the United States has not been such as to warrant the belief that a republic has any advantages, in this respect, over a monarchy. The delays have been tedious and harrassing, and the decisions too frequently grounded on technicalities and rendered uncertain by reversal. The criminal side has failed to mete out justice to wealthy malefactors, (Tweed, perhaps, excepted) and it is notorious that only the poorer grade of criminals can be convicted. This arises, in the main, from a defective jury system, the manner of summoning jurors, and the character of the jurors themselves. Given, an intelligent, honest jury, and they will readily see through the quirks and films of law, and give the culprit his deserts; and this, too, despite eloquent counsel, dealing in tawdry sophistry.

Justice should be administered with uniformity, impartiality, and speed. The decisions upon which the law grounds itself in arriving at new decisions are entirely too voluminous and clashing—a system of codification on an extensive scale has become a necessity. It would abridge the time of courts, the labors of attorneys, and leave the issue to something besides chance. Such a code, out of the legal chaos which exists, would require considerable time to bring

it to any degree of perfection. There should be a sort of international congress of the various States, to take this all-important matter in hand, to the end that the code, when duly compiled, would possess something like national uniformity. The citizen of Maine, desirous of emigrating to California, would then understand the *status* under which his property would be subjected, and not be terrified into remaining in his primeval abode by the specter of loose laws, offering his household gods but inadequate protection.

That no effort of this kind has yet been made is not creditable to American statesmanship. When the primary convention system is thoroughly purified, and the Legislature is found embodying capacity and worth, and not a sordid spirit of selfishness, then this grand consummation may be realized.

Peculation in office may be justly said to be one of the greatest of all evils affecting republics, especially as witnessed in our own government. Offices themselves are uselessly multiplied. Some take the character of sinecures; and, in general, they seem less a necessity for a sound and honest administration of public affairs than as rewards for patriotic exertions in the slough of politics. At the recurrence of every election, candidates loom up in infinite number. Their party services are made the pretense of their candidacy. The money they have spent in the glorious cause of Republicanism or Democracy is the argument most potently urged. And it is a potent argument indeed, outweighing considerations of integrity and capacity. When

these apostles of the party, so to speak, are elevated to the dignities and partake of the emoluments of office, it is only natural that they should take a calm review of their financial position. They ascertain, to their infinite surprise, that taking in consideration the amounts they have subscribed for music, fire-works, torch-light processions, speakers, and meetings; the sums they have been assessed by county committees and ward manipulators, to say nothing of the numerous little bills paid to saloon-keepers and corner groceries, a very considerable inroad has been made on the total salary or perquisites they are to receive during their term of office.

Being looked upon as among the favored few of the community, they are always held in remembrance whenever an occasion presents itself for raising funds for charitable or kindred institutions. To refuse a contribution under such a pressing contingency would detract sadly from their popularity; and hence, prudence, if not the dictates of an overwhelming benevolence, permits their names to appear prominently among those of the most philanthropic citizens.

The ever-dreaded moment gradually draws nigh, when the sweet cares of office are to cease. Already, marshaled in the field, appears an ambitious host, patriots of long standing, who have performed yeoman's service in the party ranks, hungering and thirsting for the spoils; who have matured their plans of victory amid midnight wassail, extending to the wee hours of morn. The "in" must now fight the "outs."

Single-handed, he must contend against the many. His cry must be "Avaunt, ye birds of prey! I neither expect quarter nor shall I give quarter." His purse-strings fly open, he supplies himself with the sinews of war, marches boldly to the encounter —and does he win? No! He has been betrayed by the ward manager, outwitted by the county committee-man, and deliberately sold out by the convention. He suddenly finds himself minus friends, minus money, minus any business or avocation whereby he may earn a decent livelioood.

No wonder, such being too often the fate of the politician, that he is tempted, while occupying office, to enter into crooked and ugly courses, and to become, not a common swindler or thief, indeed, but simply a defaulter. When the law shall be so amended that this class of knaves will be put on a footing with the most abject habitués of the penitentiary, citizens may reasonably expect lower rates of taxation and more general prosperity.

Universal suffrage has, perhaps, too wide a scope for its proper exercise, where there are so many elections and candidates for office. The sacredness of the trust—and we consider the right of suffrage a holy trust—ought no more to be violated than those other duties which imperatively call for the exercise of judgment and honesty.

If nine-tenths of all officials were appointed to hold their positions during good behavior, a better class of men would be found seeking the suffrages of the people. The good character of those in office would raise the standard of merit to such a degree

that the incompetent and venal aspirant would quietly disappear.

We must necessarily assume that the appointing power would be *sans peur et sans reproche*, an assumption which will cause the cynic to smile more derisively than usual, especially when many of the appointments of "the Silent Man" on the Avenue are taken into consideration.

We have traveled but little of the ground originally marked out when we began this article. The subject is one of the highest importance. It is not free from difficulties, and to the philosophic mind offers much food for reflection. The ideas we have thrown out are in the main crude, and calculated rather to suggest than to instruct.

We are by no means satisfied that Republican Government, as exemplified in the United States, is a failure; but are painfully conscious that it possesses very serious defects, which, were it not for a continually developing popular intelligence, would furnish grounds for its early destruction.

The mightiest prop upon which it rests is the common school. We know in theory that it is the best form of government to ensure liberty and equality before the law. The wiser and better the masses, the more the practice must conform to the theory, until finally many of the evils referred to will disappear. All the good to come depends upon legislation—intelligent, discriminating, and honest. The public school, we have said, is the prop upon which the entire fabric rests. Let it be guarded with an ever vigilant eye by every American, and let the youth-

ful mind, as it takes in the ordinary gamut of studies, be taught the glories as well as the defects of republics; the causes of their success, and the poisons which sap their growth.

The individual who prepares a text-book which will meet this requirement will rank forever as a public benefactor, and outlive in memory the names of mighty heroes, whose deeds are inscribed upon marble or engraven in brass.

A Few Remarks on the Subject of Wearing Apparel.

BEFORE I begin to give advice to you, I must acknowledge the medicine I offer is certainly unpalatable to me at this time of life, who have passed along (considerably out of my teens); but as this is the last article in the volume, I thought I would present a few remarks upon the training of children, particularly little girls. The custom of parents sending their children to school at the age of four and five years, is not commendable. Their little forms being so full of activity, it becomes wearisome to them to sit so many hours on their benches; and their brains become taxed too much with their lessons. If mothers desire their little ones to learn at home, they may provide a pictorial alphabet, which is quite sufficient to educate and amuse them until they are seven years old. On the subject of clothes, I know fashion will have her sway to some extent; but if the little girls of this day were little girls in our mothers' time, the fashion of wearing short clothes at the knee would have proved shocking. I think for one it is most unbecoming, and in a great degree injurious to their health; and certainly the fashion is an immodest one; every fashion seems in these days to be carried to extremes. My little daughter, when living, was in the habit, every evening, of reading the articles upon the fashions of

the day; possibly, this was not always a labor of love, I being a rather fidgetty listener, nor at the same time one of those conceited old persons, who consider that to minister unto them is, to the young, a privilege invaluable.

There have been times, when perceiving Octavia's bright eye wander and her voice drop into a monotonous absent tone, I have inwardly sighed over those inevitable infirmities which render each generation in its turn dependent on the succeeding one. But, there—that will do, and I shall rather forfeit my own undeniable pleasure than thus to make a martyr of my little girl. But then, few can have lived to my length of days without being taught the blessedness of labors of love but labors of duty; and I was glad, even at the cost of some personal pain, to see my child learning this lesson after me; conquering herself, accommodating the frivolous tastes of youth to the prosy likings of old age, and acquiring, even in so small a thing as the reading of a newspaper, that habit of self-control and self-abnegation which we women have to practice with or against our will all our lives. So after going through the leading articles—by the way, what a curious fact of modern intellectual advance is that page of *Times* leaders; thought out with infinite labor, compiled with surpassing skill, influencing the whole world's destinies one day, to become the next mere waste paper—now, my dear, I leave the choice to you, read anything that you consider amusing. "Amusing!" as if she doubted whether anything in the *Times* could come under that head. But suddenly her countenance cleared. "'An American Bridal Trousseau'—will that do, mamma, dear?" I nodded, and she began to read: "'Extraordinary Marriage Ceremony—Cuban Don—Young Lady of New York.' Why, I declare, it is a list of her clothes. And such a quantity,

only hear: 'One blue silk, ruffled to the waist; one green and white double skirt, trimmed with black lace; one light blue silk, chintz flowers down the skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to match; one steel-colored silk, with purple velvet flowers, trimmed with wide bands of purple velvet, edged with black lace; a surplice waist, trimmed to match the skirt; one Suisse dress, the skirt formed with clusters of ruffles and tucks, the waist to match; one white Suisse muslin dress, five flounces, edged with narrow valenciennes lace; one white Suisse dress-skirt, with three flounces, three ruffles on each flounce, pink ribbon underneath; one Suisse dress tucked to the waist; six dresses of poplin, merino, and Ottoman velvet—'"

"Stop, stop; let us take breath, child; poplin, merino, Ottoman velvet, and how many more was it? Suisse muslin, silk chintz, and something with a surplice waist, whatever that may be."

"Indeed, I don't know, mamma," laughed my child, "though you do think me such an extravagant young lady. Not so bad as this one, anyhow; oh, oh, oh, just listen: 'Eighteen street dresses of rich, plain, and figured silks, and two flounces; also, moire antique, made in the newest and most fashionable style; twelve afternoon dresses, consisting of grenadines, organdies, and tissue, all varied in styles of making; twelve evening dresses; one pink embossed velvet, trimmed with the richest point de Venice; one white silk tissue dress-skirt, embroidered and trimmed with blonde lace; one pearl-colored silk, double skirt, with bouquets of embossed velvet; three white crépe dresses, ornamented with bunches of raised flowers; three white tulle dresses, with colored polka spots of floss silk, to be worn over white silk skirts; six dinner dresses, one white silk, embroidered with gold; one pink moire antique, very elegant side stripes; one blue silk, with lace flounces;

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one amber silk, with black lace tissue dress; one black moire antique, trimmed with velvet and lace; one white moire antique, with puffings of illusion, and the sleeves made in Princess Clothilde style; twelve muslin dresses made with flounces and simple ruffles.'"

"That's a merry girl. I began to think the only simple article the lady possessed was her husband."

"Mamma, how funny you are. Well, will you hear to the end?"

"Well, go on."

She did so. "'Three riding habits; one black Canton crape, trimmed with velvet buttons; three opera cloaks'; and herein are mentioned bonnets, shoes, and underclothing that would fill a small volume." Ending, my daughter regarded me with a puzzled air. "Well?"

"Well, my dear?"

"What do you think about it all?"

"I was thinking what a contrast all these gowns are to the one the lady must some day, may any day, put on—plain white, frilled, probably, but still plain enough; since, after her first dressing, or rather being dressed in it, no one will care to look at it or her any more."

Octavia started—"Mamma, you don't mean a *shroud?*"

"Why not, child?—when, flounce and furbellow as we may, we shall all want a shroud some time."

"But it is so dreadful!"

"Not when one approaches so near the time of wearing it as I do. Nor at any age is it half so dreadful to think of ourself, or of any fair body one loves, wrapped up in this garment, as to think of it decked out like this young creature, whose trousseau forms a feature in the public newspapers. She apparently comes to her husband so buried in clothes,

that he must feel, poor man, as if he had married a walking linen draper's shop, instead of a flesh-and-blood woman with a heart and brain, a sweet human body, and a responsible immortal soul; ask yourself, would you wish to be so married, my dear?"

A toss of the curls, a flash of the indignant young eyes—

"Mamma, I'd rather be married like—like—patient Griselda!"

Suggesting that, out of the reign of romance, Griselda's costume might be, to say the least of it, cold, I nevertheless cordially agreed with my little girl, as a matter of principle.

When she was gone to her music lesson, I sat thinking—you hardly know how much we old folks enjoy thinking—the mere act of running over, mentally, times, places, people, and things—moralizing upon past, present, and future, and evolving out of this undisturbed quietude of meditation, that wisdom which is supposed to be the peculiar quality of old age. A solitude that ripens thought, smooths down prejudices, disposes to kindness and charity. I could not get her out of my head, this New York belle, with her innumerable quantity of clothes; for disguise them as you will in dresses, costumes, or toilettes, they all resolve themselves into mere clothes—used for the covering of this perishable machine of bone, muscle, sinew, and flesh. One is tempted to inquire, viewing with the mind's eye such a mountain of millinery, what had become of this infinitesimal me—the real woman whom the Cuban gentleman married?—if it were not crushed out of identity by this fearful superincumbent weight, the weight of $16,400 worth of clothes?

Far be it from me to undervalue dress. I am neither Quaker, Puritan, nor devotee. I think there is not a straw to choose between the monk of

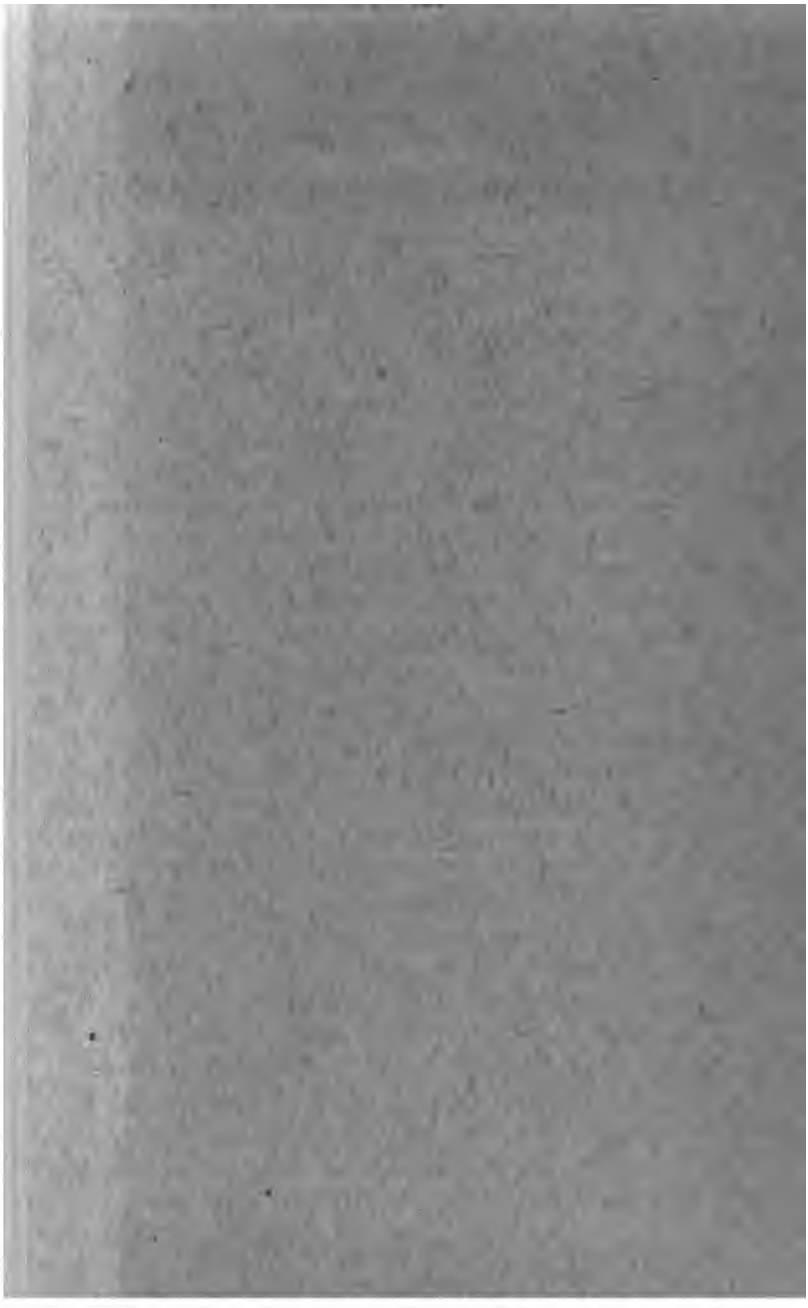
old, whose washing days occurred about twice in a life-time, and the modern saint, who imagines he glorifies God by a ragged shirt and a dirty pocket-handkerchief. They are both equal, and equal fools. Scarcely less so is the "religious" woman, who makes it a matter of conscience to hide or neutralize every physical beauty with which nature has endowed her, as if He who so clothes the fields with grass that even the meanest forms of his handiwork are largely beyond all our poor imitating, were displeased at our delighting ourselves in that wherein He must delight continually. As if nature and grace were two opposite attributes, and there could be any beauty which did not proceed from God.

But every virtue may be exaggerated into a vice, and I often think the ever-increasing luxury of this century is carrying to a dangerous extreme a woman's right of making herself charming by means of self-adornment, and it seems to me the variety exacted by fashion is a great evil. Formerly, our ancestors used to dress richly and handsomely, but it was in a solid, useful style of handsomeness. Gowns were not made for a month or a year, they were meant to last a life-time, or perhaps two life-times, for they frequently descended from mother to daughter. The stuffs which composed them were correspondingly substantial.

Even though this extravagant personal luxury be temporarily beneficial to commerce, to continue it is doing evil that good may come. It injures fatally the aggregate morals of a country, and lowers its standard of ideal right. We find that in its decadence and ultimate degradation. For what sort of men and women are likely to result from the children of a generation which has its pocket-handkerchiefs of point d'Alencon, at $200 each, and Valenciennes, worth $250, the richest ever imported? Oh, my

sisters, these were not the sort of brides who became Cornelias, Volumnias, and mothers of the Gracchi.

Perhaps there was some foundation in the cry set up and laughed down awhile ago, that the terrible commercial crisis of 1857 was caused by the extravagance of women's dress, especially American women. I know there are here many prudent, practical young men—not too deeply smitten to feel "all for love and the world well lost," yet secretly craving for home and its comforts and respectabilities, and acute enough to see that a bachelor is never worth to himself or society or the State as much as a man who is married and settled—yet who are often deterred from that salutary duty by—what? A vague dread of their wives' clothes!

I have one more word to say, and then I have done. A woman should always remember that her clothes should be, in expense and quantity, proportionate to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbor. The mingling of classes is good—that is, the frequent association of those persons who, in effect, from one and the same class, being alike in tastes, sympathies, moral purposes, and mental caliber—however various be their degrees of annual income, worldly station, profession, trade, or unemployed leisure, provided, always, that the one meeting point of rivalry lies in themselves and not their externals. Even mothers of families one sees falling into this error, and wearing gowns, shawls, etc., that must of necessity have pinched the family income for many a day. My dear ladies, will you not see that a good daily joint of meat on your table is far more conducive to the health and happiness of those sitting round it than the handsomest silk dress placed at the head of it? The one economy which I have always found safest to practice, as being least harmful to one's self and least annoying to other peo-

ple, was clothes! And that I shall try, if possible, to teach my readers. Not that mean economy which hides poor materials by a tawdry making up—disguising cheap silks, coarse linen, and flimsy muslin by a quantity of false lace, sham jewelry, dirty ribbons, and *unnatural* flowers—but that quiet independence with which, believing that the woman herself is superior to any thing she wears, and as happy in a dress of last year's fashion as if one had at command the whole establishment of the renowned Jane Clark, (who they say, but for the credit of womanhood I hope it is untrue, ordered herself to be buried in a point-lace shroud) the matter of clothes seems often a very trivial thing, hardly worth indeed the prosy dissertation I have been led to give upon it. Let us only so clothe ourselves that this frail body of ours, while it does last, may not be unpleasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be clothed upon with its Maker's own glorious immortality.